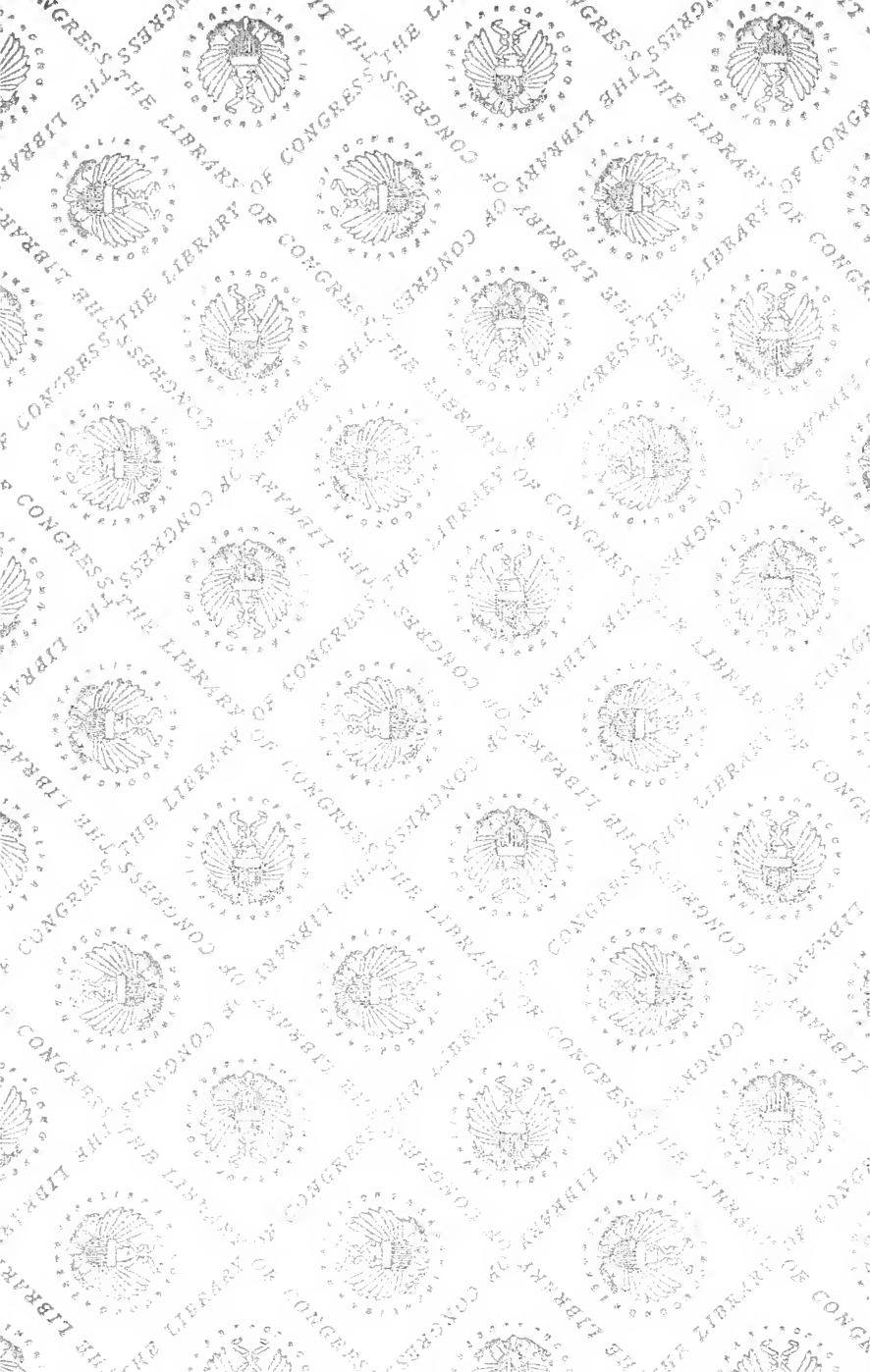
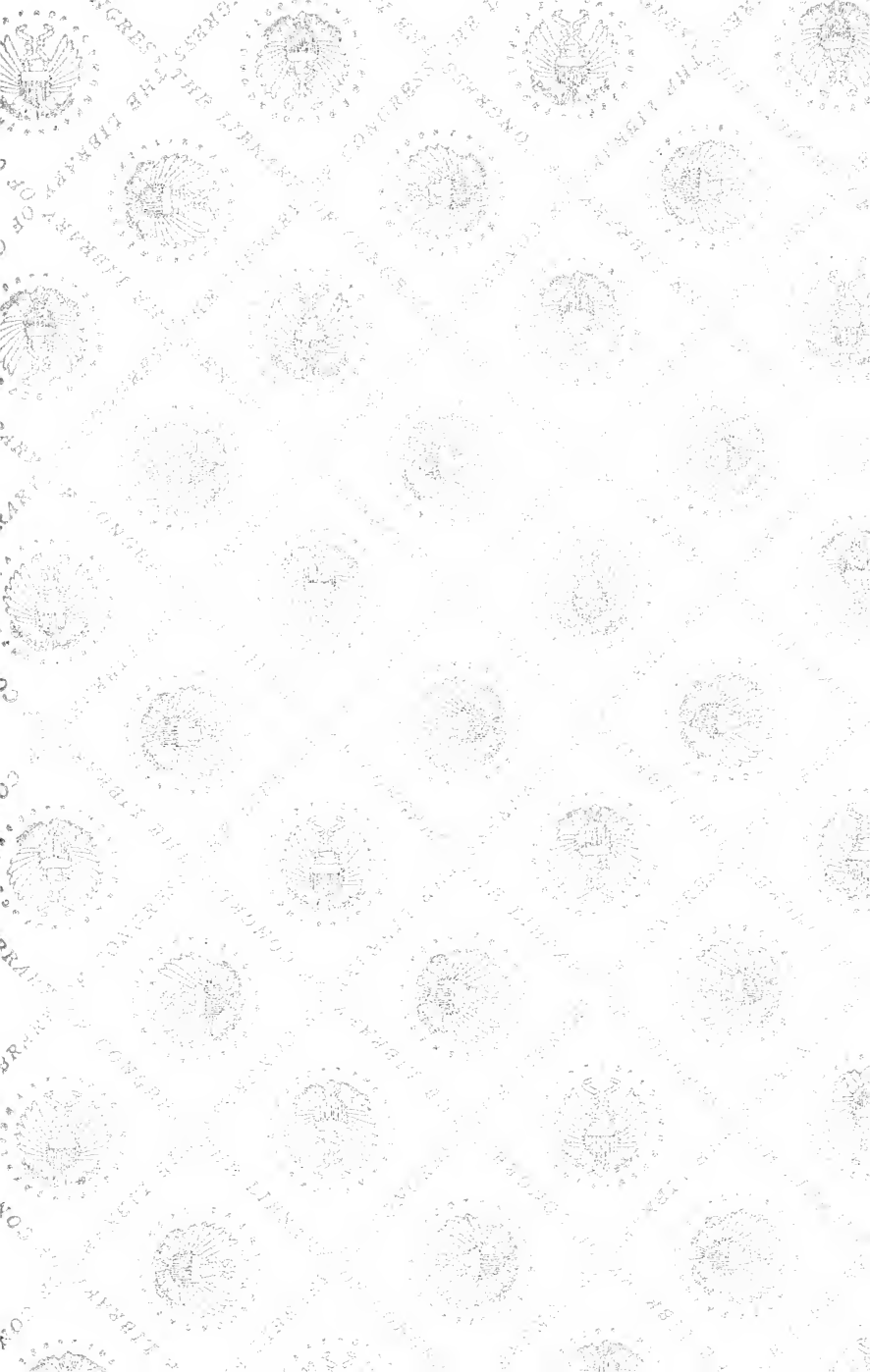


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U.S. Official Photograph by Signal Corps, Argonne Forest, France

Charles W. Whittlesey

Major of the "Lost Battalion" of the Argonne Forest
Nicknamed "Go-to-hell" Whittlesey—Awarded
Congressional Medal of Honor (See page 321)

AMERICANS "Defending & DEMOCRACY

Our Soldiers' Own Stories

FIRST EDITION

*PUBLISHED BY
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**TO THOSE WHO EXEMPLIFIED THE
UNCONQUERABLE AMERICAN SPIRIT
AND WON THE WORLD'S WAR**

Introduction

BY JOHN FRANKLIN GILDER

THIS volume, which is the first of a series of war autobiographies, is dedicated to our American heroes who fought so valiantly in the great European struggle for liberty on land and sea.

Those who live to tell these tales, many of them battle-scarred and maimed for life, after passing through a veritable hell on earth, write of their experiences in simple, unstudied language.

These personal narratives, dictated from hospital cots, or written by the men who have recovered from their wounds, describe in the most absorbing and thrilling manner the awful trials, sufferings and unspeakable horrors through which they passed during the nineteen months of the most destructive war in the world's history.

Our Soldiers' Own Stories bring vividly to the reader's mind the actual scenes of battle, "the shout, the shock, the crash of steel," in a manner so vital and realistic as to surpass the pen-pictures of the most famous war correspondents or the colorful, imaginative stories of novelists.

No censorship has prevented these men from expressing their innermost thoughts and revealing what was in their minds and hearts while por-

traying every phase of the war, at the camps, in the air, on the battle fields and submarine-infested high seas. The recital of their experiences is often given with the most minute, photographic detail for the enlightenment of their fellow-countrymen. Humor and pathos are blended in these extraordinary human interest narratives.

In describing the scenes in which they were participants and eye-witnesses, the soldier-historians make no pretense of literary grace or perfection. The very simplicity and directness of their language make the stories all the more attractive and gripping. It is to some extent the language of the man in the street which, as Emerson says, cannot be mended.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and the blood in your veins will tingle with excitement and your heart will beat faster as you read these varied stories. In your mind's eye you see these vigorous young Americans receiving their baptism of fire. You accompany them "over the top" and watch them grappling and interlocked with their deadly foe. You see them in the trenches and on the battle fields, wearing their gas masks in the midst of bursting shrapnel, high explosive shells, poisonous gas bombs and machine-gun bullets. You see them overpowering the picked veterans of the German Army, including the Prussian Guards and shock troops. You watch the warriors engaged in hand-to-hand combats, thrusting and warding off the lunges of cold steel. You see our American boys as the targets of Hun snipers, camouflaged in trees and underbrush, also hidden

in church steeples and other buildings. You stand with them in their wet, muddy trenches, drenched to the skin with rain, snow and human blood, with their comrades dying and dead about them, enduring suffering and privations that only men in the prime of life, endowed with iron constitutions and nerves of steel, could withstand.

The strong, brave, contending soldiers, however, were not the only sufferers of the war. There were other wounds than those inflicted by shot and shell. The wives, the mothers, the fathers, the brothers, the sisters of crippled soldiers, and of those who lie in Flanders fields are among the keenest of war sufferers. No comradeship of trench or field, nor music of fife and drum, can steal away their pain of bereavement or soothe their misery.

“The maid who binds her warrior’s sash
And smiling, all her pain dissembles,
The while beneath the drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e’er bedewed the field of glory.

“The wife who girds her husband’s sword,
’Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word
What tho’ her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e’er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

“The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her heart her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her loving God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.”

New York, April, 1919.

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John J. Pershing.

Commander-in-Chief of the American Army in France

General Pershing's Story

Fought Indians in the Southwest, Spaniards in Cuba, Morros in the Philippines, outlaw raiders in Mexico, the Huns in France. Commander of an army, the like of which no other American ever led, against the most powerful foe the world has ever know. Born in LaClede, Missouri, September 13, 1860; graduate of West Point. Served as military attaché of the American Embassy in Japan and on the Army General Staff in Washington. General Pershing is of Alsatian ancestry.

By GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING

IMMEDIATELY upon receiving my orders I selected a small staff and proceeded to Europe in order to become familiar with conditions at the earliest possible moment.

The warmth of our reception in England and France was only equaled by the readiness of the Commanders-in-Chief of the veteran armies of the Allies and their staffs to place their experience at our disposal. In consultation with them the most effective means of co-operation of effort was considered.

With French and British armies at their maximum strength, and all efforts to dispossess the enemy from his firmly intrenched positions in Belgium and France failed, it was necessary to plan for an American force adequate to turn the scale in favor of the Allies. Taking account of the strength of the central powers at that time, the immensity of the problem which confronted us could hardly be overestimated.

During our periods of training in the trenches some of our divisions had engaged the enemy in local combats, the most important of which was Seicheprey by the Twenty-sixth on April 20, in the Toul sector, but none had participated in action as a unit.

The First Division, which had passed through the preliminary stages of training, had gone to the trenches for its first period of instruction at the end of October and by March 21, when the German offensive in Picardy began, we had four divisions with experience in the trenches, all of which were equal to any demands of battle action. The crisis which this offensive developed was such that our occupation of an American sector must be postponed.

On March 28 I placed at the disposal of Marshal Foch, who had been agreed upon as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, all of our forces to be used as he might decide. At his request the First Division was transferred from the Toul sector to a position in reserve at Chaumont en Vexin.

As German superiority in numbers required prompt action, an agreement was reached at the Abbeville conference of the Allied premiers and commanders and myself on May 2 by which British shipping was to transport 10 American divisions to the British Army area, where they were to be trained and equipped, and additional British shipping was to be provided for as many divisions as possible for use elsewhere.

On April 26 the First Division had gone into the line in the Montdidier salient on the Picardy battle front. Tactics had been suddenly revolutionized to those of open warfare, and our men, confident of the results of their training, were eager for the test.

On the morning of May 28 this division attacked the commanding German position in its front, taking with splendid dash the town of Cantigny and all other objectives, which were organized and held steadfastly against vicious counter-attacks and galling artillery fire.

Although local, this brilliant action had an electrical effect, as it demonstrated our fighting qualities under extreme battle conditions, and also that the enemy's troops were not altogether invincible.

The Germans' Aisne offensive which began on May 27 had advanced rapidly toward the River Marne and Paris, and the Allies faced a crisis equally as grave as that of the Picardy offensive in March. Again every available man was placed at Marshal Foch's disposal, and the Third Division, which had just come from its preliminary

training in the trenches, was hurried to the Marne.

Its motorized machine-gun battalion preceded the other units and successfully held the bridgehead at the Marne, opposite Chateau-Thierry.

The Second Division, in reserve near Montdidier, was sent by motor trucks and other available transport to check the progress of the enemy toward Paris.

The division attacked and re-took the town and railroad station at Bouresches and sturdily held its ground against the enemy's best guard divisions.

In the battle of Belleau Wood, which followed, our men proved their superiority and gained a strong tactical position, with far greater loss to the enemy than to ourselves. On July 1, before the Second was relieved, it captured the village of Vaux with most splendid precision.

Meanwhile our Second Corps, under Maj. Gen. George W. Read, had been organized for the command of our divisions with the British, which were held back in training areas or assigned to second-line defenses.

Five of the ten divisions were withdrawn from the British area in June, three to relieve divisions in Lorraine and the Vosges and two to the Paris area to join the group of American divisions which stood between the city and any further advance of the enemy in that direction.

The great June-July troop movement from the States was well under way, and, although these troops were to be given some preliminary train-

ing before being put into action, their very presence warranted the use of all the older divisions in the confidence that we did not lack reserves.

Elements of the Forty-second Division were in the line east of Rheims against the German offensive of July 15, and held their ground unflinchingly. On the right flank of this offensive four companies of the Twenty-eighth Division were in position in face of the advancing waves of the German infantry.

The Third Division was holding the bank of the Marne from the bend east of the mouth of the Surmelin to the west of Mezy, opposite Chateau-Thierry, where a large force of German infantry sought to force a passage under support of powerful artillery concentrations and under cover of smoke screens.

A single regiment of the Third wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals on this occasion. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front while, on either flank, the Germans, who had gained a footing, pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter-attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion, capturing 600 prisoners.

The great force of the German Chateau-Thierry offensive established the deep Marne salient, but the enemy was taking chances, and the vulnerability of this pocket to attack might be turned to his disadvantage. Seizing this opportunity to support my conviction, every divi-

sion with any sort of training was made available for use in a counter-offensive.

The place of honor in the thrust toward Soissons on July 18 was given to our First and Second Divisions in company with chosen French divisions. Without the usual brief warning of a preliminary bombardment, the massed French and American artillery, firing by the map, laid down its rolling barrage at dawn while the infantry began its charge. The tactical handling of our troops under these trying conditions was excellent throughout the action.

The enemy brought up large numbers of reserves and made a stubborn defense both with machine-guns and artillery, but through five days' fighting the First Division continued to advance until it had gained the heights above Soissons and captured the village of Berzy-le-Sec. The Second Division took Beau Repaire farm and Vierzy in a very rapid advance and reached a position in front of Tigny at the end of its second day. These two divisions captured 7,000 prisoners and over 100 pieces of artillery.

The Twenty-sixth Division, which, with a French division, was under command of our First Corps, acted as a pivot of the movement toward Soissons. On the 18th it took the village of Torcy while the Third Division was crossing the Marne in pursuit of the retiring enemy. The Twenty-sixth attacked again on the 21st, and the enemy withdrew past the Chateau-Thierry-Soissons road. The Third Division, continuing its progress, took the heights of Mont St. Pere and the villages of

Charteves and Jaulgonne in the face of both machine and artillery fire.

On the 24th, after the Germans had fallen back from Trugny and Epieds, our Forty-second Division, which had been brought over from the Champagne, relieved the Twenty-sixth and, fighting its way through the Foret de Fere, overwhelmed the nest of machine guns in its path. By the 27th it had reached the Ourcq, whence the Third and Fourth Divisions were already advancing, while the French divisions with which we were co-operating were moving forward at other points.

The Third Division had made its advance into Roncheres Wood on the 29th and was relieved for rest by a brigade of the Thirty-second. The Forty-second and Thirty-second undertook the task of conquering the heights beyond Cierges, the Forty-second capturing Sergy and the Thirty-second capturing Hill 230, both American divisions joining in the pursuit of the enemy to the Vesle, and thus the operation of reducing the salient was finished.

Meanwhile the Forty-second was relieved by the Fourth at Chery-Chartreuve, and the Thirty-second by the Twenty-eighth, while the Seventy-seventh Division took up a position on the Vesle. The operations of these divisions on the Vesle were under the Third Corps, Maj. Gen. Robert L. Bullard, commanding.

With the reduction of the Marne salient we could look forward to the concentration of our divisions in our own zone. In view of the forth-

coming operation against the St. Mihiel salient, which had long been planned as our first offensive action on a large scale, the First Army was organized on August 10 under my personal command.

While American units had held different divisional and corps sectors along the western front, there had not been up to this time, for obvious reasons, a distinct American sector; but, in view of the important parts the American forces were now to play, it was necessary to take over a permanent portion of the line.

Accordingly, on August 30, the line beginning at Port sur Seille, east of the Moselle and extending to the west through St. Mihiel, thence north to a point opposite Verdun, was placed under my command.

The American sector was afterwards extended across the Meuse to the western edge of the Argonne Forest, and included the Second Colonial French, which held the point of the salient, and the Seventeenth French Corps, which occupied the heights above Verdun.

The preparation for a complicated operation against the formidable defenses in front of us included the assembling of divisions and of corps and army artillery, transports, aircraft, tanks, ambulances, the location of hospitals and the molding together of all the elements of a great modern army with its own railheads, supplied directly by our own Service of Supply.

The concentration for this operation, which was to be a surprise, involved the movement, mostly

at night, of approximately 600,000 troops, and required for its success the most careful attention to every detail.

The French were generous in giving us assistance in corps and army artillery, with its personnel, and we were confident from the start of our superiority over the enemy in guns of all calibers. Our heavy guns were able to reach Metz and to interfere seriously with German rail movements.

The French Independent Air Force was placed under my command, which, together with the British bombing squadrons and our air forces, gave us the largest assembly of aviation that had ever been engaged in one operation on the western front.

From Les Eparges around the nose of the salient at St. Mihiel to the Moselle River the line was roughly 40 miles long and situated on commanding ground greatly strengthened by artificial defenses.

Our First Corps (Eighty-second, Ninetieth, Fifth and Second Divisions), under command of Maj. Gen. Hunter Liggett, restrung its right on Pont-a-Mousson, with its left joining our Third Corps (the Eighty-ninth, Forty-second, and First Divisions), under Maj. Gen. Joseph T. Dickman, in line to Xivray, were to swing in toward Vigneulles on the pivot of the Moselle River for the initial assault. From Xivray to Mouilly the Second Colonial French Corps was in line in the center and our Fifth Corps, under command of Maj. Gen. George H. Cameron, with our Twenty-sixth

Division and a French division at the western base of the salient, were to attack three difficult hills—Les Eparges, Combres, and Amaramthe. Our First Corps had in reserve the Seventy-eighth Division, our Fourth Corps the Third Division and our First Army the Thirty-fifth and Ninety-first Divisions, with the Eightieth and Thirty-third available.

It should be understood that our corps organizations are very elastic, and that we have at no time had permanent assignments of divisions to corps.

After four hours' artillery preparation, the seven American divisions in the front line advanced at 5 a.m., on September 12, assisted by a limited number of tanks manned partly by Americans and partly by the French.

The divisions, accompanied by groups of wire cutters and others armed with bangalore torpedoes, went through the successive bands of barbed wire that protected the enemy's front line and support trenches, in irresistible waves on schedule time, breaking down all defense of an enemy demoralized by the great volume of our artillery fire and our sudden approach out of the fog.

Our First Corps advanced to Thiaucourt, while our Fourth Corps curved back to the southwest through Nonsard. The Second Colonial French Corps made the slight advance required of it on very difficult ground, and the Fifth Corps took its three ridges and repulsed a counter attack.

A rapid march brought reserve regiments of a division of the Fifth Corps into Vigneulles in

the early morning, where it linked up with patrols of our Fourth Corps, closing the salient and forming a new line west of Thiaucourt to Vigneulles and beyond Fresnes-en-Woevre.

At the cost of only 7,000 casualties, mostly light, we had taken 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, a great quantity of material, released the inhabitants of many villages from enemy domination and established our lines in a position to threaten Metz.

This signal success of the American First Army in its first offensive was of prime importance. The Allies found they had a formidable army to aid them, and the enemy learned finally that he had one to reckon with.

On the day after we had taken the St. Mihiel salient, much of our Corps and Army artillery which had operated at St. Mihiel, and our divisions in reserve at other points, were already on the move toward the area back of the line between the Meuse River and the western edge of the forest of Argonne. With the exception of St. Mihiel, the old German front line from Switzerland to the east of Rheims was still intact.

In the general attack all along the line, the operation assigned the American Army as the hinge of this Allied offensive was directed toward the important railroad communications of the German armies through Mezieres and Sedan. The enemy must hold fast to this part of his lines or the withdrawal of his forces with four years' accumulation of plants and material would be dangerously imperiled.

The German Army had as yet shown no demoralization and, while the mass of its troops had suffered in morale, its first-class divisions and notably its machine-gun defense were exhibiting remarkable tactical efficiency as well as courage.

The German General Staff was fully aware of the consequences of a success on the Meuse-Argonne line. Certain that he would do everything in his power to oppose us, the action was planned with as much secrecy as possible and was undertaken with the determination to use all our divisions in forcing decision.

We expected to draw the best German divisions to our front and to consume them while the enemy was held under grave apprehension lest our attack should break his line, which it was our firm purpose to do.

Our right flank was protected by the Meuse, while our left embraced the Argonne Forest whose ravines, hills and elaborate defenses screened by dense thickets had been generally considered impregnable.

Our order of battle, from right to left, was the Third Corps from the Meuse to Malancourt, with the Thirty-third, Eightieth and Fourth Divisions in line, and the Third Division as corps reserve; the Fifth Corps from Malancourt to Vauquois, with Seventy-ninth, Eighty-seventh, and Ninety-first Divisions in line, and the Thirty-second in corps reserve; and the First Corps, from Vauquois to Vienne Le Chateau, with Thirty-fifth, Twenty-eighth and Seventy-seventh Divisions in

line, and the Ninety-second in corps reserve. The Army reserve consisted of the First, Twenty-ninth and Eighty-second Divisions.

On the night of September 25 our troops quietly took the place of the French who thinly held the line in this sector which had long been inactive.

In the attack which began on the 26th we drove through the barbed wire entanglements and the sea of shell craters across No Man's Land, mastering all the first-line defenses.

Continuing on the 27th and 28th, against machine guns and artillery of an increasing number of enemy reserve divisions, we penetrated to a depth of from three to seven miles, and took the village of Montfaucon and its commanding hill and Exermont, Gercourt, Cuisy, Septsarges, Malancourt, Ivoiry, Epinonville, Charpentry, Very and other villages.

East of the Meuse one of our divisions, which was with the Second Colonial French Corps, captured Marcheville and Rieviller, giving further protection to the flank of our main body.

We had taken 10,000 prisoners, we had gained our point of forcing the battle into the open and were prepared for the enemy's reaction, which was bound to come as he had good roads and ample railroad facilities for bringing up his artillery and reserves.

In the chill rain of dark nights our engineers had to build new roads across spongy, shell-torn areas, repair broken roads beyond No Man's Land, and build bridges.

Our gunners, with no thoughts of sleep, put

their shoulders to wheels and dragropes to bring their guns through the mire in support of the infantry, now under the increasing fire of the enemy's artillery.

Our attack had taken the enemy by surprise, but, quickly recovering himself, he began to fire counter-attacks in strong force, supported by heavy bombardments, with large quantities of gas.

From September 28 until October 4 we maintained the offensive against patches of woods defended by snipers and continuous lines of machine guns, and pushed forward our guns and transport, seizing strategical points in preparation for further attacks.

Other divisions attached to the Allied armies were doing their part. It was the fortune of our Second Corps, composed of the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth Divisions, which had remained with the British, to have a place of honor in co-operation with the Australian Corps on September 29 and October 1 in the assault on the Hindenburg line where the St. Quentin Canal passes through a tunnel under a ridge.

The Thirtieth Division speedily broke through the main line of defense for all its objectives, while the Twenty-seventh pushed on impetuously through the main line until some of its elements reached Gouy.

In the midst of the maze of trenches and shell craters and under cross fire from machine guns the other elements fought desperately against odds. In this and in later actions, from October

6 to October 19, our Second Corps captured over 6,000 prisoners and advanced over thirteen miles.

The spirit and aggressiveness of these Divisions have been highly praised by the British Army commander under whom they served.

On October 2-9, our Second and Thirty-sixth Divisions were sent to assist the French in an important attack against the old German positions before Rheims.

The Second conquered the complicated defense works on their front against a persistent defense worthy of the grimmest period of trench warfare and attacked the strongly held wooded hill of Blanc Mont, which they captured in a second assault, sweeping over it with a consummate dash and skill.

This division then repulsed strong counter-attacks before the village and cemetery of St. Etienne and took the town, forcing the Germans to fall back from before Rheims and yield positions they had held since September, 1914.

On October 9, the Thirty-sixth Division relieved the Second and, in its first experience under fire, withstood very severe artillery bombardment and rapidly took up the pursuit of the enemy, now retiring behind the Aisne.

The Allied progress elsewhere cheered the efforts of our men in this crucial contest as the German command threw in more and more first-class troops to stop our advance.

We made steady headway in the almost impenetrable and strongly-held Argonne Forest, for,

despite this retirement, it was our Army that was doing the driving.

Our aircraft was increasing in skill and numbers and forcing the issue, and our infantry and artillery were improving rapidly with each new experience.

The replacements fresh from home were put into exhausted divisions with little time for training but they had the advantage of serving beside men who knew their business and who had almost become veterans overnight.

The enemy had taken every advantage of the terrain, which especially favored the defense, by a prodigal use of machine guns manned by highly trained veterans and by using his artillery at short ranges.

In the face of such strong frontal positions we should have been unable to accomplish any progress according to previously accepted standards, but I had every confidence in our aggressive tactics and the courage of our troops.

On October 4 the attack was renewed all along our front. The Third Corps tilting to the left followed the Briulles-Cunel road; our Fifth Corps took Gesnes while the First Corps advanced for over two miles along the irregular valley of the Aire River and in the wooded hills of the Argonne that bordered the river, used by the enemy with all his art and weapons of defense.

This sort of fighting continued against an enemy striving to hold every foot of ground and whose very strong counter-attacks challenged us at every point. On the 7th the First Corps captured Cha-

tel-Chehery and continued along the river to Comy.

On the east of Meuse sector one of the two divisions cooperating with the French captured Consenvoye and the Haumont Woods. On the 9th the Fifth Corps, in its progress up the Aire, took Fleville, and the Third Corps which had continuous fighting against odds was working its way through Brioules and Cunel. On the 10th we had cleared the Argonne Forest of the enemy.

It was now necessary to constitute a second army, and on October 9 the immediate command of the First Army was turned over to Lieut. Gen. Hunter Liggett. The command of the Second Army, whose divisions occupied a sector in the Woevre, was given to Lieut. Gen. Robert L. Bullard, who had been commander of the First Division and then of the Third Corps.

Maj. Gen. Dickman was transferred to the command of the First Corps, while the Fifth Corps was placed under Maj. Gen. Charles P. Summerall, who had previously commanded the First Division. Maj. Gen. John L. Hines, who had gone rapidly up from regimental to division commander, was assigned to the Third Corps.

These four officers had been in France from the early days of the expedition and had learned their lessons in the school of practical warfare.

Our constant pressure against the enemy brought day by day more prisoners, mostly survivors from machine-gun nests captured in fighting at close quarters. On October 18 there was

very fierce fighting in the Caures Woods east of the Meuse and in the Ormont Woods. On the 14th the First Corps took St. Juvin, and the Fifth Corps, in hand-to-hand encounters, entered the formidable Kriemhilde line, where the enemy had hoped to check us indefinitely.

Later the Fifth Corps penetrated further the Kriemhilde line, and the First Corps took Champigneulle and the important town of Grandpre. Our dogged offensive was wearing down the enemy, who continued desperately to throw his best troops against us, thus weakening his line in front of our Allies and making their advance less difficult.

Meanwhile we were not only able to continue the battle, but our Thirty-seventh and Ninety-first Divisions were hastily withdrawn from our front and dispatched to help the French Army in Belgium. Detraining in the neighborhood of Ypres, these divisions advanced by rapid stages to the fighting line and were assigned to adjacent French corps.

On October 31, in continuation of the Flanders offensive, they attacked and methodically broke down all enemy resistance. On November 3 the Thirty-seventh had completed its mission in dividing the enemy across the Escaut River and firmly established itself along the east bank included in the division zone of action.

By a clever flanking movement troops of the Ninety-first Division captured Spitaals Bosschen, a difficult wood extending across the central part of the division sector, reached the Escaut, and

penetrated into the town of Audenarde. These divisions received high commendation from their corps commanders for their dash and energy.

On the 23d the Third and Fifth Corps pushed northward to the level of Bantheville. While we continued to press forward and throw back the enemy's violent counter-attacks with great loss to him, a regrouping of our forces was under way for the final assault.

Evidences of loss of morale by the enemy gave our men more confidence in attack and more fortitude in enduring the fatigue of incessant effort and the hardships of very inclement weather.

With comparatively well-rested divisions, the final advance in the Meuse-Argonne front was begun on November 1. Our increased artillery force acquitted itself magnificently in support of the advance, and the enemy broke before the determined infantry, which, by its persistent fighting of the past weeks and the dash of this attack, had overcome his will to resist.

The third Corps took Aincreville, Doulecon and Andevanne, and the Fifth Corps took Landres et St. Georges and pressed through successive lines of resistance to Bayonville and Chennery. On the 2d the First Corps joined in the movement which now became an impetuous onslaught that could not be stayed.

On the 3d advance troops surged forward in pursuit, some by motor trucks, while the artillery pressed along the country roads close behind. The First Corps reached Authe and Chatillon-Sur-Bar, the Fifth Corps, Fosse and Nouart, and the

Third Corps Halles, penetrating the enemy's line to a depth of 12 miles.

Our large caliber guns had advanced and were skillfully brought into position to fire upon the important lines at Montmedy, Longuyon and Conflans. Our Third Corps crossed the Meuse on the 5th and the other corps, in the full confidence that the day was theirs, eagerly cleared the way of machine guns as they swept northward, maintaining complete co-ordination throughout.

On the 6th, a division of the First Corps reached a point on the Meuse opposite Sedan, 25 miles from our line of departure.

The strategical goal which was our highest hope was gained. We had cut the enemy's main line of communication, and nothing but surrender or an armistice could save his army from complete disaster.

In all 40 enemy divisions had been used against us in the Meuse-Argonne battle. Between September 26 and November 6 we took 26,059 prisoners and 468 guns on this front. Our divisions engaged were the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fifth, Thirty-seventh, Forty-second, Seventy-seventh, Seventy-eighth, Seventy-ninth, Eightieth, Eighty-second, Eighty-ninth, Ninetieth and Ninety-first.

Many of our divisions remained in line for a length of time that required nerves of steel, while others were sent in again after only a few days of rest. The First, Fifth, Twenty-sixth, Forty-second, Seventy-seventh, Eightieth, Eighty-ninth

and Ninetieth were in the line twice. Although some of the divisions were fighting their first battle, they soon became equal to the best.

On the three days preceding November 10, the Third, the Second Colonial and the Seventeenth French Corps fought a difficult struggle through the Meuse Hills south of Stenay and forced the enemy into the plain. Meanwhile, my plans for further use of the American forces contemplated an advance between the Meuse and the Moselle in the direction of Longwy by the First Army, while, at the same time, the Second Army should assure the offensive toward the rich iron fields of Briey.

These operations were to be followed by an offensive toward Chateau-Salins east of the Moselle, thus isolating Metz. Accordingly, attacks on the American front had been ordered and that of the Second Army was in progress on the morning of November 11, when instructions were received that hostilities should cease at 11 o'clock, a. m.

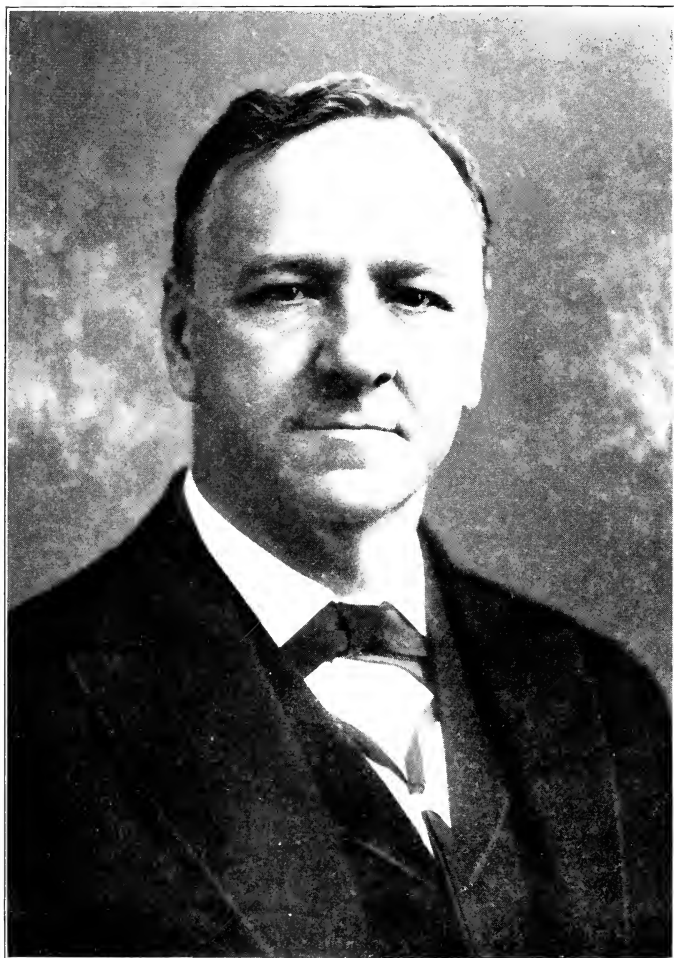
NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

When the wire communication is broken, a man gets out at once for repairs, crawling along on his stomach through a place of bursting mines and shells. It seems impossible that he could escape in the rain of shell, which exceeds anything imaginable; there has never been such a bombardment in previous wars. One man seems to be enveloped in explosions, and shelters himself from time to time in the shell craters which honeycomb the ground. Finally, he reaches a less stormy spot, mends his wires, and then, as it would be madness to try to return, settles down in a big crater and waits for the storm to subside.

* * * * *

Beyond the valley dark masses are moving over the snow-covered ground. It is German infantry advancing in packed formation along the valley to the attack. They look like a big gray carpet being unrolled over the country. We telephone through to the batteries and the slaughter begins. The sight is hellish. In the distance, in the valley and upon the slopes, regiments spread out, and as they deploy, fresh troops come marching in.

There is a whistle over our heads. It is our first shell. It falls right in the middle of the enemy infantry. We telephone through, telling our batteries of their hit, and a deluge of heavy shells is poured on the enemy. Their position becomes critical. Through gasses we can see men maddened, men covered with earth and blood, falling one upon the other. When the first wave of the assault is decimated, the ground is dotted with heaps of corpses, but the second wave is already pressing on. Once more our shells carve awful gaps in their ranks. Nevertheless, like an army of rats the Boches continue to advance in spite of our death dealing shells. Presently the whole valley is turned into a volcano and its exit stooped by the barrier of the slain.



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Josephus Daniels

Secretary of the United States Navy

Secretary Daniel's Story

"The world knows to-day that the United States Marines held that line; that they blocked the advance that was rolling on toward Paris at a rate of six or seven miles a day; that they met the attack in American fashion and with American heroism; that Marines and soldiers of the American Army threw back the crack guard divisions of Germany, broke their advance, and then, attacking, drove them back in the beginning of a retreat that was not to end until the 'cease fighting' signal sounded for the end of the world's greatest war."

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS
Secretary of the Navy

THIS efficient fighting, building, and landing force of the Navy has won imperishable glory in the fulfillment of its latest duties upon the battle fields of France, where the Marines, fighting for the time under Gen. Pershing as a part of the victorious American Army have written a story of valor and sacrifice that will live in the brightest annals of the war.

With heroism that nothing could daunt, the

Marine Corps played a vital role in stemming the German rush on Paris, and in later days aided in the beginning of the great offensive, the freeing of Rheims, and participated in the hard fighting in Champagne, which had as its object the throwing back of the Prussian Armies in the vicinity of Cambrai and St. Quentin.

With only 8,000 men engaged in the fiercest battles, the Marine Corps casualties numbered 69 officers and 1,531 enlisted men dead and 78 officers and 2,435 enlisted men wounded seriously enough to be officially reported by cablegram, to which number should be added not a few whose wounds did not incapacitate them for further fighting.

However, with a casualty list that numbers nearly half the original 8,000 men who entered battle, the official reports account for only 57 United States Marines who have been captured by the enemy. This includes those who were wounded far in advance of their lines and who fell into the hands of Germans while unable to resist.

Memorial Day shall henceforth have a greater, deeper significance for America, for it was on that day, May 30, 1918, that our country really received its first call to battle—the battle in which American troops had the honor of stopping the German drive on Paris, throwing back the Prussian hordes in attack after attack, and beginning the retreat which lasted until Imperial Germany was beaten to its knees and its emissaries appealing for an armistice under the flag of truce.

And to the United States Marines, fighting side by side with equally brave and equally courageous

men in the American Army, to that faithful sea and land force of the Navy, fell the honor of taking over the lines where the blow of the Prussian would strike the hardest, the line that was nearest Paris and where, should a breach occur, all would be lost.

The world knows to-day that the United States Marines held that line; that they blocked the advance that was rolling on toward Paris at a rate of 6 or 7 miles a day; that they met the attack in American fashion and with American heroism; that Marines and soldiers of the American Army threw back the crack guard divisions of Germany, broke their advance, and then, attacking, drove them back in the beginning of a retreat that was not to end until the "cease firing" signal sounded for the end of the world's greatest war.

In this connection Melville Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, said, following an exhaustive trip of investigation in Europe: "They (the Marines) had before them the best Prussian Guards and shock troops—the Germans were perfectly sure they could drive the 'amateurs' back.

"It was a dramatic situation, for success meant that the Germans could probably push for Calais and other channel ports; but Foch dangled Paris before their eyes by putting raw Americans at a point across the direct road to Paris, in the pocket between Rheims and Soissons. Instead of driving back the 'amateurs,' the 'amateurs' drove them and gave them also a very sound thrashing. Their losses were heavy, but they did the work,

and in doing it also did three things: They saved Paris; they seriously injured the morale of the best German troops; and they set a standard and fixed a reputation for American troops that none other dared tarnish."

Such is the opinion of the head of a great news-gathering force regarding the achievements of the United States Marines at Chateau-Thierry, where in the battle-field of Bois de Belleau, now named the Bois de la Brigade de Marine by official order of the French Staff, this branch of the Navy met the Germans and blocked their drive on Paris.

It was on the evening of May 30, after a day dedicated to the memory of their comrades who had fallen in the training days and in the Verdun sector, that the Fifth and Sixth Regiments and the Sixth Machine-Gun Battalion, United States Marines, each received the following orders: "Advance information official received that this regiment will move at 10 P. M. 30 May by bus to new area. All trains shall be loaded at once and arrangements hastened. Wagons, when loaded, will move to Serans to form train."

All through the night there was fevered activity among the Marines. Then, the next morning, the long trains of camions, busses and trucks, each carrying its full complement of United States Marines, went forward on a road which at one place wound within less than 10 miles of Paris, toward Meaux and the fighting line.

Through the town of Meaux went the long line of camions and to the village of Montriél-aux-

Lions, less than four miles from the rapidly advancing German line. On this trip the camions containing the Americans were the only traffic traveling in the direction of the Germans; everything else was going the other way—refugees, old men and women, small children, riding on every conceivable conveyance, many trudging along the side of the road driving a cow or calf before them, all of them covered with the white dust which the camion caravan was whirling up as it rolled along; along that road only one organization was advancing, the United States Marines.

At last, their destination reached early on the morning of June 2, they disembarked, stiff and tired after a journey of more than 72 miles, but as they formed their lines and marched onward in the direction of the line they were to hold they were determined and cheerful.

That evening the first field message from the Fourth Brigade to Maj. Gen. Omar Bundy, commanding the Second Division, went forward: "Second Battalion, Sixth Marines, in line from Le Thiolet through Clarembauts Woods to Triangle to Lucy. Instructed to hold line. First Battalion, Sixth Marines, going into line from Lucy through Hill 142. Third Battalion in support at La Voie du Chatel, which is also the post command of the Sixth Marines. Sixth Machine-Gun Battalion distributed at line."

Meanwhile the Fifth Regiment was moving into line, machine guns were advancing and the artillery taking its position. That night the men and officers of the Marines slept in the open, many

of them in a field that was green with unharvested wheat, awaiting the time when they should be summoned to battle.

The next day at 5 o'clock, the afternoon of June 2, began the battle of Chateau-Thierry, with the Americans holding the line against the most vicious wedge of the German advance.

The advance of the Germans was across a wheat field, driving at Hill 165 and advancing in smooth columns. The United States Marines, trained to keen observation upon the rifle range, nearly every one of them wearing a marksman's medal or better, that of the sharpshooter or expert riflemen, did not wait for those gray-clad hordes to advance nearer.

Calmly they set their sights and aimed with the same precision that they had shown upon the rifle ranges at Paris Island, Mare Island and Quantico.

Incessantly their rifles cracked, and with their fire came the support of the artillery. The machine-gun fire, incessant also, began to make its inroads upon the advancing forces.

Closer and closer the shrapnel burst to its targets. Caught in a seething wave of machine-gun fire, of scattering shrapnel, of accurate rifle fire, the Germans found themselves in a position in which further advance could only mean absolute suicide. The lines hesitated. They stopped. They broke for cover, while the Marines raked the woods and ravines in which they had taken refuge with machine gun and rifle to prevent them making another attempt to advance by infiltrating through.

Above, a French airplane was checking up on the artillery fire. Surprised by the fact that men should deliberately set their sights, adjust their range and then fire deliberately at an advancing foe, each man picking his target, instead of firing merely in the direction of the enemy, the aviator signaled below "Bravo!"

In the rear that word was echoed again and again. The German drive on Paris had been stopped.

For the next few days the fighting took on the character of pushing forth outposts and determining the strength of the enemy. Now, the fighting had changed. The Germans, mystified that they should have run against a stone wall of defense just when they believed that their advance would be easiest, had halted, amazed; then prepared to defend the positions they had won with all the stubbornness possible.

In the black recesses of Belleau Wood the Germans had established nest after nest of machine-guns. There in the jungle of matted underbrush, of vines, of heavy foliage, they had placed themselves in positions they believed impregnable.

And this meant that unless they could be routed, unless they could be thrown back, the breaking of the attack of June 2 would mean nothing. There would come another drive and another.

The battle of Chateau-Thierry was therefore not won and could not be won until Belleau Wood had been cleared of the enemy.

It was June 6 that the attack of the American troops began against that wood and its adjacent

surroundings, with the wood itself and the towns of Torcy and Bouresches forming the objectives.

At 5 o'clock the attack came, and there began the tremendous sacrifices which the Marine Corps gladly suffered that the German fighters might be thrown back.

The Marines fought strictly according to American methods—a rush, a halt, a rush again, in four-wave formation, the rear waves taking over the work of those who had fallen before them, passing over the bodies of their dead comrades and plunging ahead, until they, too, should be torn to bits. But behind those waves were more waves, and the attack went on.

“Men fell like flies”; the expression is that of an officer writing from the field. Companies that had entered the battle 250 strong dwindled to 50 and 60, with a sergeant in command; but the attack did not falter.

At 9.45 o'clock that night Bouresches was taken by Lieut. James F. Robertson and twenty-odd men of his platoon; these soon were joined by two reinforcing platoons. Then came the enemy counter-attacks, but the Marines held.

In Belleau Wood the fighting had been literally from tree to tree, stronghold to stronghold; and it was a fight which must last for weeks before its accomplishment in victory.

Belleau Wood was a jungle, its very rocky formation forming a German machine-gun nest, almost impossible to reach by artillery or grenade fire.

There was only one way to wipe out these nests

—by the bayonet. And by this method were they wiped out, for United States Marines, bare chested, shouting their battle cry of “E-e-e-e y-a-a-h-h-h yip!” charged straight into the murderous fire from those guns, and won!

Out of the number that charged, in more than one instance, only one would reach the stronghold.

There, with his bayonet as his only weapon, he would either kill or capture the defenders of the nest, and then swinging the gun about in its position, turn it against the remaining German positions in the forest.

Such was the character of the fighting in Belleau Wood; fighting which continued until July 6, when after a short relief the invincible Americans finally were taken back to the rest billet for recuperation.

In all the history of the Marine Corps there is no such battle as that one in Belleau Wood. Fighting day and night without relief, without sleep, often without water, and for days without hot rations, the Marines met and defeated the best divisions that Germany could throw into the line.

The heroism and doggedness of that battle are unparalleled. Time after time officers seeing their lines cut to pieces, seeing their men so dog tired that they even fell asleep under shell fire, hearing their wounded calling for the water that they were unable to supply, seeing men fight on after they had been wounded and until they dropped unconscious; time after time officers seeing these things, believing that the very limit of human endurance had been reached, would send back

messages to their post command that their men were exhausted.

But in answer to this would come the word that the lines must hold, and if possible those lines must attack. And the lines obeyed. Without water, without food, without rest they went forward—and forward every time to victory.

Companies had been so torn and lacerated by losses that they were hardly platoons; but they held their lines and advanced them. In more than one case companies lost every officer, leaving a sergeant and sometimes a corporal to command, and the advance continued.

After 13 days in this inferno of fire a captured German officer told with his dying breath of a fresh division of Germans that was about to be thrown into the battle to attempt to wrest from the Marines that part of the wood they had gained.

The Marines, who for days had been fighting only on their sheer nerve, who had been worn out from nights of sleeplessness, from lack of rations, from terrific shell and machine-gun fire, straightened their lines and prepared for the attack. It came—as the dying German officer had predicted.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of June 13 it was launched by the Germans along the whole front. Without regard for men, the enemy hurled his forces against Bouresches and the Bois de Belleau, and sought to win back what had been taken from Germany by the Americans.

The orders were that these positions must be taken at all costs; that the utmost losses in men

must be endured that the Bois de Belleau and Bouresches might fall again into the German hands.

But the depleted lines of the Marines held; the men who had fought on their nerve alone for days once more showed the mettle of which they were made. With their backs to the trees and boulders of the Bois de Belleau, with their sole shelter the scattered ruins of Bouresches, the thinning lines of the Marines repelled the attack and crashed back the new division which had sought to wrest the position from them.

And so it went. Day after day, night after night, while time after time messages like the following traveled to the post command: "Losses heavy. Difficult to get runners through. Some have never returned. Morale excellent, but troops about all in. Men exhausted."

Exhausted, but holding on. And they continued to hold on in spite of every difficulty. Advancing their lines slowly day by day, the Marines finally prepared their positions to such an extent that the last rush for the possession of the wood could be made. Then, on June 24, following a tremendous barrage, the struggle began.

The barrage literally tore the woods to pieces, but even its immensity could not wipe out all the nests that remained; the emplacements that were behind almost every clump of bushes, every jagged, rough group of boulders. But those that remained were wiped out by the American method of the rush and the bayonet, and in the days that followed every foot of Belleau Wood was cleared

of the enemy and held by the frayed lines of the Americans.

It was, therefore, with the feeling of work well done that the depleted lines of the Marines were relieved in July, that they might be filled with replacements and made ready for the grand offensive in the vicinity of Soissons, July 18.

And in recognition of their sacrifice and bravery this praise was forthcoming from the French Army Headquarters: "In view of the brilliant conduct of the Fourth Brigade of the Second United States Division, which in a spirited fight took Bouresches and the important strong point of Bois de Belleau, stubbornly defended by a large enemy force, the general commanding the Sixth Army orders that henceforth, in all official papers, the Bois de Belleau shall be named 'Bois de la Brigade de Marine.' "

Gen. Pershing's congratulations also were contained in the following order, issued by the brigade commander, dated June 9, 1918, to the units of his command: "The brigade commander takes pride in announcing that, in addition to the Commander-in-Chief's telegram of congratulation to the Fourth Brigade, published in an indorsement from the division commander, dated June 9, Gen. Pershing has to-day visited division headquarters and sent his personal greetings and congratulations to the Marine Brigade. He also added that Gen. Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in France, especially charged him this morning to give the Marine Brigade his love and

congratulations on their fine work of the past week."

On July 18 the Marines were again called into action in the vicinity of Soissons, near Tigny and Vierzy. In the face of a murderous fire from concentrated machine guns, which contested every foot of their advance, the United States Marines moved forward until the severity of their casualties necessitated that they dig in and hold the positions they had gained. Here, again, their valor called forth official praise.

Then came the battle for the St. Mihiel salient. On the night of September 11 the Second Division took over a line running from Remenauville to Limey, and on the night of September 14 and the morning of September 15 attacked, with two days' objectives ahead of them.

Overcoming the enemy resistance, they romped through to the Rupt de Mad, a small river, crossed it on stone bridges, occupied Thiacourt, the first day's objective, scaled the heights just beyond it, pushed on to a line running from the Zammes-Joulney Ridges to the Binvaux Forest, and there rested, with the second day's objectives occupied by 2:50 o'clock of the first day.

The casualties of the division were about 1,000, of which 134 were killed. Of these, about half were Marines. The captures in which the Marines participated were 80 German officers, 3,200 men, ninety-odd cannon and vast stores.

Further honors were to befall the fighting, landing and building force, of which the Navy is justly proud. In the early part of October it be-

came necessary for the allies to capture the bald, jagged ridge twenty miles due east of Rheims, known as Blanc Mont Ridge.

Here the armies of Germany and the Allies had clashed more than once, and attempt after attempt had been made to wrest it from German hands. It was a keystone of the German defense, the fall of which would have a far-reaching effect upon the enemy armies.

To the glory of the United States Marines, let it be said, that they were again a part of that splendid Second Division which swept forward in the attack which freed Blanc Mont Ridge from German hands, pushed its way down the slopes, and occupied the level ground just beyond, thus assuring a victory, the full import of which can best be judged by the order of Gen. Lejeune, following the battle:

“Officers and men of the Second Division: It is beyond my power of expression to describe fitly my admiration for your heroism. You attacked magnificently and you seized Blanc Mont Ridge, the keystone of the arch constituting the enemy’s main position. You advanced beyond the ridge, breaking the enemy’s lines, and you held the ground gained with a tenacity which is unsurpassed in the annals of war.

“As a direct result of your victory, the German armies east and west of Rheims are in full retreat, and by drawing on yourselves several German divisions from other parts of the front you greatly assisted the victorious advance of the allied armies between Cambrai and St. Quentin.

“Your heroism and the heroism of our comrades who died on the battlefield will live in history forever, and will be emulated by the young men of our country for generations to come.

“To be able to say when this war is finished, ‘I belonged to the Second Division; I fought with it at the Battle of Blanc Mont Ridge,’ will be the highest honor that can come to any man.”

Thus it is that the United States Marines have fulfilled the glorious traditions of their corps in this their latest duty as the “soldiers who go to sea.”

Their sharpshooting—and in one regiment 93 per cent of the men wear the medal of a marksman, a sharpshooter, or an expert rifleman—has amazed soldiers of European armies, accustomed merely to shooting in the general direction of the enemy.

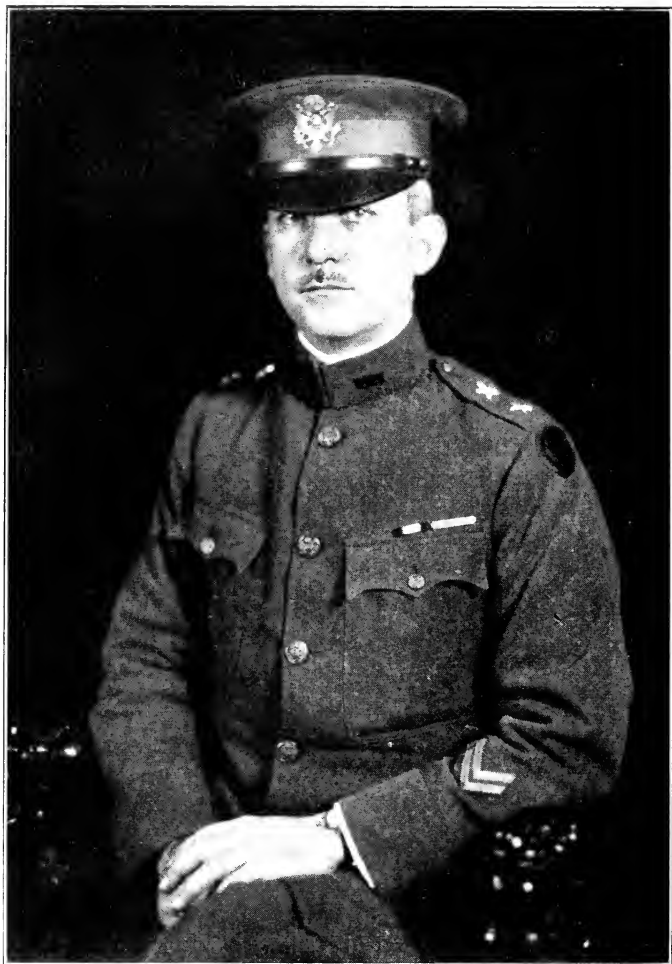
Under the fiercest fire they have calmly adjusted their sights, aimed for their man, and killed him, and in bayonet attacks their advance on machine gun nests has been irresistible.

In the official citation lists more than one American Marine is credited with taking an enemy machine gun single handed, bayoneting its crew and then turning the gun against the foe.

In one battle alone, that of Belleau Wood, the citation lists bear the names of fully 500 United States Marines who so distinguished themselves in battle as to call forth the official commendation of their superior officers.

More than faithful in every emergency, accepting hardships with admirable morale, proud of

the honor of taking their place as shock troops for the American legions, they have fulfilled every glorious tradition of their corps, and they have given to the world a list of heroes whose names will go down to all history.



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John F. Ryan
Major General
27 Division US Army.

Major-General O'Ryan's Story

Distinguished among National Guard Major-Generals for having retained command of his unit throughout the campaign abroad. Commanded the New York troops on the Mexican border in 1916. Graduated from the Army War College at Washington, D. C. Appointed by President Wilson as Major-General in the National Army in August, 1917. Born in New York City, August 21, 1874. Lawyer by profession. Home, New York City.

By MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. O'RYAN

NATURALLY I am happy to command such officers and men as compose this division and I have no objection to speaking of them. In fact, I welcome the opportunity of saying a word or two of their discipline, valor and zeal. When I speak of them, I include our dead, and also the wounded who have come on ahead of us.

In battle our men performed acts of valor so numerous that within the Division such deeds came to be regarded almost as commonplace. The tributes, however, of our British and Australian comrades who witnessed their work in action, and the numerous medals and citations awarded for

acts of extraordinary heroism furnish a better appraisal of their work.

The story of the service of the Division is too long to do more than refer to at this time, but I am sure the families of our soldiers and the many thousands of men in New York State who have served in the years gone by in the old regiments of the Division will be interested to know that the conduct of our men was characterized at all times by a remarkable spirit—a spirit difficult to define, but which reached in battle a veritable state of exaltation. It was a spirit which breathed confidence, determination and willingness to make any sacrifices to win.

This spirit was so marked as to be frequently commented upon in the British area. I am sure no man who has not experienced the ordeal of battle can appreciate the feelings of the officer who sees his men coming out of battle after, perhaps, three or four days and nights of continuous fighting, plastered with mud, scratched and cut by wire and shell splinters, lame and stiff from the water of shell holes in which they have spent the nights, half dazed from shell-shock and loss of sleep, half sick, and frequently burned from poisonous gas and depressed by the loss of comrades whom they have seen killed or wounded about them.

Certainly one must admire the discipline of men who under such conditions keep in column and observe the many rules of the road as they patiently make their way to the rest camp over roads pounded with never-ceasing shellfire, but the offi-

cer's admiration turns to devoted affection when under such circumstances he receives from his men the responsive glance and the labored straightening of the exhausted body, which indicates that it is the physical machinery alone that is "all in"—that the spirit remains unimpaired. This has been the experiences of our officers with their men.

Cases by the score have occurred where officers and men struck down in battle, in response to their spirit had struggled to their feet and gone on with their companies in the attack only to be hit again. Cases exist in every regiment where men have done this three times before being killed or rendered helpless. This spirit cannot be produced by discipline alone.

The character of our cause had some relation to it. A spirit so intense cannot be developed in a period measured by months. In our case it was the growth of years of zealous effort to compel recognition of the efficiency of their regiment—effort which involved not only sacrifice, but lack of appreciation and even of hostility from some sources. Our men and the new men who gained their spirit were prepared to make any sacrifice to justify their confidence in themselves and their unit, and to this end they seemed willing to give their lives freely.

Not by any means the least remarkable part of the record of the old New York Division is the fact that it furnished approximately 5,000 officers to the United States Army in this war. A considerable number of these fought as officers of the

regular divisions. Everywhere these officers were commented upon for their discipline, sense of responsibility and military bearing. They were represented in nearly all the corps and divisions in the army, at the staff college and at the schools, both as instructors and as students—truly a remarkable record.

In addition to all this, the 69th Infantry served with the Rainbow Division; the 15th Infantry (colored) served with the French Army; the 8th, 9th and 13th Coast Artillery Regiments served as heavy artilleries, and the 1st, 10th, 12th, 14th, 71st the 74th Infantry Regiments served as pioneer regiments, and anti-aircraft machine-gun battalions.

The great aggregate force had cost the Government a relatively small sum to maintain in time of peace. Had we, prior to the war, a system whereby our recruits would have come to us automatically after a few months of compulsory training in a camp, the burden of training in service would have been more evenly distributed and the results would have been even better.

THE MACHINE-GUN BATTALION

The official chronology of the 105th Machine-Gun Battalion, of the 27th Division, shows how bravely and well that unit fought in the big actions overseas. The battalion was made up of the former cavalry regiment, Squadron A. This unit was changed from a mounted force to its present branch of service while in training at Spartanburg in 1917.

The full list of actions in which it took part and the enemy units it fought follow:

East Poperinghe Line, Belgium, July 9-August 20.—This action consisted in constructing and occupying the second position opposite Mt. Kemmel during a time when the enemy was expected to make heavy attacks.

The position was under close observation from Mt. Kemmel and was subjected to observed artillery fire by day and continued fire by night, inflicting daily casualties. The position was occupied by three battalions and one machine-gun battalion at a time, with six battalions in reserve, regiments alternating. Enemy opposite. Divisions of Prince Rupprecht's group of armies.

Dickebusch Sector, Belgium, August 21-30.—This action consisted in holding the Dickebusch Sector front line, repelling raids and patrols, being under continual artillery and machine-gun fire, with perfect observation from enemy positions on Mt. Kemmel. Enemy opposite. Divisions of Prince Rupprecht's group of armies.

Vierstraat Ridge (vicinity of Mt. Kemmel) Belgium, August 31-Sept. 2.—This engagement was an advance to occupy this ridge and Mt. Kemmel from which the enemy was believed to be retiring. The enemy was found to be withdrawing his main force to Wyschaete Ridge, but leaving machine-gun nests to hold as long as possible and keeping the whole terrain covered with artillery fire.

The troops continued a following action with artillery and machine-gun preparation, meeting

strong resistance, including counter-attacks by enemy infantry to east of the slope of Vierstraat Ridge. The 30th American Division on our left, the 34th British Division on our right and other corps of the Second British Army farther south participated in this engagement. Enemy opposite 236th Infantry Division, 52nd Infantry and Eighth Infantry Division.

The Knoll, Guillemont Farm, Quennemont Farm (vicinity of Le Catelet), Sept. 27.—This operation was a planned attack with tanks, artillery and machine-gun barrage to capture the strong advance line of the Hindenburg system. The 30th American Division on our right strengthened our line, no other troops participating. Enemy opposite. One Hundred Twenty-First Infantry, 185th Infantry, 54th Infantry, 75th Rifle Division and Second Guard Division.

Hindenburg Line (vicinity of Bony), Sept. 29-30.—This battle was a prepared attack; the Third British Corps on our left, the Second American Corps, the Australian Corps and the Ninth British Corps participating, in connection with other British to the left and the French Army to the right. Enemy opposite. Second Guard Division, 232d Infantry, 54th Infantry, 185th Infantry, 121st Infantry and 75th Infantry.

La Selle River (vicinity of St. Souplet), Oct. 17.—This battle was a prepared attack, the enemy having made a determined stand, using the stream as a defence; the Third British Corps, the Second Army Corps, the Ninth British Corps participating in connection with the Tenth French Army to

the right. Enemy opposite. Two Hundred and Fourth Infantry, 243d Infantry, 24th Infantry, 15th Rifle Division and the Third Naval Division.

Jonc De Mer Ridge (vicinity of Arbre Gueron), Oct. 18.—This battle was a prepared attack; the Third British Corps, the Second Army Corps, the Ninth British Corps and the 10th French Army participating. Enemy opposite the front of the 27th Division. Same as at La Selle River.

St. Maurice River (vicinity of Catillon), October 19-20.—This engagement was an advance, including the attack on machine-gun nests with enemy artillery and infantry resistance, to the line of St. Maurice stream. The Third British Corps, the Second Army Corps and the Ninth British Corps participated. Enemy opposite. Parts of the 204th Infantry, the 243d Infantry, the 24th Infantry and the 15th Rifle Division.

MEN DECORATED FOR VALOR

Here is the roster, compiled at the Division Headquarters, of the officers and men of the Twenty-seventh Division, A. E. F., who were cited and decorated for deeds of extraordinary heroism in action:

Distinguished Service Medal, U. S. A. and also British—Major-Gen. John F. O’Ryan, commanding the 27th Division.

Distinguished Service Order, British—Lieut.-Col. J. Leslie Kincaid, Judge Advocate General;

Lieut.-Col. W. L. Hallahan, 102d F. S. B.; Major Emanuele E. Goldstein, 102d Engineers.

Congressional Medal of Honor, U. S. A., and Distinguished Conduct Medal, British—Sergt. G. B., Alan L. Eggers, 107th Inf.; Sergt. John C. Latham, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Reider Waaler, 105th M. G. B.; Pvt., 1st class, Frank Gaffney, 108th Inf.

Congressional Medal of Honor, U. S. A.—Corp. Thomas O'Shea, M. G. Co., 107th Inf.

Distinguished Service Cross and Distinguished Conduct Medal, British—Lieut. F. J. Vida, 108th Inf.

Distinguished Service Cross, U. S. A., and Military Cross, British—Lieut. Fred C. Davis, 108th Inf.; Lieut. Delancey King, 108th Inf.; 1st Lieut. Robert A. Byrnes, 107th Inf.; Chaplain Francis A. Kelly, 104th M. G. B.; Chaplain John C. Ward, 108th Inf.

Distinguished Service Cross, U. S. A., and Military Medal, British—1st Sergt. Wm. H. Krauss, 108th Inf.; Sergt. John F. Bilitzki, 188th Inf.; Sergt. Harry W. Miller, 108th Inf.; Sergt. John J. Nealis, 102d F. S. B.; Sergt. Martin M. Smith, 108th Inf.; Corp. Charles R. Henderson, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Archibald B. Case, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Harold Shipman, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Wilbert Hyatt, 105th Inf.; Pvt. De Witt W. Crandall, Sanitary, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Lester Herrick, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Harold H. Forster, 108th Inf.

Distinguished Service Cross, U. S. A.—Major Paul Daly, 108th Inf.; Capt. Henry Adsit, 107th M. G. Co.; Capt. Charles A. Sandberg, 108th Inf.;

Capt. Rutherford Ireland, 106th Inf.; Lieut. Marvin L. Atkins; 1st Lieut. C. R. Ross, 105th Inf.; Lieut. Samuel A. Brown, Jr., 108th Inf.; 1st Lieut. Franklin J. Jackson, 106th Inf.; 2d Lieut. Edwin A. Dennis, 107th Inf.; 1st Lieut. Alfred J. Hook, 105th Inf.; 2d Lieut. Stephen B. Elkins, 105th Inf.; 2d Lieut. Paul A. Florian, 105th Inf.; 2d Lieut. Ramon L. Hall, 105th Inf.; 1st Lieut. J. R. Liza, Medical Corps; Lieut. Thomas G. Simpson, 107th Inf.; 2d Lieut. Kenneth Gow, M. G. Co., 107th Inf.; 1st Lieut. Percy Hall, 107th Inf.; 1st Lieut. Edward Willis, 107th Inf.; 2d Lieut. James Cross, 108th Inf.; Chaplain David T. Burgh, 105th Inf.; Chaplain Royal K. Tucker, 105th Inf.; 1st Sergt. Edward W. Scott, 105th Inf.; 1st Sergt. Harold Greene, 107th Inf.; 1st Sergt. Chas. H. Andrean, 107th Inf.; 1st Sergt. E. T. Ruane, 105th Inf.; 1st Sergt. H. N. Thompson, 105th Inf.; 1st Sergt. James A. Hamilton; Sergt. Thom Armstrong, 106th Inf.; Sergt. Frank E. Dee, 107th Inf.; 1st Sergt. Edw. A. Duncan, 107th Inf.; Sergt. John E. Bingham, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Samuel B. Boykins, 105th Inf.; Sergt. Philip Garey, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Thomas G. Dean, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Hugh L. Glendenning, 107th Inf.; Sergt. James W. Gouberd, 105th Inf.; Sergt. Harry C. Hull, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Carl A. Heim, 108th Inf.; Sergt. Leo H. Ingram, 105th Inf.; Sergt. William Dausch, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Thomas Kenny, 105th Inf.; Sergt. Henry S. Kirk, 105th Inf.; Sergt. H. G. Kramer, 107th Inf.; 1st Sergt. W. H. Ward, Jr., 108th Inf.; Sergt. Henry E. Lynk, 106th Inf.; Sergt. Williamson H. Williamson, 108th Inf.;

Sergt. Daniel M. Maher, 105th Inf.; Sergt. Leon R. Matson, 105th Inf.; Sergt. William J. Percy, 108th Inf.; Sergt. Angus Robertson, 105th Inf.; Sergt. George Rowe, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Fred E. Browne, Jr., 107th Inf.; Sergt. Edgar M. Sholette, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Joseph Robins, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Eric W. Spencer, M. G. Co., 106th Inf.; Sergt. Eugene W. Towne, 105th Inf.; Corp. Harry F. Beinlich, 108th Inf.; Corp. Ralph E. Taber, 105th Inf.; Corp. Richard E. Bentley, 108th Inf.; Corp. James A. Cavanaugh, 102d Eng.; Corp. George D. Caswell, 105th Inf.; Corp. George I. Cargie, 105th Inf.; Corp. Merritt D. Cutler, 107th Inf.; Corp. Harry L. Close, 106th Inf.; Corp. George A. Dupree, 104th F. A.; Corp. Kenneth M. McCann, 102d F. S. B.; Corp. Joseph U. Douglas, 107th Inf.; Corp. Alexander Manard, 107th Inf.; Corp. Frederick Posser, 107th Inf.; Corp. Herman Spickerman, M. G. Co., 107th Inf.; Corp. Charles Stanton, Jr., 108th Inf.; Corp. Llewellyn Power, 107th Inf.; Corp. Ralph B. Sullivan, 104th Inf., F. A.; Corp. James Paul Clark, 108th Inf.; Corp. Patrick Synott, 108th Inf.; Corp. Aloizy Nagowski, 108th Inf.; Corp. Howard D. De Rum, 102d F. S. En.; Corp. Leroy F. Whitney, 108th Inf.; Mech. John J. Finn, 105th Inf.; Mech. William Gould, 105th Inf.; Mech. Edwin W. McLaughlin, 107th Inf.; Mech. Herber M. Bink, 104th F. A.; Pvt. Russel E. LaFord, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Dewitt W. Crandall, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Sylvester J. Howland, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Luke Gaffey, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Michael G. Murphy, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Charles Gagnier, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Lawrence J. Lacoste, 107th Inf.; Pvt. H. J. Harlin, 107th Inf.; Pvt.

Frank J. Kenny, Jr., 107th Inf.; Pvt. Hugh J. Morrison, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Walter Klinge, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Russel P. Byington, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Wasyl Koloneczky, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Charles H. Robinson, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Daniel Moskowitz, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Earl W. Lantenslager, 108th Inf.; Pvt. William Nette, 104th hF. A.; Pvt. Max Norton, 108th Inf.; Pvt. James Bougie, 106th Inf.; Sanitary Detach.; Pvt. Ira S. Parke, M. G. Co., 107th Inf.; Pvt. Harry Putnam, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Edward P. Pierce, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Raymond E. Reed, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Samuel J. Randall, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Anthony Selafoni, 105th Inf.; Pvt. William R. Shugg, 102d F. S. B.; Pvt. Morris Silverberg, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Alpheus E. Stewart, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Frank B. Thomas, 102d F. S. B.; Pvt. Michael Vigelletra, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Mabion C. ward, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Jack W. Wilkinson, 107th Inf.

Military Cross, British—Capt. Stanley Bulkley, 105th Inf.; Capt. George S. Gallaway, 102d F. S. B.; Capt. A. V. McDermott, 106th Inf.; Capt. James G. Motley, 102d F. S. B.; Lieut. Harold G. de Loiselle, 106th Inf.; Lieut. Walter W. Slayton, 105th Inf.; Lieut. Harrison J. Uhl, 108th Inf.

Distinguished Conduct Medal, British—Bat. Sergt.-Major Theodore A. Kunst, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Francis J. Farrelly, 106th Inf.; Sergt. James P. Layden, 105th Inf.; Sergt. William F. Smith, 108th Inf.; Corp. Donald L. Mess, 108th Inf.; Pvt. 1st Class, Harry Fisher, 1055th Inf.; Pvt. Jacob Semberg, Sanitary Detach., 105th Inf.; Sergt. William Franklin Smith, 108th Inf.

Croix de Guerre, French—Lieut. J. Gilmore,

106th Inf.; Master Pointer James Gallagher, 105th F. A.; Wagoner Michael J. Ressnes, 105th F. A.

Military Medal, British—1st Sergt. Bartlett Sanford, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Russell J. Conn, 107th Inf.; Sergt. F. J. Jones, 106th Inf.; Sergt. M. C. Frank, 102d Eng.; Sergt. Ellsworth Hughs, 107th Inf.; Sergt. Charles H. Amies, 108th Inf.; Sergt. Melvin J. Peel, 108th Inf.; Sergt. Thomas D. Smith, 107th Inf.; Corp. Jack Marquese, Headquarters Troop; Corp. Michael Morris, 108th Inf.; Corp. Robert McCay, Jr., Headquarters Troop; Corp. Herbert F. Schmit, 108th Inf.; Corp. George P. Schnell, 107th Inf.; Pvt. W. A. Adams, Jr., Headquarters Troop; Pvt. James S. Maher, Headquarters Troop; Pvt. Peter A. Feringa, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Edward A. Olsen, 105th Inf.; Pvt. Henry M. Harvey, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Guy D. Brown, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Harold P. Malley, 107th Inf.; Pvt. George Clarke, Sanitary Detach.; Pvt. Asher Manheim, 102d Sanitary Train; Pvt. Lawrence J. Premo, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Donald MacKay, 103d Sanitary Train; Pvt. James G. French, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Michael Valente, 107th Inf.; Pvt. Joseph Titone, 108th Inf.; Pvt. William P. Buchanan, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Ellis S. Smith, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Roy T. Bastin, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Walter J. Boals, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Ralph E. Wetmore, 108th Inf.; Pvt. William M. Thomas, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Smith D. Sanders, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Arthur Sneider, 108th Inf.; Pvt. Sam Weissman, 106th Inf.; Pvt. Isadore Wolfe, 108th Inf.



Paul L Bohin

Private Bolin's Story

Fought in the Lorraine Sector, Champagne and at Ferret-de-Fer. Wounded by shell, which penetrated leg above the knee, necessitating amputation. Did patrol duty on the Mexican Border with the Fourth Alabama Infantry for five months prior to the World's War. Born in Birmingham, Alabama, August 20, 1896. Occupation, vaudeville entertainer. Residence, New York City.

By PVT. PAUL L. BOLIN

I ENLISTED in the Fourth Alabama Infantry, June 21, 1916, and went into camp at Montgomery, following the daily routine of camp life for five months, when my regiment was transferred to Camp Stephen A. Little, at Nogales, Arizona.

My Mexican border experiences covered a period of five months, consisting of patrol duty.

I was sent back to camp at Montgomery and was assigned to the work of guarding bridges, etc., until August, 1917, when we were notified that our regiment had been made a part of the Rainbow Division. We left the southern camp on August 29th, and arrived at Camp Mills on September 1st.

Instead of finding a regulation army camp, as we anticipated, we found Mr. Mudhole. We pitched our tents in the mud, remaining at Camp Mills until November 6th, when we took our departure for overseas on the Cunard Liner *Andania*, with 1700 troops aboard, and landed at Liverpool on November 19th. We saw no sign of a submarine on the way across.

From Liverpool we immediately boarded a train for Birmingham. The name conjured up visions of our home town, back in dear old Alabama, and the loved ones we had left behind; but there was nothing about Birmingham, England, which even remotely resembled the good, old southern city; the name was the same but that was all.

On arrival at Birmingham we were treated to hot coffee, after which we got back on the train and arrived at Winchester. Although it was 2:30 o'clock in the morning, an English band was there to greet us, playing "The Star Spangled Banner."

I shall never forget that occasion as long as I live, nor is any soldier likely to who was obliged to stand there at attention for fully half an hour while that English band played the American national anthem. They played it over and over and then some, and then some more, until finally our Colonel went to the leader of the band and requested him to kindly cease. It appeared that the British musicians were playing "The Star Spangled Banner" for the first time and they didn't know when to stop, fearing that they would make a blunder and stop in the wrong place. If our Colonel hadn't stopped them, the chances are

that English band would be playing away yet on Francis Scott Key's composition.

We went to a rest camp situated on a hill in Winchester, which had been previously occupied by American Marines.

After remaining there for a week, we left for Southampton on the coast and marched on board a sidewheel channel boat. We started across the channel that night, well guarded by submarine chasers. Imagine 1700 husky American soldiers, each with his equipment, piled on a small channel ferry boat. We were crowded like cattle, and attempted to sleep three deep on every available inch of space on the boat.

A sudden rain and wind storm came up and the vessel was tossed about like a cork on one billow after another. When one of the side-wheels wasn't in the air, the other one was. When we woke up in the morning we found ourselves back at Southampton, where we had started. We learned that the captain of the vessel decided that it was too rough to continue the journey and in putting back the boat almost turned over in mid-channel.

We tried it again the next night and arrived in Le Havre, France. It was still raining and continued to pour for a week.

Fortunately, we did not have to hike anywhere in the mud. We boarded a train and after a two days' trip we detrained at Vauclaire.

We were all saddened by the accidental death of our Quartermaster Sergeant, who was killed on the train while en route from Le Havre. He

was running along on the top of the train, delivering supplies, when he was struck by a low bridge and killed instantly. We left his body at the town for burial. Another of our men got off the train at a stopping place to get a drink of water and the train crushed him.

We hiked from Vauclaire to a place called Uruffe. It was very cold and started to snow. In a spirit of mischief, the boys set fire to an unoccupied house in order to keep warm. They were kept warm all right in putting out the brisk blaze that ensued and it was with no little difficulty that the flames were at length extinguished. I might add, incidentally, that that little bonfire cost the United States Government five thousand francs.

We hiked from Uruffe to a small town on the other side of Chaumont, passing through Humbauville, the home of Joan of Arc. We stopped there for the night and saw all that was to be seen. I went into the Joan of Arc home, looked at the bed she slept in and other personal possessions of the illustrious French heroine who was recently canonized a saint by the Roman Catholic Church.

We hiked from there to Humbauville, where we had our Christmas dinner. We had real turkey. I don't know where it came from. It was the first real meal we had since we left home.

It began to snow on Christmas day and when we continued our hike the following morning, the snow was above our knees. We ploughed our way through sleet and snowdrifts until we reached the first town, eighteen kilometers distant. There

we stopped for rest. Many of the boys were nearly "all in."

We took off our shoes which were encrusted with ice and snow and going into the kitchen tried to thaw them out and get them in shape for the next morning. I don't know whether there was anything the matter with the leather or not, but the effect of the heat on the shoes caused them to fall apart. Some of them actually fell to pieces over the fire.

Having no shoes, there was nothing left for us to do except to hike barefooted, or in our stocking feet, which we did for the three following days, the snow being often above our knees; but we tramped on with feet bleeding and numb with cold to our destination. "Misery likes company," and I suppose that the other men in the battalion who, like myself, had lost their shoes, numbering about 100, were sustained by the thought that they were not alone in their sufferings.

Eventually we arrived at a little town named Villers-sur-Sinze, where we stayed a month in training. Not in a camp, but in billets. We received our Christmas mail here in January.

About this time we saw in a New York paper that the men at Camp Devens were complaining about the steam heat being shut off at nine o'clock.

We stayed at the training camp a little over a month drilling day and night. There were heavy snows all the time.

We left there the latter part of February for the trenches for the first time. Arrived at Baccarrach, in the Lorraine Sector. From there we

went into the trenches and relieved the 167th Regiment of French Infantry, the same number as our own American Regiment, which was regarded by the boys as a remarkable coincident.

The sector there was very quiet. We stayed for four months. Left there and hiked to Thaon, our first large city to be turned loose on.

Our Major saw the military police commander of the town and said to him: "These men have been in the trenches steady for four months. This is the first time they have hit a large city and I don't want a man arrested unless he commits murder." We did everything else but that. Stayed there two days; caught a train to Chalons-sur-Marne and started hiking to the trenches in this sector known as the Champagne front.

Arrived in the trenches on the Fourth of July and stayed there for the big German offensive which was expected. My battalion was in reserve but the Second Battalion of my outfit was in the front line of the trenches.

On the night of July 14th, the big French holiday, at 12 o'clock, I was awakened to relieve another man at the telephone at Battalion Headquarters. I had no sooner gotten out of my bunk when, all of a sudden, I thought hell had cut loose in Georgia.

The front line was all lit up by shells and different colored rockets. I stood and watched it from a distance and wished that I could get a picture of the scene so the folks at home could see it. It was beautiful.

All of a sudden, shells started bursting over my

head and it got too hot and I changed my opinion about the beauty of it. I made a bee line for the Battalion Headquarters dugout. Got downstairs about seventy-five feet under the ground, shaking as if I had St. Vitus' Dance.

I didn't want the Major to see me shaking, so went over in the corner and sat down and smoked a cigarette which quieted my nerves.

Then the Major remarked, "Well, it's on at last." He then called over the telephone and found that they were holding the line safe. So then I got brave. Remember, we were four kilometers from the front line, but the front line could be easily seen, as we were on the side of a hill.

The next morning at daybreak the firing was just as bad. There was a tremendous roar, the ground was shaking and shells bursting all over. Four shells burst on top of Battalion Headquarters dugout. They just budged it.

My company had suffered many casualties for lack of dugouts. Nothing to do but stand out in the middle of it all the night before.

I looked through my field glass at the front line trench. It was light and I could see everything plainly.

I saw a few Germans come "over the top." They advanced and noticed that no one was in our front-line trenches. Our men had backed up to the line of resistance, or second-line trench. After they saw no one in the trenches, they beckoned for the rest of them to come up and the Boches came over in mass formation.

Some had no helmets and carried rifles strapped over their shoulders, evidently thinking that the road to Chalons was clear. After they got pretty close to the line of resistance, our boys were just waiting for them, and they didn't delay for artillery or anything, but cut loose with machine gun and rifle fire.

The first wave of the German line fell. The rest of the Germans witnessed it and started to run back. Our boys jumped up after them with fixed bayonets and I noticed that they only picked out the big fellows. They would not bother with the little ones, who were young boys. They chased the Huns back to their own lines, returned to the American trenches and waited for further orders.

I noticed that day there was not an Allied airplane to be seen, but "Fritz" had at least two hundred and fifty in the air at one time. I tried to count them, got as far as sixty and became all mixed up. "Fritz" also had at least fifteen balloons.

One of our boys brought down a German airplane with a rifle. This machine had been sweeping the trenches with machine-gun fire and also throwing out hand grenades.

One French airplane came up late that afternoon. It didn't get over the German lines, but stayed back behind ours. It soared around over Battalion Headquarters dugout when, suddenly, five German airplanes dived out of a cloud on top of it, causing it to fall directly on top of Battalion Headquarters dugout. The ob-

server was killed and the pilot wounded severely.

On the 18th of July, we got orders to leave that sector, being relieved by the French. We hiked back, still under shell fire, but not so heavy, to a little town called La Cheppe. We stayed there for the night.

During the night two German airplanes raided the town, dropping bombs, etc. All the men rushed out of their billets to an adjoining wheat field. The planes were not over one hundred feet from the ground. It was a very clear night and we could see them plainly.

I fell in a bunch of thistles, but it was just like feathers. I hugged that ground every time one of the planes would fly over me. I would think "Fritz" was going to drop a bomb. Once, just when he got directly over me, I looked up and saw little sparks from his machine as though he was striking a match. I thought then my time had come, but it was only a flare and it opened up a parachute with an arc light hanging on underneath.

Most of the boys, thinking they could be seen there, got up and started to run from the field, but I had better sense. I still stuck to the ground, hugging it tight. As quick as the men started to run, the aviators saw them and opened fire with a machine gun, but none of our men were injured at all.

Later four French airplanes came up and drove the two German raiders away. We did not get much sleep that night. We hiked back to Chalons the next day and caught a train, landing at La

Ferte. We hiked from there to Buissy-sur-Marne, on the Marne River.

The men were dirty and went in swimming in the river. That night we had orders to leave for the trenches. We knew then that it was the Chateau-Thierry front.

When it became dark we were to wait for automobile trucks to take us to the line. The trucks came and the Major asked one of the drivers in English if they were the trucks for our battalion. Of course, the fellow couldn't understand, so the Major, knowing that I could speak a little French, told me to ask him. I asked the chauffeur and he talked back to me something I couldn't understand. I flashed a light in his face and saw he was a Chinaman. All the truck drivers were Chinese. We finally found the interpreter and loaded up on the trucks.

It was an all-night ride. Only one truck turned over. No one was hurt. The next morning we got out of the trucks in a field on the side of a hill. We still had eight kilometers to hike to the front line, for trucks couldn't get that close.

One shell hit in the middle of a platoon in my company, killing four men instantly and wounding many others.

We finally got to the line and relieved the 112th Infantry, 28th Division, known as the Keystone, or Pennsylvania Division. There were really no trenches there at all, being right out in the open with the Germans only twenty-five feet away. The only thing that shielded us was the thick woods, known as the Ferret-de-Fer.

We stayed there all that night. There was quite a good deal of shell fire. The next morning, we were hungry and they sent us a water wagon filled with coffee. By the time it got there the tank was riddled with machine-gun bullets by the Germans and the drivers were sprinkling the road with coffee. The tank was empty when it reached us.

We got orders that evening that we were to advance when given the signal and our objective was the little town called Sergy.

Our Major told us all, "Don't forget, boys, it takes a dollar a day to keep one and only a nickel to get rid of one, and every prisoner you capture, is taking a potato out of your mouth. Here's your chance for revenge."

We got orders to advance about five o'clock on the evening of July 26th. The Major blew his whistle and the men started with no artillery on our side. In some places it was hand-to-hand fighting.

I advanced with the rest until we were ordered to lay down, as the Germans had laid down a barrage in the middle of us, killing some of their own men in the attempt to hold us back.

I could hear nothing but groans and moans from wounded men. I also saw one shell explode, taking a comrade's head clean off his body. The body wriggled for a few seconds after.

While we were laying there, a small shell, about a German 77, exploded two feet from me, burning my leg, and a piece of the shell penetrated about three inches above the knee.

I didn't know I was wounded as my leg didn't pain, but it felt paralyzed.

I asked two men to carry me to the dressing station. They agreed to and made a litter of two poles and a shelter tent and started to carry me back.

On the way back one man was shot through the foot. The other man was blinded with tear gas, but between the two, they got me back one kilometer, which took them until 10:30 P.M., about a three-hours' ride, after dropping me three or four times on the way.

When I reached the dressing station, it was full of wounded men, some with hands off, others with legs off. All were bleeding. Blood was thick on the floor of the little barn which was used for a dressing station.

The Major of the Medical Corps first dressed my wound. Then he put my leg in a splint, as the bone had been fractured.

I was put in an ambulance and carried back to another dressing station, for a "shot in the stomach." They called it "A. T. S."—which is a preventive of lockjaw. I was put in another ambulance and rode all that night till 5:30 A.M.

We were then away from shell fire and at an evacuation hospital. I was immediately stripped of all my clothes and belongings, which I never received again.

I was then placed on the X-Ray table and a chalk mark made on the spot where the piece of shell had entered my leg.

I was presently put under ether and the piece

of shell taken out, leaving a hole about two inches wide through my leg. I was still in no pain at all, but was sent from there to another evacuation hospital and my leg was dressed for the first time after the operation.

It was necessary for four men to hold me down as the pain started. I was then placed on an American hospital train and taken to Base Hospital, No. 26, near the Swiss border. At this hospital there were 18,000 wounded American soldiers.

I laid in bed until the eighth of September. That day I felt as if my leg was bleeding. I told the nurse that my leg was bleeding. She told me to lie down and shut my mouth, that it was only imagination. I did, and lost what seemed like a gallon of blood. I finally had to show the nurse the blood to convince her. She stopped the flow.

The doctor came and said he'd have to operate, but said I was too weak to undergo the ether, and it was necessary for a blood transfusion. So, instead of asking some of the big, husky Medical Corps men, they asked the wounded patients who would volunteer.

Seven of the men volunteered and they took a little over a quart from Joe Fucito, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was with the old 69th Regiment, then a patient at the hospital, suffering from a head wound.

After the blood transfusion, I was put under ether again and woke up to find them giving me another blood transfusion from some fellow whose identity I didn't learn.

I was ignorant of what they had done, until later that evening when I told the nurse I wanted to turn over on my side. I requested her to take the splint at my foot and lift it up and I could turn over myself.

She just looked at me and never moved or said a word. I said, "Well, if you won't do it, I'll do it myself."

I threw back the blanket and reached for the splint, but there was no splint or leg there.

I started to laugh and said to the nurse, "Holy Smokes, nurse, look what they went and done!"

The next day they dressed my leg for the first time since the operation. It had been amputated just like a piece of beefsteak and looked like I could cut off another slice of steak. They dressed it while I suffered severe pain.

The next day, instead of giving me nourishment to build up my health, they caught me smoking in the ward, which was against the rules, and they put me on bread and water for three days. They never sewed the end of my leg up, but waited and let Nature heal it, which took months.

Strange as it may seem, my foot that was gone pained me exceedingly. The second toe was crossed over the big toe and I couldn't get it back, so I asked the orderly to go out and dig up my leg and bring it in just as he found it. He did and, sure enough, the second toe was crossed over the big toe. I took my hand and uncrossed it, and as quick as I did, I felt relieved. Yet the leg was not connected to the body at all.

I placed cotton between each one of the toes, as

I didn't want them to get crossed again and have to go back over to France from the United States to uncross toes.

After a month I was able to walk a little on crutches. Then I was booked for the States.

We caught a hospital train for Base Hospital, No. 8, and stayed there one week and caught another train to Brest. As no convoy was in, we had to wait at Base Hospital No. 65, up on the hill at Brest.

I couldn't walk out of the ward, as the mud was so deep my crutches sank down in it. We stayed there for two weeks waiting for a convoy. Left France on the U. S. S. *Rjyndam*, and November 11, 1918, the day the Armistice was signed, we were placed down in the hold of the ship, with plenty of empty staterooms up on top, reserved for army officers who might be going over.

One day, while coming up the companionway out of the hold, I came to the top of the ship just as it was rocked heavily and I fell backwards to the bottom. Two sailors picked me up and carried me to the surgeon's office.

The surgeon told me that I had broken the bone in my stump, which was plenty short enough as it was. So he ran a long pair of nippers up into my leg, got hold of the bone and pulled it out, without giving me ether.

We arrived safely at Newport News, Va., and I was sent to the Old Soldiers' Home, now a debarkation hospital. While there I was invited to go to a lady's house for Thanksgiving dinner. She came after me in a car and brought me back

the same way. I was promptly placed under arrest and put under guard for leaving without permission. The guard had a big .45 Colt on.

Then I determined to go home. I was placed in bed and my clothes and crutches taken away from me. No supper nor breakfast next day, and in America, not Germany. Imagine it!

At dinner time they gave me my clothes and crutches to go to dinner. I started to dinner with the guard following me. He stopped to talk to a nurse. I started to cross the street. An automobile passed and I swung on to it, and the guard didn't catch me.

When I crossed the river to Norfolk I got a train for home, with no railroad fare in my pocket. The conductor didn't charge me any fare, but made the people of the coach I was in shell out some money, to make my train fare all the way home. He collected over \$30 for me.

I arrived home in Birmingham, Alabama, and remained there nine days, when I decided to report for duty at General Hospital, No. 6, located at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga. I told them there that I had been A. W. O. L. (absent without official leave) and they put me in the guard house, where I was obliged to work picking up paper. Five days later I was released and sent to a ward for treatment. They fixed me up a new leg, made of plaster paris and iron, weighing twenty-six pounds, with no movement at the knee or foot, just like a peg.

I received my discharge on the 31st day of January, 1919. When I did, I gave them back the

peg leg and told them to take it and go to hell with it. I then had to steal a pair of crutches.

The Major who discharged us (there were about thirty or forty of us who received our discharges the same day) spoke these words, "I, on behalf of the United States Government, wish to thank you brave men for the services you have rendered your country."

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

July, 1918.—The Chaplain congratulates a battery for shooting up a church on Sunday—the church was crowded to the doors (with German ammunition).

August, 1918.—The Brigade Commander of the Infantry congratulates the 306th Field Artillery upon its accurate firing and thorough destruction of Germans, also for its ability to shoot while it marches.

* * * * *

I recall one Italian boy who was sent back as a runner. He went away to carry a message to the Colonel. I had previously dispatched three others, but they never came back. There was a German machine-gun nest that held a commanding position and the runners had to pass it. I did not expect him to return, but in about an hour he came back with the report of the Colonel. I asked him how he did it and he said in his broken English, "Eh, boss, it's a one easy thing. Deesa Boche shoot at me. I fall, and he's a creep up, creep up and creep up. I'm a lay verra steel in the ground until he's a right over me. I'm a queecka jump up and stab his throat with de bayonet. No gooda Boche. What's a gooda waste bullet?"

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

We were mad. Nothing could have stopped us. Despite the German fire, we hurled ourselves at them. It was a battle without quarter. We captured only corpses.

* * * * * * *

Heavy shell fire is not as deadly as one imagines, especially if one keeps cool, holds his shelter in a shell hole or under a tree stump and jumps out of the way when he hears a big shell coming.

* * * * * * *

I am on a bit of rising ground, from which I look down on all the terrible landscape, the succession of monotonous hillocks, zebra streaked by whitish "guts" and the few remaining trees disheveled by shrapnel bullets. On all sides the detonations of artillery keep up their accustomed rumble, which goes on unceasingly here night and day, like the roar of the ocean against the cliffs and at times not unlike the thunderous roar at Niagara Falls, accompanied by light flashes and explosions.

It was my first baptism of fire and I frankly confess that I thought my time had come. It was a nerve-racking experience. I said a prayer to myself. But the fear soon wore away and I recognized that to save my own skin I must beat the enemy.

* * * * * * *

The usual definition of "fear" in battle is hard to understand. The "fear" of shrapnel and high explosive shells is different from the fear of machine-gun bullets. In the first instance you seem to be at the mercy of the big guns which are miles away and dropping shells in your vicinity fast and furious. You are beset by an invisible foe.

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Cambrai is a town of 25,000 inhabitants. This is where Cambric, a fine linen cloth or muslin was invented, taking its name from Cambrai. The name of the inventor was Baptiste Containg, and the French call it "baptiste" after him.



Joseph Henry C.

Marine Feingold's Story

Fought at St. Mihiel, Toul, Verdun, Belleau Wood, Chateau-Thierry and Soissons. Wounded by rifle bullet, fracturing left hip. Private Fifth Brigade, U. S. Marines. Born in New Haven, Conn., September 17, 1895. Occupation, salesman. Home, New Britain, Conn.

By U. S. MARINE JOSEPH FEINGOLD

SO that all people who read this book can feel and understand a little of the front line soldier's feelings, sufferings and privations, I, a Marine who spent nineteen months in France, will endeavor to give you a fighting man's story from the beginning to the end of his part in the great World's War that has just closed.

I first enlisted in the United States Marine Corps in September, 1913. I was honorably discharged in 1914 as physically unfit for active service.

I went back to my former trade and was at peace with all the world, earning my living by the sweat of my brow. As I was working, I kept reading the reports of the great conflict that was going on three thousand miles away. I read of

the suffering that was spreading all over Europe, of the dead and dying, of towns ruined by enemy shell fire, of the infamous deeds of the enemy, but I could never fully realize just how deeply Europe suffered until the day came when our great President Wilson declared that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany.

War was declared April 6, 1917. On that day I wrote a personal letter to our corps commander for a medical waiver so that I could rejoin the Marine Corps. I received the waiver and was duly sworn in as a private in the Marines on April 18, 1917.

When good old Uncle Sam gave me my uniform and said, "My boy, you have assumed a great responsibility this day, for you've donned your country's fighting uniform," I replied, "Yes, Uncle Sam, I know and realize that the uniform I now wear stands for unselfish sacrifice, patriotism, honor and purity; and I will never disgrace this uniform by flinching under enemy fire."

I was stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for a week and then sent to Norfolk, Va., where I was attached to the Nebraska Marine Guard. From there the entire Guard was sent to Quantico, Va. On May 12, 1917, the Nebraska and Alabama ships' guard were consolidated and formed with the 67th Company, 1st Battalion, 15th Regiment, U. S. M. C.

From Quantico we were sent to the League Island Navy Yard, where the entire First Battal-

ion was formed with Col. Doyen as regimental commander.

On June 11, 1917, the first contingent of the A. E. F. embarked for France. The First Battalion was on board the U. S. S. *De Kalb*. On June 12th we sailed for France.

On the way across I, on account of my former military experience, was stationed as sight-setter on the port three-inch gun. All was clear sailing up to June 22, 1917, when we were off the Azore Islands. We were attacked by submarines at ten p. m. I can truly say that we accounted for at least one submarine.

On June 26, 1917, the First Battalion of Marines, 2,700 strong, landed at the seaport of St. Nazaire, France. We were the first fighting force to land in France, and so had to unload our ship and our trucks. We pitched the first A. E. F. camp in St. Nazaire on that day.

We then drilled for a week, when we were ordered to the training area of Bar-le-Duc. For three days and nights we travelled in those now famous box cars of France, which have the beautiful sign of "8 Cheveaux au 40 Hommes." Well, forty-two men were put in one of these cars and with our heavy packs, our rifles and our rations of canned tomatoes, canned corned willy and hard tack, you can very well imagine what that first ride in France was. Our freight cars will make two French cars with some room to spare. For three days and nights we travelled in agony, for sleep was an impossibility. We didn't have room to stretch our cramped legs. That glorious day

came when we reached our destination, Ligny.

We unloaded our flat cars of all our belongings and then put on our heavy packs and shouldered our rifles and began a march of fourteen kilometers to our camp or village. Can you imagine that hike? There we were without sleep for three days and nights, insufficient food, and dirty from lack of water.

Well, we finally dragged ourselves to the village of Aix-au-Fourges, where we were received by the population of the village, fifty strong. Banners were strung across the main street with the words, "Welcome Our Allies," and the American flag entwined with the allied flags. But what we wanted was sleep, not a reception. We were finally billeted in the houses of the village. With twenty-five others, I was assigned to an old hay loft that was full of holes and the floor shook whenever one walked.

The next day was one of cleaning up. Then we started to cart manure to a place outside of the village proper. Every French farmer had a pile of manure in front of his front room window and the stench was beyond the use of words. When we started to cart their manure away we were nearly mobbed, for that was their fertilizer. Well, in a week's time we had that village as spick and span as any village in the States. The streets were sprinkled with lime and washed and swept.

By this time we were all beginning to feel rather itchy on account of ticks. Pleasant sensation!

A week later we were taken over by the Alpine

Chasseurs, France's best soldiers. As we were the first over, we had the first pick and the "Blue Devils" became the teachers of the future "Devil Dogs." For three months we toiled day and night, learning French attack formations, digging trenches, bombing, and all the other tricks France had learned after three years of bitter fighting. We were also taught the British bayonet exercise. We had hikes of forty miles weekly.

In the course of a few weeks we ran short of tobacco, and the French tobacco was an impossibility for the American soldier to smoke. We went without smoking or chewing for three months, and our food was always short, as we had no commissary or quartermaster supply house then. When food ran low, we bought potatoes and other vegetables from the French and for meat we usually bought an old horse.

After this intensive and back-breaking training, our Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Brohing, disbanded the Marine Corps and scattered them throughout France for military police duty, and the company I was in was sent to England. For five months in England we directed the movements of thousands of troops through to France. We had men in London, Liverpool, Ramsey, Winchester and Southampton. In France were two squads of men under a sergeant who brought them to their camp in Le Havre. After those five months of chaffing in England, we were ordered back to France.

On March 6, 1918, as happy a company of Marines as ever trod foreign soil landed at Le

Havre. The company was reorganized and we started for the town of Breuraines. When we came there we found the entire First Battalion already formed and ready to proceed to the front for active service. We were equipped with English and French gas masks and other implements of war. We left Breuraines on March 12th for the Toul Sector.

I am not saying anything derogatory of the Marine Corps when I state that we were a scared bunch of Marines when the first shell landed in our midst, but that soon passed away. We were then taught the serious side of holding a front line trench in the Toul Sector. From here we were shifted to the St. Mihiel Sector. Then the French officers started training us how to go out on raiding parties, listening patrols, wire-cutting patrols and keeping sentry duty in the lines. After a short stay here, we went to the Verdun Sector. By this time we were hardened into the life of the front line trenches. We were acclimated to the different weathers, we were acquainted with that mud that only France can produce, and the rats and "cooties" were tame.

We hiked from St. Mihiel to Camp Joffre, a hike of sixty-five kilometers. In the course of this hike we passed through the once great city of Verdun. What we saw when we passed through the city set every Marine's blood a-boiling for action. Imagine, if you can, a city that once boasted of a quarter of a million people, with excellent railway facilities and all the modern conveniences of an up-to-date twentieth century city,

reduced to ruins and nothing in it but troops on their way to the front. The city was a mass of ruins, razed to the ground by shell fire, and it was impossible for anyone to live there, as it was bombed and shelled every day. Rats infested this once great city.

We arrived at Camp Joffre, and from here we were assigned to the Aix Sector. We were on this Sector for thirty days straight. We went out on raiding parties every night and were first bled on this line, where we lost a few men by artillery fire. Our food was very scarce as it was a dangerous position to expose yourself in the daytime. Food was brought up in containers at 4:30 A. M. and 6:00 P. M. We were all dirty as it was hard to get water.

Our quarters were in dugouts forty feet below the ground. As many as twenty men were assigned to these dugouts, which were filthy and damp. The roofs constantly leaked and there was always at least a foot of water on the floor. Vermin and rats infested the place and as for light, we had none. We sent to the kitchen and had some bacon grease brought up in empty tomato cans. In order to make this effective as a light, we made a hole in the cover of the can, secured a small piece of rope and inserted this into the grease and then lit it.

At times we became so hungry that we would take the rope out of the grease and smear it on a piece of hard bread and enjoy a meal. Water was plentiful to walk and wade in, but there was very little drinking water. At times we would

save a little of our ration of coffee to shave with.

While on this line we had quite a few encounters with the enemy and were sending men back of the lines most every day for treatment at the hospitals, for wounds, trench feet and other sicknesses.

On April 22, 1918, at 4:00 A. M., the German artillery opened up a terrific barrage on our front line trench. We all knew then that the Huns were preparing to come over and raid us and to secure prisoners for information. The barrage was so fierce that we were ordered to our dug-outs. As soon as the barrage lifted the Huns were in our trench. They were, as we later learned, picked shock troops, known as Hindenburg's Flying Circus, which was making raids on all American fronts to capture prisoners and destroy the morale of the Americans. The fight in the trench was of a desperate character. It was tooth and nail and hand to hand. Colt 45 automatics could not be used, owing to the mass of men fighting in that particular spot.

In the meanwhile, the Huns threw their barrage to our rear, thereby cutting off any reserves from coming to our assistance. In the space of fifteen minutes we had the Germans on the run back to their lines, but they did not have a single Marine with them as prisoner. We killed the two officers of the expedition and five other Huns and took one prisoner, but he died later on from wounds.

As to our casualties, we had three killed and twelve wounded, but we beat the Huns back and

they left quite a few rifles, helmets, hand grenades and other implements with us. French observers noticed the Huns going back carrying quite a few wounded men. Major Berry and a few more Marines were cited for the French Cross of War (Croix de Guerre) in this fight.

I received a slight wound from a hand grenade. One of our Corporals, in particular, was badly wounded. He was shot through the right arm muscle and had his left arm muscle shot away, and a grenade wound in the left leg. He looked at me and with a grim smile on his face said, "I guess the Huns are trying to treat me dirty." That is the spirit of the American soldier. Always a smile or a joke, ready for any occasion.

From this front we were shifted to the Chatillon Front on the same Verdun line. We were here for fifteen days and endured the same hardships.

What galled us most was to see the smokestacks of factories of Metz, away out in the distance, working day and night turning out shells to send over to us so as they could kill us; and, to make matters worse, the Allied forces couldn't see how they could shell Metz, for there were thousands of Allied prisoners working in those factories.

On May 20th we were sent back to the town of Vitry-le-Perthois for new equipment and to reorganize the battalion, as we were pretty well down on clothes and food. After a day's ride in box cars, we landed at Vitry-le-Francois and hiked ten kilometers to that other town. We were here only a few days when we were suddenly ordered

to some town somewhere in France. After two days' and nights' ride in box cars, we found ourselves in Isle Adam. We all took battalion formation in the streets, unloaded the flat cars of our supply wagons, kitchens, water tanks and mules, and then started on a never-to-be-forgotten hike of one hundred and ten kilometers. For two days and nights we hiked, footsore and weary, tired and dirty, with our packs weighing at least a ton. After two gruelling days, we arrived at a city named Gisors. From here we hiked a matter of a few kilometers to a small village named Buerry.

We were billeted as usual in barns and farmyards. The platoon I was in was situated in the form of a square, with a large manure heap and fifty horses and cows in the center of the square.

We drilled in Buerry for a week, and on May 30th we read in the *New York Herald*, Paris edition, that the Americans were fighting at Montdidier. Then came orders to get ready to leave at a moment's notice for the front line. We were all hardened to war now, and were men that had already been through fire and gas and welcomed this in preference to daily drills.

On May 31, 1918, the company was lined up in the street and given notice by the Company Commander to pack and be ready to leave at 10:00 P. M. that night. The company went wild with joy. We forgot military courtesy, broke ranks, threw our hats in the air and yelled like raving maniacs. In the billets, while we were packing up, remarks could be heard where one bunkie

would say to another, "Well, Bill, I guess the July fireworks are coming off now," and Bill would inquire, "How do you make that out?" "Why," the answer would be, "aren't they sending for the Marines to help them out? And if they need the Marines for help you can bet your last franc that something slambang is going to happen."

On June 1, 1918, we left for the front "somewhere in France" by motor trucks driven by "Chinks." For twenty-four hours the entire Marine Brigade were on their way to the fight as fast as motors could carry them. We were landed in a town a few miles back of the lines and spent the night in a field. Early next morning we were on the move.

The saddest things I ever saw in my experience there were the old men and women and young wives with small children and babies walking the roads to a city further away from the shell fire and gas of the Huns. The roads were blocked with a surging mass of humanity and trucks. One line was going away from the front, homeless, hungry and exhausted. French soldiers were also going back, broken in health and wounded. Not soldiers like our men, young and healthy, but old veterans of the war; old men, for all the young ones were at the front or dead. They were broken in everything but spirit. They would walk the roads with perspiration running down their faces and choked with dust; but they had a smile on their lips and motioned us by their hands what we should do to the Huns when we came in contact with them.

The line going to the front was just the opposite. Young American men, full of life and vigor, with helmets set at a rakish angle on their heads and their gas masks at the alert, with flowers, given them by the inhabitants of cities they went through, in their khaki blouses and a song, a whistle and a smile for all. That was America going to the front. Young, healthy, vigorous and confident of victory! Yes, but they were not overconfident, for they knew whom they were about to come in contact with. They knew the way the Hun fought. They knew what a great responsibility rested on their shoulders, for if they failed, they believed the cause was lost.

The Huns had just captured the city of Soissons and were in the full flush of victory. The French and British were slowly but surely being beaten back.

The Huns were finally thirty-five miles from Paris and Marshal Foch fully realized the seriousness of the situation. He decided to pick out three of the best divisions from the millions of men he had under him to stop the enemy. For the First Division, he picked the Foreign Legion, who had a record of three years of bloody and victorious fighting. For the Second, he picked the First Division of the American Army, which was composed of regular army men, who made such a glorious record when they captured Cantigny, and for the Third Division, he selected the Second Division of Regulars, which consisted of the 9th and 23rd Infantry and that immortal 4th Brigade of Marines. Upon our shoulders rested

the fate of the world and we determined to hold out at all costs.

The Marines were put on the road that protected Paris. If we were beaten on this road, the Huns would be able to walk straight into Paris.

The 5th and 6th Marines went into action and for days and nights we fought against a foe who outnumbered us five to one, and who used every mean tactic he could think of.

We were fighting for the position of Belleau Wood.

The Huns were fighting for Paris.

They knew that they had beaten the French forces in front of them and came out of their holes, confident of victory. Their cause for defeat was over-confidence.

They advanced in solid mass formation and were met by a merciless fire of machine gun and rifle. They fell back from the first shock and re-organized for a second attempt, and were met with the same resistance.

The Marines were in front of them and no Hun could pass.

Finally, the Huns decided they had enough for a while, and the next morning the Marines went after them. We had to cross a wheat field to get at them and lost quite a few brave men before we got there.

Well, we were there to do our bit—no questions asked. Forward is forward and with a cigarette in each mouth, a grim handshake with our bunkies and a smile of grim feeling of what we were going after, we went forward.

We forged ahead like Marines have always done. The ones left standing at the finish do the dirty work. For days and nights we played the grim game of hide and seek with death or life as the stake.

We fought with the bayonet and trench-knife and after losing 6,000 men in wounded and killed out of 8,000 we finally got the Hun in the open and got him on the run. We kept after him and gave him no time to get back to his old methods of digging in and holding on.

The Marines are unbeatable when they fight in the open. They never know what the word retreat or defeat means. They do not give in until the foe is down and out, and as reports showed only 45 Marines captured out of 8,000 men fighting, it tends to prove that the Marines are made for fight.

The Huns didn't nickname us "Devil Dogs" for pastime. They gave us that name because we wouldn't give in when the odds were against us, because we fought and beat in a fair bayonet fight the pick of the German Army, the Prussian Guards. We asked for no quarter and gave no quarter. It was a fight till the death.

The 4th Marine Brigade has been cited in Army Orders eight times for conspicuous bravery in action.

Belleau Wood was changed by French orders to "Bois de la Brigade de Marine." The Marines fought at St. Mihiel, Toul, Verdun, Belleau Wood, Chateau-Thierry, Soissons, Argonne Forest, Champagne, and were in the kill when the armis-

tice was signed, the Marines had the Huns on the go at Sedan and as this is written they are holding territory in Germany.

The Marines have yet to be beaten. With their motto, *Semper Fidelis*, and the nickname, "Devil Dogs," I'm thinking it will have to be a mighty force that can overcome them.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Epernay, which is situated on the left bank of the Marne, was the center of the champagne trade. Some of the soldiers made a visit to the vast cellars of the champagne makers, which, despite the ravages of war, were in a good state of preservation. The cellars consisted of long galleries, hewn in the chalk rock and when in use contained no less than five million bottles of champagne.

A guide explained that the best wines are made from a mixture of black and white grapes. After various processes in which sugar has been added to the grape juice, it is drawn off into bottles made of very strong and thick glass, which are then placed head downward in cellars and kept at a constant temperature of about fifty degrees Fahrenheit.

The sediment collected in the necks of the bottles is gotten rid of by a process known as "degorgeage," in which the cork is allowed to fly out. The bottles are immediately filled up with a carefully compounded mixture of old wine, cognac and sugar, and after being allowed to rest for some weeks or months is ready for sale.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

On September 11, 1918, a captured battery of four German 77-millimeter guns was assigned to the 302d. They were used continuously until the 77th Division was relieved, about September 15th.

Ammunition was obtained from German dumps. The enemy had left great quantities of 77-millimeter ammunition lying about. On September 26th, the battery arrived at the Argonne Front and was used at first to haul small arms and ammunition for the infantry units of the 77th Division.

About October 25th, more captured guns were assigned, this time the 105-millimeter type. The guns were put into position near Marcq and took part in the artillery preparation of November 1st. They supported the infantry until November 11th, and in that period were directly back of the "Lost Battalion."

* * * * *

We had ample time to become fully acquainted with the French people as well as the French soldiers. We were fighting side by side with the French through the worst battles of the war. One has to love them. They become madly excited over trivial matters, but face with utter unconcern the most momentous occasions. I have seen them when the Hun attacks were worst, discussing home politics, apparently oblivious of what might happen.

* * * * *

I have seen hundreds of poilus on the ground with rifles clutched in their death grips, silent but overwhelming testimony of how the French can die for their country. They are wonderful soldiers, efficient and progressive. They marveled at what we accomplished in the short space of time, and smiled as they said: "C'est la guerre."



Edward J. Gillespie

Corporal Gillespie's Story

Fought at Alsace, Toul, St. Mihiel, Verdun and Argonne Forest. Bayonet wound in right hand; gassed; machine-gun bullet in right knee. Corporal Company L, 114th Infantry. Trained in gas warfare by Intelligence Section. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., September 10, 1894. Occupation, metallurgist. Home, New York City.

By CORP. EDWARD J. GILLESPIE

AT the President's call to the colors, in 1916, my regiment, the Fifth Infantry, N. G., N. J., was ordered to Douglas, Arizona, for the purpose of policing the Mexican border, where we remained for six months.

After our return to our home State we were called out, three months later, for a greater cause, the "World's War."

Our regiment guarded the Lehigh Valley Railroad in the State of New Jersey for six months, at the end of which time we entrained for Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., where we were federalized and renamed the 114th U. S. Infantry.

After nine months of intensive training at Camp McClellan, during which time we were taught bayonet exercises and other methods of modern

warfare, by Allied instructors, to enable us to conquer the savage Hun, we were pronounced efficient for overseas duty.

We entrained for Newport News, Va., and after a few necessary preparations, embarked on the U. S. S. *Lenape* to cross the "big drink."

Two days out from the Virginian coast we encountered an enemy submarine. The periscope was sighted by a lookout 250 yards ahead of the steamer *George Washington*, which was one of our convoy, a former German vessel taken over by our Government. Our splendid sea fighters, ever on the watch, soon vanquished this sea pest.

When we thought everything was safe and all were merry again, another of these modern sea pirates appeared about 250 yards astern of the U. S. Transport *Covington*, which was unfortunately sunk on its return trip from Brest. This U-Boat did not pester any more ships, as the Cruiser *Frederick* dropped several depth charges, and the radio reports of the following day verified the fact that it no longer existed.

Upon arriving at Brest, we boarded trains and were taken to Vaux, France, where we detrained and hiked eighteen kilometers to Challancey. We were trained there to use the famous "Sho-Sho" rifle. I was specially trained, as I was to be corporal commanding the gun crew, and my training did not go amiss, as you will read further on in my story.

Orders came through to the effect that we were to leave Challancey to take up a position in the Hagenbeck Sector of the great Alsace front, to

relieve one of our famous divisions in this great European conflict, the 32nd Division.

Small uprisings, such as night raids and attacks, were going on in this sector, and we certainly had our hands full. Night after night patrols were leaving our trenches on inspection tours of "No Man's Land" for information. Aside from airplane battles and troublesome artillery attacks, I did not really know what real fighting was until August 4, 1918, when my company was holding Sector 58. At 12:30 P.M. the Huns opened their famous box barrage upon us.

I, being corporal in charge of twenty-two men, consisting of automatic rifle squads and hand bombers, had to resist the attack.

Their barrage meant nothing to us Yankees, because we were there to do a big job and that was the first thought which entered our minds.

The Huns sent over a raiding party consisting of 200 crack raiders, known as the "Crown Prince's Circus." It was said that they had never been unsuccessful, but I guarantee that they were unsuccessful that day.

My handful of men stepped forth and met the enemy. A hand-to-hand combat ensued in which I was bayoneted in the right hand and wrist, cutting the arteries, but the cuts did not phase me. We drove back this so-called famous "Circus" with five casualties to one in our favor. I was recommended highly by the officers of my regiment for the "head work and courage" I displayed, and was also cited by the French Gov-

ernment and decorated at Tours, France, with the much prized "Croix de Guerre."

Corporal Beatty, after being wounded seventeen times, picked up his partner, Frank Shea, who was blinded by enemy shrapnel, and carried him to the first aid station for treatment.

After spending three weeks at the hospital at Dijon, recovering from my wounds, I was sent up to join my regiment, which was lying in reserve at St. Mihiel. All know of the wonderful victory of the Yankees at this point. After four days of constant driving, the Hun realized that he was up against more than what the Kaiser had termed "American school boys."

Upon being relieved, we were loaded into auto trucks and sent to the Verdun front, termed by the Allies as one of the most wicked battle fields of France. On October 9th my division started a drive over the dry canal adjoining the Meuse River.

In the town of Reincourt the 113th Infantry of the 29th Division was the first to go "over the top" and drive a contingent of Austrians six kilometers until their commander finally assembled his men, walked in and surrendered, which proves that the wonderful little boys of the Jersey Division were too much for them.

We then came up as their reserve. Through shell-torn roads and gas-filled valleys we pushed on our strenuous drive for democracy.

October 10th, the greatest of Allied aero fleets, consisting of five hundred planes, passed over our heads, and it made our hearts feel good to

know that our boys in the air were behind us as well as our strong artillery. They resembled a swarm of bees.

Two German planes were away up high above our planes, and were first sighted by the anti-aircraft who could not reach them. Finally two American aviators saw them and went after them. The Americans reconnoitered as though they were going to descend, but it was only a ruse to bring the enemy plane down so as to make it more convenient for the anti-aircraft to get their range. Our planes climbed up and attacked these two Boche planes, bringing both down within five minutes.

Then the squadron passed on its bombing mission over our heads in the direction of the Argonne Forest, where they succeeded in bombing a railroad crossing and five or six enemy ammunition dumps.

At 2:30 P.M. of the same day, two observation balloons were raised by the French for the purpose of watching the movements of enemy troops. They had not been raised more than ten minutes when an enemy airplane shot down from the clouds, and through wonderful maneuvering succeeded in shooting the bag of the first balloon raised. The observer left the balloon in flames by way of a parachute. The enemy plane then turned, and, through a barrage of anti-aircraft, succeeded in downing the second balloon. This observer also escaped by way of the parachute.

However, after the Boche pilot thought he had

succeeded in making his getaway, one of our American anti-aircraft guns found its mark and brought him to the ground, thus paying for the two balloons the Allies had lost. So "Jerry" did not get a chance to get back to his lines to tell of his wonderful feat.

I was taught in the Intelligence Section how to observe from a safe distance, through a field glass, who was getting the better of a battle. In my war experiences I have observed that a German never falls any way but face upward, with a look of terror on his countenance, arms stretched outwardly; his position, when dead on the battle field, is similar to that of a crucifix. The French invariably fall face downward, in a cramped manner, never on their backs. The American, as a general rule, dies very easily, without the least look of terror or pain; and if one was to pass him, would have to examine his heart to find out if he were really dead, because he falls on his side, curls up in a comfortable position and rests his head on his hand, and appears as though he were sleeping peacefully.

An incident that may prove of interest happened at Retzweller, Alsace, during the month of August. An order came through to send two privates and one corporal out to observe overhead activities of airplanes or observation balloons. Two privates and myself were chosen and we went out on our mission to the locks on a branch of the Canal du Nord. I made a discovery that perhaps before my training in the Intelligence Section I would never have noticed.

While sitting on the locks, I observed a woman walking up and down the canal bank with a light blue parasol over her head. She kept looking up at the sky. The day was cloudy, but it was not raining. It aroused my curiosity as to why she should have the parasol raised. She promenaded up and down for about ten minutes, then closed the parasol and went away. I did not say anything of this, as I wanted to be positive of my suspicions before making my report. The following day the same woman appeared with a parasol raised above her head, this time a red one. This satisfied me that the woman was there for the purpose of signalling to the enemy planes or observation balloons.

I made a report of my observation and steps were taken to apprehend the woman. The orders must have been carried out as I never saw her in that vicinity again.

Another night a report was made by a guard doing sentry duty that he saw mysterious lights in the attic window of one of the houses. Our kitchen was in front of this house at a distance of about two hundred yards. Our cooks, who had to get up at two o'clock in the morning to prepare our morning repast, also spoke of having seen these lights, which appeared to them to be small flashlights. I was detailed to make an investigation, but the man in the house claimed that he had no such light.

That night, however, a Boche 'plane was operating over our heads, and we took it for granted that perhaps it was to this 'plane that the un-

known party was signalling. There were no bombs dropped or no illuminations. There were many German residents of Alsace who were suspected of conveying secret information to our foes.

On October 12th, my regiment, the 114th Infantry, of the 29th Division, was scheduled to go "over the top" at 7 A. M. The night previous we took up our position with all preparations made for a great surprise on "Jerry" the following day. Our objective was Hill No. 229, called by the French and British "Dead Man's Hill," in Ormont Woods, on the outskirts of the Argonne Forest.

It was on this hill that 120,000 Canadians had met their death and were buried. The British had attempted to take it three times and the French flatly refused to attempt it. The Germans had held it for four years.

It was intended that the 114th Infantry (my own regiment) would take up their position on the opposite hill under the cover of darkness, and advance down through the valley and up "Dead Man's Hill" the following morning under our own barrage.

We had just settled in our positions on the side of the hill for the night when one of our boys carelessly lit a cigarette and betrayed our location to an observation balloon which the Boche had raised. Within three seconds after the light was sighted, we received a variety of all the gasses Germany ever invented. All through the night we suffered heavy artillery and gas bom-

bardment. Several boys were injured but few killed.

At seven o'clock we started our advance down through the valley and up the hill with an excellent artillery support. The Huns had the more advantageous position, being situated at the top of the hill, and peppered us with their machine-guns. We were not to be defeated, however, and pushed on and up until we reached the top. Not once in the drive were we pushed back. We surged on with heavy casualties, and took the hill in twenty-nine minutes. For this we were cited three times by the French Government.

After the battle, at the top of the hill, only my captain and three other men were standing. The rest of us had fallen wounded and dead. I was hit in the right knee by a machine-gun bullet and gassed in the eyes and lungs. As I lay wounded, the sight I beheld shall never be forgotten. The hill was a river of blood. The heavy artillery of the enemy had overturned the skeletons of the dead Canadians, which lay intermingled with our own boys.

After lying for eighteen hours, under constant shell fire, I was picked up and taken back to the first aid and then to Evacuation Hospital No. 3, at La Martelite, France, where I remained for four days, during which time I was totally blind from mustard gas.

I was then put aboard an American Red Cross train, known to the wounded man as "a palace on wheels," and sent to Base Hospital No. 114,

at Bordeaux, France. During my stay at this hospital the Armistice was signed.

On November 20th the nurse told me the glad news that I was to be sent back to the United States; and on November 25th I was carried aboard the U. S. S. *Sierra*. The first five days of the trip were very pleasant and uneventful. On the sixth day, however, we ran into a hurricane which lasted for four days, and were tossed about like a cork.

We arrived at Hoboken, Pier 2, where we were met by the American Red Cross and given a rousing welcome. From Hoboken we were sent to Camp Merritt to remain for two weeks. On Christmas Eve I was sent to Camp Upton and on January 13, 1919, was honorably discharged from the United States Army, with no regret for any time I ever spent under "Old Glory"; and should there ever be another war, I stand ready to answer the "scream of the American Eagle."

GAS WARFARE

I shall attempt to give you a general idea of what gas warfare really means, as I learned of it in the Intelligence Section to which I was transferred and sent behind the lines for three weeks.

To begin with, the first gas attack of the war was made by the Germans in April, 1915. A deserter found his way to the Ypres salient a week before the attack was made. He told Allied officers that the Germans were preparing to poison them with gas and had cylinders installed in their

trenches. No one believed him at all and no notice was taken of it.

Then came the first gas attack. It was made against men who were entirely unprepared, absolutely unprotected. The Germans claimed that they killed 6,000 British and Canadians and had taken as many prisoners as the result. They left a battle field such as had never been seen before in warfare, ancient or modern. Had the Germans realized the success of that first gas attack, they might have won the war then.

The first protection was primitive. It consisted largely of respirators made by women in England in response to an appeal by Kitchener. They were pads of cotton wool, wrapped in muslin and soaked in solution of sodium carbonate and thiosulphate. Sometimes they were soaked only in water. A new type appeared almost every week.

These respirators were kept in boxes in the trenches, and on the word "gas," six or eight men would make a dive for the box, stuff some waste into their mouths, then fasten on the pad and stuff the waste into the space around the nose and mouth.

The improved respirator, or gas mask, used by the American armies, was always carried with the equipment, when within twelve miles of the front. Between twelve and five miles a man was allowed to remove the respirator box in order to sleep, but within five miles he had to wear it continuously. Within two miles it had to be worn constantly in the "alert" po-

sition (slung and tied in front). When the alarm is given a soldier must get the mask on within six seconds.

I was taught to detect the different kinds of gasses used by Germany. The first gas employed by the Huns was chlorine, which was soon displaced by phosgene. Both affect the stomach. The only way that phosgene can be detected is by the scent. It cannot be seen or heard, but it has an odor somewhat like decayed vegetables.

Mustard gas is so called probably because of its odor, which, however, is more like garlic. The Germans term it "yellow cross gas" because all cylinders and shells containing it are marked with a yellow cross. Mustard gas is relied upon to render ground uninhabitable and it is particularly effective. Its effect upon the eyes is sometimes slow in manifesting itself, but within a few hours blistering occurs, while the membranes of the nostrils and throat are severely affected. The gas volatilizes slowly and the vapor has the power to penetrate cloth and even leather. Contact with the spray or droplets gives rise to very severe blistering and deep burns which are slow to heal.

In one instance, a soldier who had walked through grass upon which some mustard gas was present was badly blistered on feet and ankles through heavy shoes and leggins. In removing his shoes and clothing his hands were blistered all over and the body was also blistered wherever the hands touched it.

In order to provide protection, it is necessary

to know what the gas is and its reactions with chemicals which may be used in masks.

Advance information of the enemy's intentions is secured at times and the samples of these gases are obtained in various ways such as in trench raids and unexploded shells, known to soldiers as "duds."

Vacuum tubes are also employed. These tubes of various sizes are so made that an end can be broken off, whereupon the air carrying the gas rushes in and is then held by sealing the tube with a cap. It then becomes the chemist's task to identify the gas in the laboratory and devise ways to neutralize it.

A reactive gas like chlorine is easier to stop than phosgene, which is less reactive, and there are other gasses still more difficult to overcome because they unite with chemical reagents very slowly or not at all under normal conditions.

Gas shells carry solids or liquids, which vaporize or become scattered in fine particles when the shell explodes. They may be mixed in with high explosives, shrapnel and other shells. They may be fired from the usual guns by the usual gun crew.

Tear gas can be detected by the eyes, which produce tears in sufficient quantity to blind temporarily.

Sneezing gas is one which affects the nasal organs and causes the victim to sneeze incessantly, therefore preventing him from keeping his gas mask on during such an attack.

When a man is constantly sneezing or blinded

by tears, it is much easier to catch him unawares with phosgene or mustard gas, as the victims often sneeze the nose-pieces off the gas masks and are unable to get them back on in time to save their lives from the deadly poisons.

War gases are projected in shells, hand grenades, "smoke pots" and clouds.

Gas shells are equivalent to carrying a cylinder of liquid gas, holding about six pounds, to the enemy and opening it there.

Masks alone afford no protection against such gasses as mustard. The body must be covered with substances, such as certain oils, which the vapor cannot penetrate, and special precaution must be taken to cover the more tender portions of the flesh, as, for example, under the arms.

The question of windows in masks is important. Glass breaks, celluloid is inflammable, and cellulose acetate has a low visibility. A window has been devised that has none of these objections.

Active absorbent charcoal is found in practically all masks, along with alkaline permanganate or some efficient oxidizing agent.

German masks which I have found on the battle field and examined contain a layer of pumice, charcoal and baked earth saturated with potassium carbonate solution and coated with finely powdered charcoal.

Prior to the attack at Ypres, on April 22, 1915, gas had not been used in warfare since the fourteenth century. Before that the Saracens used fire and obnoxious gasses against the Crusaders about 1703 A. D. There is the record of "Greek

Fire" in 673 A. D., and between 431 and 404 B. C. the Spartans attacked the Athenians with sulphur dioxide produced by burning wood saturated with pitch and sulphur.

They went so far as to use large bellows to blow the fumes over the enemy lines.

Besides killing men, gas serves greatly to reduce the efficiency of an army by causing it to work in gas masks, creates confusion in ranks and transport, and makes ground untenable under certain conditions.

The ideal of gas offensive is a colorless, odorless, invisible, tasteless, highly toxic gas, capable of being made in large quantities, easily compressed for transportation, having a high specific gravity, slow to react with chemicals, and offering the possibility of high concentration in the enemy's lines.

Gas defence, on the other hand, strives to provide perfect protection against such gas for men, horses, dogs, carrier pigeons and any other animal life except rats and "cooties."

Mustard gas has no immediate effect on the eyes, beyond a slight irritation. After several hours, the eyes begin to swell and inflame and practically blister, causing intense pain, the nose discharges freely, and severe coughing and even vomiting ensue.

Many casualties were caused by the habit that some of the men had fallen into of letting the upper part of the mask hang down so as not to interfere with seeing.

Up to the close of the war, there had been no

gas invented on either side that could be depended on to go through the other fellow's respirator. The casualties are due to surprise or to lack of training in the use of masks. Carelessness, of course, claims its victims everywhere and many a soldier is lying in French soil owing to disregarding the dangers of poisonous gas.

Mere annoyance may be an effective method of neutralizing infantry. For instance, where large amounts of supplies and ammunition are being brought up there are always cross-roads where there is confusion and interference of traffic. A few gas shells placed there make every man put on his mask, and if it is a dark night and the roads are muddy the resulting confusion can be only faintly imagined.

Many of our mules and horses suffered from the gas attacks. In the beginning of the war, before gas was used, there were some very fine animals in Europe. They were urgently needed, as the artillery was tearing the roads to pieces in the back areas and it was impossible for our auto trucks or Allied machines to travel the roads. After several gas attacks the number of mules and horses was considerably diminished, owing to the fact that there was no protection.

As soon as America entered the war, they invented a mask for the animals also, thereby saving a great many of their lives. Orders were issued to each driver in the supply company of my regiment and also to the machine-gun outfits that they were to adjust the horse's mask just as soon as the alarm was given. When the pres-

ence of gas was detected by the lookouts, sirens and five pistol shots sounded the alarm. That was the cue for each driver to leave his seat and put on his horse's mask, before he adjusted his own.

METHODS OF GERMAN SNIPERS

At Alsace, where I was in charge of a sector, with twenty men, it was my duty to study the terrain within my vision, and I had it down so plainly that each morning I could look out and see bushes that had not been there the night before, therefore proving to me that they were put there during the night by enemy patrols either for airplane signals or snipers' posts.

On August 1, 1918, about 9:30 A. M., a sniper in my platoon detected a black object some distance out on No Man's Land. Calling my attention to the mark, he said he saw it move. I was very cautious, because if we were to start firing, it might prove to be only a burnt stump, which it closely resembled, and therefore betray our location to the enemy observers.

I studied the object until late that afternoon, when I finally decided to let the boy try his luck. He did, and it was a fine shot, as we saw the object fall. That night our patrol went out and investigated the spot and found the body of a young German skilfully camouflaged the color of the adjoining tree, with a bullet through his forehead. So the boy on the job was responsible for there being one less Hun sniper.

Another night I was sitting at the entrance to what was once an old German dugout when I heard very mysterious noises out on the barbed wire.

I sent up an illumination rocket to try and see if I could find who the intruder might be. But I could not make out anything because of the density of the shrubbery and old wire. I waited for a while and again I heard noises, but of a different nature this time.

It was a German patrol. One German was crying for help in English, trying to get our boys to answer and go to the supposed American boy's assistance. They would ambush our boys, thus causing many casualties.

Some of these tricks could be detected, such as the cry of cats, birds and dogs, or anything that would cause our boys to waste ammunition or sacrifice their lives by answering.

The ruse of making our boys waste hand grenades and bullets worked successfully one night. On the following night the discovery was made that up in a tree, not far from our trench, sat a camouflaged German, cutting short strands of wire with clippers, thus making us believe there were German patrols breaking through. For a while before the discovery, our boys poured machine-gun and rifle fire into the wire entanglements, only to find that their shooting was in vain. After he was detected, the little Boche in the tree had no more use for his wire cutters or wire.

Lack of space prevents reference to other meth-

ods of warfare that the American boys had to contend with, but it did not take them long to show the Hun that no matter how smart a man may be, there is always one born smarter.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

August and September, 1918.—Hun prisoners testify to the terrific and deadly fire from the howitzers of the Seventy-seventh Division.

* * * * *

Never before in the history of European wars has any army driven an enemy out of the Argonne Forest. This was probably the first time in history that any army undertook to fight another army which had got hold of that forest first. Armies have always gone around the Argonne Forest. Napoleon was in the habit of going around it and so were the ancient Huns.

* * * * *

Chalons-sur-Marne, a town of 30,000 inhabitants before 1914, was the headquarters of the 6th French Army Corps, and a center of the champagne trade. The most interesting building in Chalons is the Church of Notre Dame, which was erected in the twelfth century. Warfare is nothing new to Chalons. It is mentioned in history as early as the third century. In 451, the neighborhood was the scene of the great defeat of Attila and his Huns by the allied Franks and Goths. The conflict is ranked among the dozen greatest battles of the world. In 1430 and 1434 the town successfully defended itself against attacks by the British, but in 1814 it was occupied by the Prussians, in 1815 by the Russians and in August, 1870, by the Germans.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

The training of a division before it takes part in battle is intensive to an extreme. The Twenty-seventh, in the vicinity of Doullens, maneuvered and rehearsed many details which it was believed would arise in preparation for the battle to come. The Division was then moved by bus, train and march through that desolated area over which the warring nations had fought again and again.

On their way to attack the Germans in their stronghold, the men of the Twenty-seventh passed Albert, merely a shell of its former self, and crossed the Somme, where the banks were pitted with shell holes and strewn with rusty barbed wire and broken pieces of machinery of war.

On September 26, 1918, the 106th Infantry and one battalion of the 105th Infantry, behind a barrage of great intensity, made the first attack on the Hindenburg line. Throughout that day and the night the 106th Infantry and the Germans, who garrisoned the inverted fortresses, struggled for superiority. The knoll changed hands four times. The entire region was a veritable tornado of exploding shells. Fighting continued with the odds first with one side and then with the other.

On the 17th of October, the Twenty-seventh Division captured more than 1,400 prisoners. Fighting of open war character continued for four days, during which the already heavy losses of the division were augmented by hundreds of casualties. The results, however, were almost incredible in the number of prisoners, field pieces and machine-guns that were captured. The enemy was pushed back to the line of the Canal de la Sambre. In this fighting the Twenty-seventh Division was opposed by twelve regiments from four different German divisions.

This concluded the fighting of the Twenty-seventh Division, which, together with the Thirtieth, took 6,000 prisoners and advanced thirteen miles between September 27th and October 21st, and, further, accomplished what was considered by the enemy impossible—the breaking of the Hindenburg Line.



Clinton W. Burningham

Private Barningham's Story

Fought in two battles at St. Mihiel. Wounded in right leg by high explosive shell, necessitating amputation below the knee. Member 358th Infantry, Ninetieth Division. Born in Clinton, Minnesota, January 13, 1897. Trained in Iowa and Texas camps. Home, Leal, North Dakota.

By PVT. CLINTON W. BARNINGHAM

I WAS drafted at Leal, N. D., April 29, 1917, and was sent to Camp Dodge, Iowa, where I remained for three weeks. Was then transferred to the Ninetieth Division, at Camp Travis, where I also remained for three weeks.

We came north to Camp Mills, N. Y., and after four days boarded the steamship *Walworth Castle* and started on our journey to "over there." On July 2nd, twelve days later, we landed at Liverpool, England.

On July 4th our division paraded in Liverpool and in the evening had a banquet. The following morning we left for Southampton where we stayed for a day and then boarded a Channel steamer for Le Havre, France, where we arrived on the morning of July 7th.

We stayed at a British camp there for thirty-

six hours and were put aboard trains and rode for two days to the village of Montmoyne, where we trained intensively for four weeks.

At the end of four weeks, we went on a three days' hike to the front. The first night of our hike we stayed in Belleau. We passed through the town of Nancy and went on to the St. Mihiel front, arriving there August 20th.

We went into the trenches immediately. It was a very quiet sector when we reached there and Germans started an artillery attack.

The Americans had been preparing for a drive against the enemy and started moving their artillery into place to start the attack. "Jerry" saw this and immediately opened fire.

On the night of September 12th, we were given orders to go "over the top" at five o'clock the following morning. Our barrage opened at one o'clock. One big gun fired first as the signal and then the others followed, and just poured it into "Fritz" until five o'clock when we went "over the top."

The first three men to go over were killed instantly. We could not see the German front line through the haze of the smoke. The night before I had been detailed to assist in cutting the barbed wire entanglements which made it easier for us to get across No Man's Land.

When we started out, my company was in the second wave, but by the time we hit the enemy front line trenches, we were all in one wave. We were then split up into patrols, each patrol consisting of from eight to fifteen men. This point

was a piece of thickly wooded, hilly land. There were machine-gun nests concealed in the underbrush and in the trees.

On one hill which we tried to take, the enemy made a very stiff resistance, but we finally succeeded in shoving them off the hill. I assisted a first aid man in capturing German Red Cross nurses and doctors, who had lined themselves directly in front of the enemy machine guns in order to prevent our firing back at the enemy. They had been concealed in a dugout on the side of the hill and as we advanced near them, ran out and lined up in front of the guns. We captured them and marched them back into the dugout and our boys advanced up the hill.

The following day, our relief leap-frogged past us and we fell back in support. We advanced eight kilometers and then established a front line and dug ourselves in. The enemy fell back and established their front line in front of the Hindenburg Line.

I was then taken out of the lines and made a battalion runner for the 359th Headquarters Company. My duty was to carry messages from the 359th Battalion Headquarters to the 358th Battalion Headquarters, which were about one mile apart.

My Battalion Headquarters were right in back of the artillery, directly behind the front line, and I had some pretty close shaves running along there. Two or three times shells burst ten or fifteen feet away from me.

One night, especially, when I was running with

another fellow, the enemy started shelling quite heavily. We were running along through the dark, dodging the shells, and fell into a dugout twelve feet deep that had no roof. We fell on our knees uninjured, but pretty well scared. We stayed down there until the bombardment ceased and then climbed out by way of steps in the corner, and continued on our trip. It did not seem to be anything for an officer to send a man a mile through shell fire at midnight to carry a newspaper to another officer, thus endangering the man's life.

Every night I had to take a message to the 358th Battalion Headquarters, notifying them of the time the 359th patrol would go out, so that in case the 358th patrol would be out at the same time and run into them they would not open fire and thus attract the attention of the enemy.

On September 26th, I went "over the top" with the 358th Battalion Headquarters. The zero hour arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning and we went over without a barrage, expecting to find no resistance, as the patrols had found everything very quiet the night before. However, we found that they were well prepared to meet us and we had gone over about one-half strong.

We got about half way across No Man's Land when we found the reception too warm for us, and I was ordered, by the Lieutenant, to go back and find the Company Commander and have him order more troops to come to our aid. I went back through heavy machine-gun fire. The bullets were whizzing through the air. The battalion was ordered back before I succeeded in finding the

Commander. I started back to tell the Lieutenant of my failure, and met them on their way back to our lines. "Jerry" laid down a machine-gun barrage on us and half of the battalion was wiped out. Two of the companies had only twenty-five men each left. Most of them were killed, some wounded. We went back and held the lines.

That night I was ordered to escort two squads and the Chaplain of the 359th Infantry, to bring in the wounded and bury the dead. There was a road about two yards wide on each side of the trench. We started down one of these roads, and it was so dark that we passed the trench and before we knew it, were out in the middle of No Man's Land. I left them in a dugout there and they waited until near daybreak and then came back to the lines safely. The next night I showed the Chaplain where I had seen some dead men lying and he had them buried. Some of them were my own comrades.

The Chaplain of each company takes one identification tag and whatever valuables and letters he finds in the men's pockets to the Personnel Officer at the Colonel's headquarters, where they are put into an envelope and sent to the soldier's home address. The other tag is nailed on the wooden cross which is placed at the head of the grave. The Chaplain almost always does this work under heavy shell fire.

We held the front line trenches for forty-five days at this point, and the enemy kept up a heavy artillery fire all the time and also sent out heavy patrols. We responded with both artillery and

patrols. I always thought it much worse to hold the line than to go "over the top."

On October 7th we hiked fifteen miles from Guesencourt, where we had been resting for a week, to another section of the St. Mihiel Sector. We went over shell torn roads, which made traveling very hard, and we were pretty well exhausted when we arrived at our destination at one o'clock in the morning.

We lay down to sleep in front of a battery of 75's until five o'clock in the morning when we were to take the front line. While I was sleeping a shell burst near me and very nearly tore my leg off. I was awakened with the sensation that someone had hit me in the leg with a baseball bat. I ran my hand down my leg and found it all blood. There was a hole large enough to admit my three fingers right through my leg. That shell singled me out from among a thousand sleeping men. I was the only one injured.

There were two first aid men lying near me and I asked them to help me. They said they would run and get an ambulance and come back for me. Instead of doing so, they moved further back and lay down and went to sleep and left me lying in pain.

I had been hit at three o'clock and about seven o'clock began to feel uneasy, as my leg was beginning to ache and I was quite weak from the loss of blood. I asked the Corporal to go down to the Company Commander and see if he had not heard about me. On his way he found the two first aid men asleep. He went on down five miles

behind the line and ordered an ambulance sent up.

It was almost eleven o'clock before the ambulance arrived. They took me to the First Field Hospital where I received one of those famous "A. T. S." shots, making my side so sore I could not move. I was then sent on to Mobile Hospital, No. 3, where I was operated upon immediately after my arrival, which was five o'clock in the afternoon. They removed splinters of bone and cleaned the wound. The following day, when the doctor was dressing the wound, he found an infection which was travelling very rapidly up my leg and decided to amputate below the knee.

While I was still in bed, the hospital took fire and burned down. It started in the X-Ray room. Luckily, there were only a few patients there at the time. We were carried out by nurses and orderlies and taken in ambulances to Evacuation Hospital No. 1, near Toul.

About three weeks after my arrival there the doctors performed another operation. I was getting along nicely when they removed me to Evacuation Hospital, No. 78, about one-half mile from Toul, where I fell down and bruised the base of my stump. I was going upstairs and fell backward four or five steps. I did not break the bone or fracture it in any way.

Was transferred from there to Base Hospital, No. 9, at Chateauroux. Remained there about six weeks, having both my Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners there.

Was then transferred to Base Hospital, No. 8,

at Savigny. I thought I would go from there to the United States, but instead was sent to Base Hospital, No. 63, outside of Brest, where I remained for ten days.

During my stay there, President Wilson arrived at Brest on his way back from the Peace Conference in Paris to the United States. I heard the presidential salute of twenty-one volleys which was fired for him. They were fired so rapidly, it sounded like a barrage and reminded me of the trenches. Every one that was able ran to the door, thinking the Germans had started something.

Was put aboard the steamer *Great Northern*, February 22nd, Washington's Birthday, and we followed in the wake of the *George Washington*, which left five days ahead of us. Arrived in New York March 3rd, and was sent to General Debarcation Hospital, No. 5, at Grand Central Palace, New York, where I am at present.

I expect to go to Washington in a few days for an artificial limb, which the Government is to supply.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Sedan, before the war, was a town of about 20,000 inhabitants and famous for the battle and capitulation of September 1st and 2d, 1870, on which occasion the Germans had managed to concentrate a force of 240,000 men and to coop up there the French Army of 127,000 men, who were on retreat. The French Cavalry distinguished itself for acts of brilliant gallantry.



Pvt. Leslie M. Lane.

Private Lane's Story

Fought at Chemin de Dames, Mont Sec, Seicheprey, Toul Sector. Wounded by enemy hand grenade, blowing off four fingers and thumb of left hand; compound fracture of the skull. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross. Member Company C, 102nd Infantry, 26th Division. Born in Kent, Conn., December 3, 1899. Occupation, machinist. Home, New Haven, Conn.

By PVT. LESLIE M. LANE, D. S. C.

I ENLISTED March 31, 1917, in Company C of the Second Regiment, Connecticut National Guard, and for three long months, with expectations of being relieved each day, we stood watch night and day over one of America's foremost structural spans, the Saybrook Bridge, crossing the Connecticut River.

However, on the morning of July 5th, the glad news came that we were to be relieved, as the regiment was ordered to muster to war strength and train for overseas duty. We were shipped to Camp Yale, New Haven, Conn., alongside the famous Yale Bowl, where thousands of spectators and rooters crowd to witness the great gridiron contests.

After three and one-half months of intensive training, we received orders that we were to pack all equipment for our first step toward the battle fields of France.

We entrained in New Haven, September 18th, in the yards of the Winchester Arms Co., and travelled north to Montreal, Canada. We had our last look at the good old U. S. A. when passing over the line at Newport, Vt.

At Montreal, we embarked on the R. S. S. *Missanabie*, and steamed down the St. Lawrence River to Halifax, N. S. We lay here for one week, during which time we went on a two-hour hike through Halifax, to keep us in trim, and we certainly believed in the motto, "Join the army and see the world through a hole in a blanket."

We then drew anchor and resumed our journey across the Atlantic. We had a convoy of nine ships and one auxiliary cruiser. The trip was not very exciting until we reached the English Channel, when we got our first sight of German Kultur and atrocities. The auxiliary cruiser that was accompanying us was sunk by a German U-Boat. We were on our way into the port of Liverpool. The cruiser had left us and was on her way back to America, when a radio was received that she had been attacked and struck by a torpedo, and was sinking rapidly with casualties unknown.

We landed at Liverpool and entrained on England's Twentieth Century Limited, two go-carts and a kiddie car. One of the boys had a camera with him, and was only sorry that it did not have a wheel attached to it so that he could wind reels.

He felt that he could make a Keystone comedy of the railroad alone that would equal any of Charlie Chaplin's million-dollar pictures. However, we appreciated England's kindness in lending us these boxes, as they saved us a lot of shoe leather and man power.

We detrained at Southampton and went to a rest camp at Bitteron Commons, where we got our first taste of mud. We were obliged to sleep in tents, twelve feet in diameter, twenty men to a tent. We also met our first bosom friends, the famous "cootie" family.

We stayed there for seven days and then went to Southampton where we boarded the Channel steamer *Archangel*, and crossed the Channel to Le Havre. We hiked to the top of the hill to a rest camp. We stayed here for only a few hours, when we were ordered to pack up again and get ready to move. We travelled via box cars for four days, and finally stopped at Chatenois, only to find that we had passed our destination, and had to hike back twenty-seven kilometers to the town of Landaville.

We were assigned to barracks where mud was thick on the floors, and were quartered there for a week, when we received bunks, which we were told the German prisoners of war were obliged to make for us.

Three days after our arrival we started our real experience in training for trench warfare.

Just before leaving for the lines, our Colonel was relieved and replaced by Col. Parker, a regular army Colonel, to whom the boys took right

away, and in a short time learned to call him "Smiling" Col. Parker. During General Pershing's expedition into Mexico, he was known as "Machine-Gun" Parker.

After four months of training we left, in the early part of February, 1918, for the Chemin de Dames front. We rode in box cars as far as Braisne, and hiked to barracks in the woods. Being under shell fire, we had to keep quiet. We stayed there one day and resumed our hike to the lines. We were put into support in the ruins of the town of Celles.

We remained in support for ten days and then received the glad news that we were to go into the front line. We left Celles at 5 o'clock on the night of February 20th and reached the front line at midnight and relieved K Company, of the Third Battalion of our regiment. The sector was very quiet with the exception of a few shells being exchanged between our artillery and "Jerry's."

Six days later, February 26th, we were removed and took a platoon stronghold in Chabeneaux, and remained there for about seven days. We then moved to Jouy where we were in reserve for two weeks.

We hiked back to Braisne again and entrained to Bienne la Chateau, where we started on a long hike of 170 kilometers to a rest camp at Allanville. We remained here only three days, when we were put aboard auto trucks and sent to the Toul Sector.

We arrived at Mandres, where we remained over night, and started for the trenches the fol-

lowing night. I stood guard all night. At day-break Sergeant Brady put me on detail to bring up the mess and after fifty-five hours of duty, I was allowed to turn in for a sleep. I had only been asleep four hours, however; when I had to get up and bring the chow for the next meal.

On the night of April 4th, I was back at the kitchens when Corporal Bergman, whose duty it was to bring the chow to the men at the outposts, was very suddenly taken ill, and I was left in charge of the detail. The communicating trench runs from the front line to the line of outposts. I was passing through this communicating trench, serving chow to the boys on the outposts. I was carrying "bread pudding," which was simply a mush of bread and water that the boys jocularly called "bread pudding." Possibly it made it taste better.

It was an old, broken-down, communicating trench which was not properly protected. There were barbed-wire entanglements over it which were broken through in places. It was a sector that could not be held by the British, French or Australians, and, as a result, the entanglements had been broken through and never repaired.

The line of outposts was in the form of a horse-shoe. I was at least one hundred and fifty yards away from the main body of my outfit, but in order to reach me, they would have to take a round-about route and travel half a mile.

It was 2:30 o'clock on the morning of April 5th. I had been going since eight o'clock the night before. We started out at that time for the kitchens

and reached them at ten o'clock just as a chlorine gas attack was in progress. We waited until twelve o'clock when the attack was over and started back to the lines with the chow.

I was feeling my way in the darkness along through the trench and turned a corner when suddenly I was confronted by a group of soldiers. The leader and I both hollered "Halt!" simultaneously. I ducked down in order to get a better view of them against the sky line.

I was asked in French if I would consent to become a prisoner, and thought it was one of our French friends fooling, as it did not sound like a native of France. All I understood was "Voulez vous" and "prisoner", but could not understand the remainder of the question, so answered back in French, that I didn't understand French.

The questioner then asked me in quite fluent English, "Will you become a prisoner of war without making any commotion or outcry; you will be handled with care and given the best any one would want in the hands of an enemy?"

I then stepped forward to see who my questioner might be, and before my eyes stood a Sergeant-Major of the German Army with a party of about fifteen men. Seeing that I was vastly outnumbered, my first thought was to get to the boys at the advance posts out in No Man's Land, and warn them of the danger lurking behind them; but the officer seemed determined I was not to get away, for he tried to grab me by the shoulder. Then I knew it was time to act. I quickly drew my pistol, aimed at him and pulled the trigger, but it was

locked and failed to work. I then kicked the fellow in a vulnerable spot so furiously that it brought him to his knees and rendered him "hors de combat."

The man behind him made a lunge for me. I pulled the trigger again and my pistol went off, hitting the Sergeant-Major between the eyes and dropping him squirmingly to the ground. I had never had a pistol in my hands before and it was only by luck that I unlocked it. The other Hun leaped over the body of the officer and struck me on the head with a raiding club, which had a wooden handle about two feet long, with a ball-end made of some sort of metal, and rendered me unconscious for a few seconds, during which time the remainder of the party scattered in a disorderly manner, thinking, no doubt, that the pistol shot would attract my comrades.

The Sergeant-Major was lying across my feet. I could feel his body quivering and thought he was trying to get up. I reached to get hold of him so that I could get up first, and in doing so found that he had pulled the pin from a "potato masher" grenade, which exploded as I grabbed his hand, shattering three fingers on my left hand.

I lay there bleeding and thought I was surely going to die. I imagined I heard church bells ringing, and almost everything I had ever done ran through my mind. I felt sorry that I could not get home to see my mother and sisters before I "cashed in" and also that I did not have my \$10,000 insurance all paid up.

When the hand grenade exploded it also caused

a deep cut, six inches in length, in my left forearm, and one piece went through the palm of my left hand and found its way out at the back. As far as I could see in the dark, the grenade did no damage to the Sergeant-Major.

I did not lose consciousness. However, at one time I thought I would, but gradually things began to get clearer to me and I pulled myself together and got upon my feet. I looked for my pistol, thinking that I might have occasion to use it again, but could not find it, so started back without it to the first aid. My pistol was found in the morning, buried six inches in the mud where I had been ambushed by the Huns.

At the time I met the German raiders, there was a fellow named Cook with me, and I promptly ordered him back to the lines. As I was in charge of the detail, it was up to me to look out for the safety of the men under me, regardless of myself. I thought that it was all up with me and there was no sense in both of us being killed, so sent Cook back. He told all the guards along the line that I was either killed or captured.

As I was groping my way through the Valley of the Shadow of Death back to the first aid, as fast as I could possibly go, one of our guards stopped me as I turned a corner. Knowing there were Germans around, and thinking I was killed, he was taking no chances and made a lunge for me with his bayonet. I saw the gleam of the bayonet aimed at my throat, and raised my injured hand to ward off the blow. As I did so, the bayonet further mangled my thumb and forefinger.

My first thought was that I had run into the raiding party again, and never dreamed the attack was by one of my own fellow soldiers. As I moved by him, I was struck by a butt swing which caught me right above the heart and jolted me back about ten feet. My assailant came up, getting ready to finish me, and I saw he had an American helmet and said, "Wait a minute, I'm Lane." He helped me to my feet and started apologizing to me, but I had no time to listen, as I was bleeding to death and wanted to get to the first aid before it was too late.

I went to my own dugout first and found Cook. I told him to fix his bayonet on his rifle and go with me to the first aid. After the ordeals I had been through, I felt myself growing weak from loss of blood and by the assault in which I had been struck down in the house of my friends, so to speak, and knew I could not proceed very far alone.

When I reached the first aid, I fell through the door of the dugout. They picked me up and laid me on a table, and I had another fight, this time with the doctors. I wanted them to dress my wounds before giving me an A. T. S. shot, as I had been bleeding so profusely, I was afraid I was too far gone. Finally, after much arguing, they dressed my wounds and then gave me the injection.

I was then put upon a stretcher and taken through the communicating trenches to the clearing station. The turns in the trench were so short that the stretcher bearers had to climb up on top

and expose themselves to machine-gun fire in order to get me to the clearing station.

The boys who carried me were Corporal Chitty of New Haven, who was later captured; Corporal De Forrest and First Class Private Raymond Jenoff, also of New Haven; there were also three boys from the First Division and two from the Second Division, whose names, I am sorry to say, I do not know, but they were the bravest and finest bunch of fellows I ever met.

When I reached the clearing station, I was taken into the dugout, given some cigarettes and my boots were taken off. I was in intense pain, and in order to relieve it, they gave me three shots of morphine which sent me to the land of dreams.

I was put into an ambulance and taken to Evacuation Hospital, No. 1, at Toul. I was rushed in, my record taken, given a bath and placed in a very hot room, similar to a Turkish bath. A blanket was put over my bed on a frame, which kept it from touching me, and the heat circulated around me. It was nice and warm and comfortable, a decided change from the cold trenches.

At 11:45 A. M., I was taken into the operating room. As I lay waiting for my turn, I watched the surgeons amputate a leg above the knee from the fellow lying beside me, who apparently suffered awful agony, even under ether, which may not have been properly administered.

I was then given ether and operated upon. They amputated my thumb entirely and also my forefinger. The other three fingers were also partly amputated.

When I was coming out of the ether, I kept asking for water, but the nurse could not give it to me. She gave a drink to a Dutchman who was lying beside me, and I reached over and tried to choke him for it. Thereupon I had a relapse and woke up two or three days later.

During my stay here, I was informed that I had performed a distinguished act of bravery and was to be awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and also the French Croix de Guerre.

Three hours before the time appointed for my decoration, I was removed from the evacuation hospital and sent to Base Hospital, No. 17, at Dijon, where I remained one week. Casualties were coming in so rapidly that room had to be made for the boys who needed immediate attention. Therefore I, with several other patients, was removed to Base Hospital, No. 18, at Vichy.

Three days later I was sent to Base Hospital, No. 9, at Chateauroux, where I remained convalescing for one month. Thence to Base Hospital, No. 8, at Savenay, and then to Base Hospital, No. 5, at Brest. I remained in Brest one night and was then put aboard the S. S. *Leviathan* on the morning of July 19, 1918, and sailed for the U. S. A.

I arrived at Ellis Island, and went to the hospital there for about a week and was transferred to U. S. General Hospital, No. 9, at Lakewood, N. J., where I remained until October 19th, when I was given \$4.83, my fare home, by the quartermaster, who told me to take it and go home to New Haven.

After being home about five months, I received my Distinguished Service Cross from Washington through the mail. It was accompanied by a letter explaining that the Cross was being sent to my home address, because of failure to find me in any of the hospitals in Europe. Following is the citation from Secretary of War Baker:

“*Leslie M. Lane*, private—first class, Company C, 102d Infantry. On the night of April 4 and 5, 1918, he was carrying rations to the men in the front trenches. He encountered a large enemy platoon who demanded his surrender. He refused to surrender, drew his pistol, and killed the enemy platoon commander, causing the enemy raiding party to retire. During the encounter he was severely wounded by a hand grenade. By his quickness of action, he undoubtedly saved the lives of the men in our advanced listening post.”

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Belfort is a place of great military importance and a leading industrial center. As a fortress it distinguished itself in the Franco-Prussian war in which it successfully withstood the German bombardment in 1870-71. The siege is commemorated by an imposing citadel on the summit of a rock 220 feet high, in front of which is the colossal Lion of Belfort, 36 feet high and 72 feet long, carved in red sandstone by Bartholdi, the celebrated French sculptor who designed the Statue of Liberty, in New York Harbor, France's gift to America.





Carl Bilbood

Corporal Wood's Story

Fought at Hill 220 and the Juvigny Front North of Soissons. Wounded in the left leg by a shell fragment, shattering the bone between knee and hip. Enlisted in the California National Guard. Corporal in Third Battalion, 125th Infantry. Born in Los Angeles, California, January 21, 1899. Occupation before entering war, High School student. Home, Los Angeles.

By CORP. CARL B. WOOD

I LEFT my studies at the Los Angeles, Cal., High School on the day the National Guard was called out, March 26, 1917, and enlisted for service.

Went into training at Camp Kearney, near San Diego, Cal., where I remained for ten months, or, to be more explicit, from August, 1917, to June, 1918. It was on the thirteenth of June that I came East, arriving at Camp Merritt, N. J., June 22nd.

I sailed for France on June 28th, landing at Liverpool fourteen days later, on the S. S. *Les-tania* of the Cunard line. Except for the exploding of a mine, it was an uneventful voyage.

We traveled through England to Southampton and about a week later arrived at Le Havre,

France. From there we journeyed by train to a training camp at Pont Levoy, in the south of France. That required a three-days' ride in a box car, in which we were packed like the proverbial sardines.

After three weeks there, we were sent as replacement troops to the 32nd Division. On our way we passed through Chateau-Thierry on a train, disembarking at Mesy. We stayed there a few hours and sorrowfully and reverently visited the many graves of American soldiers who had assisted in taking that district several days before.

There were many graves on both sides of the railroad tracks. Two men had been placed in each grave, with a cross at each end, one at the head of each man.

The German dead, in the hurry of cleaning up before retreating, were thrown in shell holes, as many as each hole would hold.

From Mesy they took us towards the front lines in trucks. It was a wild ride at night, the trucks moving rapidly over dark roads. There were no lights on account of the danger of attracting artillery by reason of German observation balloons. Towards midnight, when we drove into a small, ruined village, a few minutes after arriving, the Germans opened fire on the town and we had to get out.

We withdrew from the town, and after going a short distance got off the trucks and, in charge of a couple of non-commissioned officers, started to advance to where the division was holding the

lines. It was so dark that you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. Advancing a short distance, we found ourselves in a cloud of mustard gas.

It was our first taste of real war. We were all new men, having never been to the front. Added to the terrific din of the barrage were sundry other noises. To the inexperienced eye, all was confusion. Star shells were bursting and lighting up the heavens, which were filled with rolling clouds of smoke, penetrated here and there by flashes of light from belching guns.

They took us to a fairly safe position, just back of the support line. We dug in and next day were distributed among the different organizations of the division. This was at the Vesle River, just outside of Fismes. After a couple of days in support with the Third Battalion of the 125th Infantry, to which I was assigned, we were relieved and went back in the woods near the famous Hill 220, where the Division previously had made such a fine showing, staying there about two weeks.

While there I was put in charge of the battalion liason acting as Sergeant, and receiving a Corporalcy. We were put through a severe course of open warfare fighting, maneuvering on the very ground where a number of our organization gave their lives to the cause. We expected, when we left the woods, to go to a rest camp, but owing to the big drive that was then being made by the Allies and consequently the need of troops, we were sent to the Juvigny front, north of Soissons,

to take a stronghold of the Hindenburg Line that had proven too much for the French.

We travelled two days on French lorries and after getting off hiked a day and a night without hardly a rest, the roads being unfit for transportation. The 32nd Division relieved a French Division the night of the 28th of June. We were the only American Division at that salient at that time. At dawn of the 29th we went "over the top," my battalion in the first wave at the left of the line.

Advancing under terrific machine-gun and artillery fire, aided by French tanks, we took by storm a position that had been holding up the Allied line for several weeks at that point.

We began our advance at the first rays of dawn. We were on flat ground, formerly a wheat field. From a valley on our left was rising a vast quantity of yellow vapor, which was recognized as mustard gas. It had the appearance of a yellow lake.

Shells were bursting in our midst and men were dropping all around me. Some were killed instantly while others were moaning and groaning in agony.

Both sides were sending up flares and star shells. Shrapnel were bursting in the air and on the ground. The predominating sound, however, was like the noise from a battery of mammoth typewriters. That was the machine-guns in action. The bullets sounded like the snapping of a whip as they sped through the air.

All combined to give me an impression that I

will never forget. No one could put in words nor could any brush portray anything approaching the grandeur and horror of the scene. I seemed detached from myself at the time and felt no sense of danger. We were too busy to think of anything except going ahead.

A German machine-gun in some way picked out our Battalion Headquarters group and everyone except Major Martin, at that time a Captain (acting in charge of the battalion), and myself were either killed or wounded, consisting of three officers, including the Battalion Adjutant and several squads of men.

The Battalion Sergeant-Major was wounded at the same time, and for the next two days, I had not only my own work as Battalion Liaison Sergeant, but also that of the Adjutant and Sergeant-Major; there being so many officers among the casualties that none could be spared from the company to replace the Adjutant.

We were stopped in a railroad draw, on account of the French tanks being put out of action, and, therefore, at that time we had no way to clean out as a hill in front of us was completely covered with machine-gun nests in such a way that they not only had a direct fire but also a flanking fire as well.

Several hours later my battalion was relieved by the Second Battalion of our regiment. That afternoon they attempted to take the hill and were practically wiped out and we again had to take the front line, even though we had lost so many officers and men and were so fatigued. We held

the line until the day after. Very little food was supplied us on account of the heavy artillery fire on our trenches connecting with the rear.

At one o'clock the 31st, after several hours of intense artillery fire, which cleaned out a great number of the German nests, we advanced again, going steadily forward for about three hours. Great numbers of German prisoners and munitions were captured. These Germans were the Prussian Guards, Germany's best troops. They put up an awful resistance, but we proved too much for them. We were in sight of our objective when the lieutenant, who was then acting as major, Captain Martin having had to give up his command on account of shell shock, told me to send a runner to Company M with a message, but I found that I had no runners left, they being wounded or already absent with messages, so I had to take it myself.

Just after delivering it, I was hit in the left leg by a shell fragment, shattering my leg between the knee and hip. I got some of the fellows to get a stretcher to carry me to the first-aid station, but it having moved forward, they were unable to find it and they had to carry me back to the regimental dressing station, taking them seven hours. During that time I had no dressing on my leg or splint, and it sure was a hell of a ride to me. I lost so much blood that I was nearly unconscious when I finally reached the dressing station.

They gave me a shot of morphine and from then on until I reached the field hospital I remember nothing, and only came to a few minutes before I

was given ether for the operation and transfusion of blood. From the field hospital I was taken to a rail-head where I was put on a train. Over those rough road beds it sure was a painful ride, although I had a good splint on by this time. I was put on a French box car, there being so many men wounded at this time, on account of the big drives that were on, a hospital train was unobtainable.

It certainly seemed to us wounded that the train had flat or square wheels. After a painful six-hour ride, we arrived in Paris where I was taken to the American Red Cross Hospital, No. 1, at Nuelly.

No need to tell of the fine treatment we wounded men received there. It was only through the wonderful surgery of my doctor, Lieutenant Crawson, who had spent several years with the French before the Americans entered the war, that my leg was saved.

The limb was not only pretty well shattered, but I also had a little gas gangrene.

Well, to make a long story short, I spent four months in bed with my leg hung up in the wonderful Thomas splint.

I cannot say enough for the kindness and care of the nurses and the interest shown in us in practical ways by the Red Cross. This was the hospital Mrs. Vanderbilt established. She visited our ward often and showed her interest in us in many ways.

The last several weeks I was there I was on crutches and so was able to see some of Paris

through the kindness of the nurses and Red Cross women who took us out on sight-seeing rides.

In January, I left for home by way of the base hospital at Savenay, but owing to the ward I was in being quarantined for diphtheria, it was a month before we embarked at St. Nazaire on the steamship *Manchuria*. Had hard luck again, having the "Influenza" all the way over, being out of my head a couple of days.

But, oh boy! it was a glorious feeling when the old girl (sometimes known as the Statue of Liberty) waved me a greeting with her torch.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Brest, with 85,000 inhabitants, is the chief naval port of France. Although it possesses a commercial harbor, its importance before the war depended upon its naval arsenal, and its history was practically a history of the latter.

Brest Roads, in which several men-of-war are usually anchored, are formed of an irregular bay, fourteen miles long and seven miles wide, almost landlocked by a peninsula. It is considered the largest and safest roadstead of Europe, in which 400 men-of-war can ride at anchor at one time. The roads are defended by powerful batteries.

On a rock overlooking the harbor rises the famous castle known as the Tower of Brest. The castle has eight towers and numerous cells and dungeons, most of them with their special tale of horror and suffering.

The Swing Bridge, constructed in 1861, to connect Brest with Reconovance, is one of the largest of its kind in existence. It is 364 feet long with an average height of 70 feet. The Naval Arsenal employs between 8,000 and 9,000 men in normal times.



Capt. & Barney Loven

Corporal Tovin's Story

Fought at Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Argonne, Verdun and Meuse. Wounded by mustard gas. Headquarters Third Battalion, 43d Artillery. Born in New Haven, Conn., October 1, 1885. Occupation, salesman. Home, Bronx Borough, New York City.

By CORP. BARNEY TOVIN

AT the outbreak of the war, being an ex-soldier of the First Infantry of the National Guard of Nebraska, I felt it was my duty to my country to re-enlist in the service for overseas duty.

For days I visited all the recruiting offices and regimental headquarters in New York and was turned down in one place after another for the reason that I was underweight. I was advised to go home and eat heartily of flesh-producing food and come back again. After a fortnight of home training and eating and drinking, I was accepted in the 13th Company of the Ninth Regiment of New York.

The Articles of War were read to us by Major Allen and we were sworn in as soldiers.

That night we slept in the Armory on cots. We were given uniforms that had seen their best days

in the Spanish-American War and were told to have them repaired. There were not enough uniforms to go 'round, so some of the boys wore civilian coats and army pants and leggins.

There was no room on the Armory floor to drill, so we were marched out on the streets of New York and drilled on the pavement every day for eight hours, until July 15th, when we were ordered into the Federal Service and assigned to take over Fort Hancock.

On the morning of August 6th, the Ninth was on its first step toward the front.

After a stay at Sandy Hook, where we were drilled incessantly, I succeeded in being transferred to Battery D, of the 57th Artillery.

On the evening of my departure for France, I stood thoughtfully on the deck of the transport as we started down the river and bay. I watched the lights of old New York fade in the distance, and as I passed the Statue of Liberty, France's gift to the United States, there was a lump in my throat and a tear in my eye. Although it was raining, I remained on deck until my country had receded from view. I did not know whether I would ever see the shores of America again, but presently the rain ceased and I was heartened by the sight of a rainbow in the Western sky, which augured well for the future.

The next morning we had our first "abandon ship" drill, which we had twice every day of our trip. We were all assigned to life rafts on the decks and were told when we got into the war zone that if we were torpedoed not to get excited,

as it would take at least two hours for our ship to go down and we could all be saved.

After being out for two days, we picked up the rest of our fleet. The third night out the boat started to rock and toss and the boys began to get sick and feed the fishes. I was sick about two days. Right there I learned one of the important lessons that war teaches a soldier. I observed some of the boys who were sick, away from home and mother for the first time in their lives, looking about for sympathy. In the Army, especially in time of war, every man must look out for himself and carry his own burden uncomplainingly.

When we reached the war zone a fleet of destroyers joined our convoy. We were ordered to sleep in our clothes and wear our life belts at all times. Every morning at two o'clock we were awakened and had to stay up until after daylight, for the enemy method of torpedoing transports was to fire at them at dawn.

The ninth night out our observers sighted a submarine and we went out of our course a whole day. Every day on a transport to a soldier seems like a year. We were allowed on the decks during the day, but just as soon as it grew dark we had to go below and the guards allowed no one to smoke or light a match.

On the twelfth day we sighted land and the next morning, which was the thirteenth day, we were outside of Brest. Our boat being too large to dock, we had to wait until they could get a smaller one to take us from the transport to shore.

All that day the "water rats," as the French

children who live in seaport towns are called, came out to the transports in little rowboats and sailboats, which they maneuvered themselves, and the troops threw money at them which they all scrambled to get. We had lots of sport with them.

At three o'clock a boat, which was formerly in ferry service on the English Channel, pulled up against our transport and our whole regiment was piled on. Our band was on the deck and as we came to the shore they played "The Star Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise," the French national air, while all within hearing stood at attention and saluted.

We then went ashore and lined up for our hike to our camp, which was about five miles distant. When we got outside of the dock there were thousands of French peasants cheering and waving flags. We marched through the center of the town and on to the outskirts where our camp was. The costumes and style of the French people were very different from ours and my first impression of France was that it was one hundred years behind the times.

When we reached the camp there were no barracks or tents or shelter, so we were marched out on the field and ordered to pitch our pup tents. Some of the boys put up the field stoves and our cooks got to work. Bacon and hard tack never tasted better since I was introduced to it.

We stayed at the camp all the next day and about 4 o'clock the following morning we broke camp and were on the march again. We hiked

about seven miles to a railway station where we were piled into railroad box cars. Then we were given our travelling rations for two days, which consisted of canned tomatoes, corned willie and hard tack. Corned willie, by the way, is the Army name for canned corned beef.

After we hung up our equipment, there was not enough room for all of us to sit down on the floor so we had to arrange to sit in shifts. We were on that train for three days and two nights.

At night we slept six hours and stood the other six so all could get some sleep. We ate when we got hungry. There were four of us to one can of tomatoes, one can of corned willie and a box of hard tack, and as we passed the different towns the people would come out to the troop train and sell us bottles of vim rouge, which is red grape wine that is very common in France. They charged the boys five francs for one bottle, or an American dollar. Being financially embarrassed myself, as I had not been paid in two months, and having a lot of United Cigar Store coupons, they worked as American francs, and I supplied my car with vin rouge for the trip.

The south of France is a very beautiful country, as the enemy had not invaded that far, and every piece of ground is worked and the main occupation is growing grapes for wines. There are vineyards everywhere you go, and the grass and flowers are in bloom all the year round. You would never think that there was a war going on. at 9 P.M. There was no way for us to get to our billets that night so we had to do another night

of "trick sleeping." The next morning we were taken in auto trucks to a town behind the lines, where we were billeted in stables and barns.

After three days we reached the city of La Borne. We remained in this town a short while, when they selected some of the boys and sent us to different army schools. Some went to the gas school and some to the auto school where they were taught to drive cars and motorcycles. The rest of the batteries had no American guns and a few days later they received French 155 mm.'s from the French Government. Our officers knew nothing about this gun, so they were the first to be instructed. The guns were put in the field and all the officers put their blue denims on and the French instructors put them through the drill. They had to dig their own gun pits and put the platforms up and get the caterpillars on the wheels; in fact, they did everything to put the gun into the firing position, while the men stood by under strict discipline at attention. They learned the gun thoroughly and then were given examination as artillery officers and those who failed were transferred to the infantry or machine-gun battalions.

After my course at the automobile school at La Borne, which lasted two weeks, I was attached to the Allied Armies as a dispatch carrier. In the latter part of May we were behind the lines as reserve troops at Chateau-Thierry.

As we were going toward the front, civilization began to fade and the ruins, caused by the most destructive military organization the world has

ever known, became visible. Where there were once towns, there stood nothing but desolation. Homes of the peaceful French destroyed, their most sacred edifices in ruins, and the inhabitants were either captured and taken back to Germany, or became refugees and took shelter as best they could behind the lines in the homes of their French compatriots who sheltered and fed them.

When I was home I had heard lots of terrible things about German Kultur, but when I saw these things with my own eyes, the better man within me was aroused and I pledged myself to fight the despicable Hun for all I was worth, to avenge the suffering that he had caused humanity.

All during the month of June, American troops were taking over the front-line trenches and relieving the French. They were given their final training and were eagerly awaiting their test. The eyes of the world were centered upon the Americans, for if the enemy succeeded in their drive, they would reach Paris, which was their objective. At that time the capital of France was moved from Paris to Bordeaux for fear of the Huns taking the town.

In the early part of July, all preparations were completed. The Forty-second, or Rainbow Division, was holding the lines east of Rheims, and on the right flank the Twenty-eighth Division was facing the enemy.

The Third Division was in the lines at Muzy on the Marne, opposite Chateau-Thierry, while in the reserve every American division available was concentrated.

On the morning of July 15th, the Germans started their drives for Paris. The Germans were on a hill, and started over in waves. The French started to retreat, and also ordered the Americans to retreat, but the American general who was in command said: "*America never retreats!*" and ordered the Americans to turn the enemy's drive into an Allied offensive, which began on July 18th, after the Americans who were defending democracy had successfully withstood the foe.

For two days the most terrific fighting that the war had known took place. They were cutting our boys to pieces, but the Americans stood the test. Every man that wore the khaki of Uncle Sam had a mission to perform, and only those who participated in the great conflict can fully understand.

Just before the beginning of the drive, I was on the bank of the Meuse with an order for the artillery, but I never reached my destination, as the enemy opened up on us with every implement of warfare they had. Artillery, machine-guns, liquid fire, mustard gas, chlorine and cloud gas were used in this determined effort to reach Paris.

When the barrage opened up, I immediately put my gas mask on, and was trying to work my way on hands and knees to deliver my orders. The earth trembled from the bursting of the guns. The shells were breaking all around me, and I took shelter in a shell hole. For three hours I lay there, with my mask on. The air I was breathing came heavy, and the heat of the mask almost

drove me insane. My mask was very tight and was cutting the skin of my face. I was in such torture that I decided that I must have a little air, so I lifted my mask for a second, and as I did so was gassed in the eyes. I fell back and thought I was burning up. I could not leave my shell hole for fear that I would be killed instantly.

That night under cover of darkness, I worked my way to the first aid station, and was sent to Base Hospital, No. 6. There I was treated with the best of care, obtained glasses and was permitted to return to the front.

During the days and nights of July 17th, 18th and 19th, they were bringing our boys in to the hospital on trains, ambulances, trucks and other vehicles. The doctors and nurses worked both day and night. They must have been superhuman to witness such untold suffering of men shot to pieces.

After leaving the hospital I went to Oseemo on the Marne to join the 43rd Artillery. I then had another ride in the French Pullman for two days and two nights, and reached the billets on August 6th. I was assigned to the Headquarters of the Third Battalion.

About nine that night, a German bombing party came over. They opened up on us and we took to the trenches. Every man was ordered to put his helmet and gas mask on. The trenches were two feet wide, seven feet deep and ten feet long, dug in a V shape. They held fourteen men. I, being a Corporal, was not allowed to take cover.

The bombing planes were right over us. Shrap-

nel was breaking all around and rained off my helmet. Our anti-aircraft opened up with a terrific barrage. The rockets were sent up to light up the sky to see the planes. The boys were anxious for fight and we had to hold them down under the points of our pistols.

During the excitement I lost my helmet and was struck with a piece of shrapnel in the right jaw. The blood flowed all over me, but I stuck with my squad. One of my Sergeants, who was in command of my platoon, came along and I asked him to get me some iodine. He wanted to relieve me, but I refused. He then took his penknife and extracted the piece of shrapnel and painted my jaw with iodine; and when "Heinie" dropped all his bombs and flew back over the lines, I went to the camp infirmary and was treated.

On September 9th, we were ordered to the lines at St. Mihiel. We started on a hike which lasted three days and four nights, through the mud and rain, carrying packs of eighty pounds, sleeping in mud and enduring all kinds of hardships.

As we kept going, an enemy's scout plane flew over us and took photographs. We could hear the booming of the guns in the distance, but I was so tired, sick and sore, that nothing seemed to worry me.

At last we reached the ruined village of Tilly at nine o'clock of the fourth night, and were told we could rest there for the night. I went up in a barn and threw myself down, never taking off my pack, and slept from exhaustion. About three o'clock the next morning I was awakened by a

terrific noise of splitting timber, falling walls and men yelling to their buddies.

The Germans were bombing the town. I ran for the ladder to get to the ground, but they had torn half of the barn to pieces and I fell through a hole that was made by the shell. I landed on my back and thought that every bone in my body was broken. I could hear the officers hollering to the sergeants to check up the men, and start them for another town.

I finally got myself together and we hiked in a detachment to another village named Ambly, where we were billeted in the ruins of the village church.

This was the morning of September 12th, and the drive was to start at midnight. All day long you could see nothing but American troops coming into the lines at double time; tired, torn, muddy and sick.

I was ordered to take dispatches to our artillery. The infantry was in the line, the artillery in the hills and woods. Our observation balloons were up. All day long I kept going through barbed-wire entanglements which cut me all over.

It was growing dark and I got lost. I could hear the enemy snipers shooting at our outposts. I could hear the infantry get their orders they were going over at 7 A.M. The Germans were shelling us, trying to bring out our fire to find out how strong we were.

I could not find my way back, but kept going when, all of a sudden, hell tore loose. The barrage opened up, and I must have been near the

first-line trenches, as I could hear the enemy machine-guns sounding off. I ducked for a shell hole, pistol loaded and ready for action. Shrapnel, high explosives and gas were breaking all around me. I lay there all night, thirsty until my lips were cracked, and my tongue hung out for the want of water.

At dawn the barrage let up. I had to have water and crawled out of my shell hole in search of it. There was none in sight. I tore leaves from the trees and sucked the sap, trying to quench the burning of my throat. There was water in the mud and shell hole, and crazed from thirst, knowing it was poison, still I drank it.

For four long days I was lost, eating what I could find, left by the infantry that had gone over. Finally, I ran into some of the doughboys bringing back their prisoners. They had some Prussian officers, but mostly Austrians of forty-five years and over. Also boys of fourteen to sixteen years. Some of the older men had been in the lines for four years. We marched them back about twenty kilometers to the town of Tryon where the prison stockade was.

As we came near the town of Blaircourt, a German flier came over in a captured Allied plane and brought down both of our observation balloons. It seemed that the skies opened up and the American fliers came down on him and brought him to the ground in flames. He was not dead when he fell, but the boys finished him and buried him where he fell, placing a cross to mark his grave.

We brought our prisoners in and turned them over, for which the doughboys got a receipt.

I then found my outfit and was ordered to get some rest. I had had no sleep for four nights and days, and when I hit that dugout, I fell asleep and slept for twenty-four hours. When I woke up I found that the letters I had received from home were eaten right through my coat pocket by the rats.

We had captured seven thousand prisoners and an enormous amount of artillery. The latter was taken to the rear of the lines by the salvage corps where all articles of contraband were assorted and utilized.

After two days of rest we were then ordered to the lines at the Argonne. On the morning of September 17th, we were lined up and started on another hike. I hadn't had my clothes off for about four weeks. The "cooties" ate me until I was nothing but scabs all over.

It was raining very hard when we started to hike. The ground was like chalk, and when the water hit it, it would turn to mud. Every time you put your foot down, you would sink up to your knees. We had a two days and night hike over hills and shell-torn roads. At last we reached our dugouts, which were filled with water up to our knees. We would not light matches for fear the enemy would see the flare. The dugouts had bunks in them built of old pieces of wood, and were formerly occupied by the enemy.

I finally got a bunk, and when I went to get into it there was the skeleton of a soldier who had

probably been gassed or killed in the early part of the war. You could hear the dead bodies splash in the water as the boys were cleaning out their bunks, so as they could go to sleep for the night. I don't know how I ever slept, as I was so weak from the hike and the air in the dugout was anything but the best.

About four the next morning we were awakened, as orders had come to the artillery to get into position on the firing line as the drive was to start at midnight the 26th of September.

I will try and explain the meaning of a drive.

For about five days before, the roads get black with troops coming into the lines. The infantry takes over the first-line trenches, and establishes listening posts and outposts in No Man's Land. They send over raiding parties, and are ordered to bring back prisoners alive, so as the Intelligence Department can question them and find out how strong the enemy is.

The trench mortars and light artillery, up to the six inch pieces, are from one to three miles behind the front lines. The larger guns are from three to twelve miles behind the lines. These guns are all camouflaged so as the enemy cannot see them. Every gun has an object to shoot at which is figured out mathematically.

The engineers are ahead of the infantry cutting barbed wire and putting up pontoon bridges, and making paths through the underbrush so that the infantry can advance under cover of darkness.

When everything is ready at Field Headquarters, which are established between the infantry

and artillery, they send out their orders. The infantry is given a town or some object of importance to take within such a length of time and are generally ordered to go "over the top" at dawn.

The artillery usually opens up at midnight, and their object is to destroy everything in the enemy's trenches. What the artillery does not destroy, it is up to the infantry to finish when they go over.

The signal corps establish telephones, radios and lines of communication in the field so as to direct the troop movements.

The motor corps carries supplies and ammunition for the advancing troops so as to feed them while they are holding captured territory.

The aviation corps have their scouting planes which fly over the enemy's lines and photograph their position. The bombing planes go over to destroy towns and villages, also to cut off troops coming to the front.

The observation balloons, which are called the eyes of the army, are up and have telephone connection by which they report the effect of our artillery fire, and the movement of the enemy.

After leaving the St. Mihiel sector, we were ordered to the Argonne Forest, which I will never forget, as the most bloody and bitter fighting in history took place there. Our boys took over the lines about the 21st of September and the drive started on the morning of the 26th. The objective was Montfaucon, which was the enemy's rail-head for supplies from Luxembourg, and by cut-

ting off this source of supply, we could drive them into a pocket.

We landed in a little town at the lower end of the Forest de Hesse, called Rechicourt. During the night of September 20th and for the next two days, things moved rapidly in going into position for the drive. All through those two days and nights, I was helping the signal corps, putting up their lines of communication, over hills and through underbrush. We then had to stretch those wires across the Meuse River. There was no way of getting across, so I tied the end of a wire around my belt and swam across. The other fellows made a raft of the trunk of a tree and worked their way over. In darkness and pouring rain, wet to the skin, we worked all that night, getting the battery lined up with the headquarters.

At 1 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of September, the barrage opened up. The skies looked like a solid flame from the flashes of the guns. There must have been 20,000 pieces firing at one time, the thunder of the guns was so terrific. All night long I kept going from battery to battery in the hills, getting reports and delivering dispatches.

At dawn the infantry went over and into the woods, which was infested with machine-gun nests in trees. I was following the infantry with dispatches, and they advanced so rapidly, the artillery fire could not keep up with them.

Over hills they went, cleaning machine-gun nests, which had been mowing our boys down, and

capturing town after town. When our forces reached the German trenches, which the enemy had occupied for four years, they found them reinforced with concrete. The dugouts were lighted by electricity, and furnished with wicker rocking-chairs and beds. They had plenty of wine and American cigarettes, which we later learned were taken from American prisoners which had been sent to them by the American Red Cross.

We advanced so rapidly that our boys did not know whether they were being hit by our own fire or the enemy's.

While I was engaged in carrying orders under rain of shrapnel, high explosives, machine-gun bullets and rifle fire, I could see our infantry in hand-to-hand combats with the picked troops of the Prussian Guards. I could see our boys falling in the deadly combat, writhing in agony on the ground, with their bodies torn and mutilated beyond description. Some were running with their arms shot off.

We were finally relieved and another division took up the fight. We had captured a considerable number of prisoners and marched them back to Rampont, where the prison stockade was located, and turned them over to the Military Police.

I then went back to Sommedieue for a short rest and cleaned up. "Fritz" came over and bombed us every night during the week I was there. We were then ordered to the lines at Verdun. The outfit started on this hike early in the

morning and kept going all that day and night until about 3 A. M.

I finally, through sickness and exhaustion, fell out and my outfit continued without me. I lay in the mud and slept there until the next morning when I caught an ammunition truck going to the front. The driver being new, lost his way and had rode us almost into Germany, when we were stopped by the picket guard of the French army.

Just as we got to the top of a hill, "Fritz" opened up on us and, believe me, that was the wildest joy ride I ever had down a hill. The shells were bursting every ten feet behind us and the truck kept wobbling down the hill, and we landed in Verdun like a tornado.

I then started out again and kept going. On this sector everything was under ground, as the enemy was shelling it all the time. The town of Verdun was destroyed in the early part of the war, and the people had fled in terror. The Crown Prince's army had invaded as far as Dead Man's Hill, where he had established his field headquarters. The reason they never got the town of Verdun is that they have a fortified wall around it and it could hold a quarter of a million troops. It was there in 1914, that Marshal Joffre said, "*They shall not pass.*"

I kept following the different outfits going into the lines. After hiking past towns where only a sign remained, I found my company in the dug-outs at the foot of the hill, near the town of Chatencourt, a short way from Sedan, which was the enemy railhead for supplies. "Fritz" shelled this

place all the time, as our naval guns were in the hills at Charney, a short distance away, and the Huns wanted to get a crack at them, as they were damaging towns and villages and their supplies.

The guns here were so old that they blew up on us, killing and wounding many of our gun crews.

On the morning of November 11th, a radio came over the wire at ten o'clock, stating that at eleven all hostility would stop in that last hour. Every gun was firing and all infantry went "over the top" and the Yanks gave "Fritz" the grand finale of the war.

Promptly at eleven o'clock, all guns ceased firing and we sat in the roads and scattered about like lost sheep, with nothing to do, all dressed up for war, and no place to go. We were lined up and our Company commander read us Pershing's order, which said:

"Soldiers of the American Army, this is not peace, but only an armistice. The enemy is not to be trusted. They fooled our Associates in the war before."

That night we blew up all our guns and ammunition dumps, throwing hand grenades and rockets into the air. You never saw a Fourth of July celebration to equal it.

We stayed at the front until the 18th of November and were then sent to a delousing station where we were cleaned up and thence to St. Nazaire for embarkation to the good old U. S. A.

We left St. Nazaire the twentieth of December on the good ship *Princess Matauka* and arrived at Newport News, Va., New Year's Eve, setting

foot on soil New Year's Day, where the Red Cross was the first to meet and greet us.

I went to Camp Eustis, Va., where I was honorably discharged, after serving my country for twelve months in a victorious cause.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

In the midst of a forest fight I found three wounded men; French, I thought they were in the gloom. So I carried them into our trench. As I brought in the last one the officer said, "You are doing good work." I asked him why he thought so, and he answered: "You have brought in three wounded men and when we put the light on them we found they were Germans." Well, I am glad I saved them. I would have done so anyhow, had I known their nationality. Yet it is dangerous work helping a wounded German. I never helped another after one experience I had. It was one of the two occasions when I knew with certainty that I had killed a man. He was a wounded German soldier. We found him suffering and weak. But we knew we could save his life and were dressing his wound. My back was turned. He took a revolver out of his tunic pocket and fired pointblank at me. I do not know how I escaped death. Perhaps it was because his hand shook from weakness; perhaps my guardian angel turned aside that death bullet. Anyhow he had his revolver in his hand. We had to act quickly. My officer spoke a quick word, and I made sure that that particular Hun would never fire another shot.



Harry J. Flynn

Aviator Flynn's Story

Fought at Toul Sector, Metz and Sedan. Wounded in right shoulder and left hip by machine-gun bullets in airplane battle. Member of 1101st Aero R. Squadron. Born in Boston, Mass., May 23, 1892. Occupation, motor car salesman. Home, New York City.

BY PVT. HARRY J. FLYNN OF THE FLYING SQUADRON

I WAS standing on Fifth Avenue, New York, one day, watching a parade of soldiers and decided to enlist myself. Favoring the U. S. Marines, I went to the recruiting office on 23rd Street and Madison Avenue, but was turned down, being seventeen pounds underweight. I finally decided to try the army, and was accepted December 10, 1917.

After a few months' training at Camp Upton, New York, was sent overseas with a casual company. Dodging submarines for thirteen days, we arrived at Bordeaux, on the *Genoa River*. Two days in a rest camp to get rid of our sea legs, then two days and nights in cattle cars, we arrived at Choisy la Roi to complete our training.

While there I was fortunate enough to receive two permissions of ten hours each to visit Paris,

and I must say, Paris is some little town, and I certainly took advantage of the short leaves, never returning until the last moment.

About 2 o'clock one morning we received orders to move toward the front. There is no need to state how happy everybody was.

I was attached to a flying squadron with headquarters at Colonbey les Belles (meaning Columbia, the Beautiful), but I must say that I could never see anything beautiful about the place.

"Jerry" paid us a visit every night and very often twice a night. He had a bad habit of calling on us just as we were getting ready for chow, and that, of course, is a serious offense. There would be from five to ten plane, carrying four bombs each, weighing from ninety pounds to a ton. We could hear the machines' propellers purring around, and they made it pretty hot for us, while our chow would be getting cold, as everyone would duck for the dugouts; but not for long, as our anti-aircraft guns would soon get busy and put up a barrage that would keep the Hun on the jump and we would have to do some stunts to keep out of our own barrage.

One night we got him proper. It seems that a scout plane was sent in advance of the flying formation of German Gothas, but our observers were on the lookout for him, for we had received a warning by wire to be on the watch for enemy planes that night. A little French spad promptly took off, and, manœuvering for a position behind a dark cloud, awaited results.

We did not have to wait long, for along came

"Jerry" as if he were out for a joy ride. The alti-meter registered 800 meters or twenty-four hundred feet. "Jerry" was right below, circling around for his objective. Unknown to him, his position was being signaled to the men on the powerful searchlights and aircraft guns. Vol-planing away from the immediate field of fire, the searchlight blazed on the Gotha, and the guns opened fire. It did not take long before "Jerry's" plane burst into fire, and shot toward the earth, a mass of flames and twisted steel. I need not state what happened to the pilot and observer of the German plane. A picture of the burning plane shooting earthward in the darkness of the night is one that can be better imagined than described.

The formation that he was scouting for never arrived that night, but it seems that the Kaiser's forces sent over every German plane they had the following night, to get even with us, for they sure did give us hell, but that night's venture cost them two more planes with no material damage done to ours.

And then the big drive on Metz. Every plane that we had and every flying squadron that had planes that could carry bombs, went over on this drive. Our powerful Liberty planes, equipped with Liberty motors, proved their worth in this drive.

With the scout planes flying on the outside of the formation offering protection, there was no chance for enemy planes to break into this squadron.

This certainly was a big drive, with our powerful fourteen-inch guns below shooting their high explosive shells a distance of from twenty to thirty miles, and the smaller pieces that were nearer the enemy's lines, throwing over the seventy-fives like hail stones, and in the right places. It made one think that all the arsenals in the world had exploded, for our planes were also dropping their ninety-pound bombs of destruction.

There is a feeling of comfort and safety when one is riding along the boulevard in an up-to-date motor car, about forty miles an hour, and quite another to be two to three thousand feet in the air, traveling at from ninety to one hundred miles an hour, with every Boche anti-aircraft gun they could keep going, without our planes locating them, and "Jerry" planes flying around with both their machine guns open.

These guns are mounted on the crossling of the plane, or what is called the hood on an automobile, and are synchronized with the cams of the motor and shoot between the propeller blades, which turn at twelve hundred revolutions a minute and are so timed that they fire between the blades by a bodin release attached to the joy-stick of the plane, or the control stick, as it is more commonly known.

The more tuned up by the turning of the propeller, the faster the gun shoots; so one can imagine a little what it means to have a few planes shooting down into a detachment of enemy troops that are practically helpless, some 450 shells a

minute from each gun, with the plane rocking and swaying much like a row boat in a heavy sea.

Looking down, the scene was virtually a sea of flame and smoke. Looking up, the heavens were all ablaze like an intensified aurora borealis.

As I recall on this special night, both sides were using heavy pieces and although earth and sky were ablaze with the brilliancy and grandeur of the titanic bombardment, still it was the time things went dark for me.

Just before the event, I remember our machine going into a straight dive and imagined the pilot to be surely hit.

He straightened the plane out after a sensational drop of five hundred feet and I heard him open up both of our machine guns.

I grabbed the tourett guns, which were Lewis make, and swung them into position. Just as I was about to release the right-hand gun, a peculiar feeling of numbness and helplessness came over my right side from shoulder to finger tips. I was powerless to lift my hand to open up the gun.

Fate cheated me out of getting "Jerry," who was right over our plane. I felt sure that I never would have missed him if I could only reach over.

I tried again, this time with my left hand, and as I did so a feeling of dizziness came over me. I tried hard to overcome it. I endeavored to swallow it down, so as to keep my brain clear and unclouded.

I felt the plane shoot into another sharp nose

dive, and it seemed to me that I was turned to stone.

When I came to my senses, we were on the earth and my Buddy was kneeling beside me in the plane, trying to get me on my feet.

This was a difficult proposition, for in addition to a machine-gun bullet in my right shoulder, I was suffering from a partly dislocated left hip, due to a bad landing of the plane. I could not stand up or move.

Buddy lit a cigarette and stuck it in my mouth. He carried me in his arms to a place called Courzy, a distance of two kilometers, or a mile and a half. Laying me down in a barn, or what was once a barn, which was now a hospital, badly shot up, I must have relapsed into unconsciousness, for things suddenly became blank.

When I regained my senses, I found myself between immaculate white sheets and, lo and behold, the smiling face of a real American nurse, one that could say something besides "pas compris" or "cinq franc."

Through the wonderful treatment I received there at Base Hospital, No. 66, located at Neufchateau, I was up and convalescing in a short time. I used to hobble 'round with the aid of a cane with my arm in a sling.

I considered myself lucky compared to some of the other wounded boys there. Some of them were practically shot to pieces and suffered intense agonies.

Tried to get back to my outfit, for I wanted an opportunity to even up the score with "Jerry,"

but owing to the disability of my right arm I was transferred to the debarkation hospital at Brest.

While convalescing in the hospital, my thoughts reverted to my aeroplane experiences and I thought about a thousand and one things which I have not had time to set down here.

To any one who makes his first trip in the air, one thing is immediately and surprisingly noticeable. On the clearest days objects on the earth begin to blend together and there is usually a blue haze of varying density, not observable from the ground. I was informed that this haze and the lack of sharp contrasts was the greatest problem facing the aerial photographer; yet, the recording on plate and film of enemy terrain with definition of detail, such as bushes, trees, shell holes, paths and creeks, was vital for co-operation with the artillery and other land forces.

The American aviators and photographers advanced the use of special films and filters so that sharp pictures were made repeatedly through haze and mist so thick that the ground was concealed from the naked eye and the Germans believed they were safe from observation. In view of the tremendous speed of the planes and the small time allowed for each exposure, because of high altitudes and vibration of the airplanes, the aerial photographers felt that they had contributed materially toward victory.

A phase of aerial warfare which was closely associated with aeroplane service and which had its full share of dangers and thrills, was that of the observation balloons.

Many epics have been written about dashing cavalymen who had their horses shot from under them and lived to mount again and charge into the fray, but there were instances in France of American boys who had their balloons shot from under them half a dozen different times each.

It was the famous Ritchtoffen's circus of German aviators who made ballooning a precarious game on the Toul sector.

One observer, named Phelps, lost two balloons in one day. While aloft observing the enemy operations a plane attacked his "blimp." It was riddled with machine-gun bullets from the Germans. As it started to fall, Phelps and his companion jumped overboard, depending on their parachutes which landed them safely alongside their damaged balloon.

"I'm from Missouri, show me," said Lieutenant Phelps, as he aided in repairing the balloon and then, because the French artillery fire needed directing, went up again.

While waiting for the Allied fire to blow up the enemy dump five planes attacked the balloon. It caught fire this time.

As the airmen descended in their parachutes a second time, the German machines hovered about them, pouring bullets in their direction. They offered good targets but escaped unharmed.

"The life is filled with thrills," said Lieutenant Phelps. "But ballooning is essential. The machine-gun nests and artillery emplacements of the enemy must be located if our side was to be successful. We remained in the air throughout the

engagement, telephoning reports to headquarters below."

The observer always had his parachute attached to him, and was ready to make the leap for life at an instant's notice. Phelps said the average life of a balloon was two weeks, but he had seen three balloons demolished in five minutes. They were favorite targets with the enemy.

"On one occasion," he said, "Lieutenant Montgomery and I were making observations over the town of Bozaches. We heard the sound of motors in the air, but could not tell where it was coming from because of the dense fog which came up from behind. Suddenly, through a rift in the clouds, we saw a plane.

"Thinking it was one of ours, we prepared to salute its occupants, when we saw ten others. We gave the signal to be lowered at once, but before we could descend they were upon us, raining machine-gun bullets through our balloon. Over the side of the basket we went. As I floated down the burning balloon missed me by a narrow margin. I felt considerably relieved. That was a bit of a scare.

"At St. Mihiel the Boche took special delight in firing on our balloons with long-range guns. It wasn't much like my boyhood days in that little town in Missouri. That sort of play gets an observer's goat quicker than anything else. When the first shell screams overhead and bursts right in front and all about you, you just sit helplessly—a splendid target—quite conscious of the fact, and wonder where the next one is going to burst.

“Presently it comes whining from the distance. If something happens, remnants of balloon fabric will litter the fields of sunny France. Realizing this, the question naturally presents itself ‘to go or not to go,’ but like the captain of a ship, the observer sticks to the last. If he survives he comes down in the evening with nerves none the better for his experience.

“In the Argonne the day before the armistice I made my last flight. My companion and I were making observations. We were up 3,000 feet. No thought of the enemy. The sun was shining. The valley below was covered with mist, making the hills look like islands sticking out of the sea.

“We enjoyed the scenery for awhile. Then deciding it was no use to try to make observations, we gave the signal to be hauled down. At that instant a plane dropped into view and began shooting—at us. We spilled over the side. Our balloon exploded a moment later. We landed safely in the woods.”

But to get back to earth and complete my own story. After fourteen days of anxious waiting in the hospital at Brest, quite a number of us were lined up for inspection, preparatory to being sent back to the States. That was an anxious moment and, believe me, no one complained or limped or hobbled, if he could possibly avoid doing so, for home was looming up on the horizon.

The Red Cross boat took us out to the good ship *Mongolia* with an all-American crew and flying the good, old American flag. Ten days of fair weather with only one storm, and at eight o'clock

on the morning of the tenth day, the lady who typified what we were fighting for, Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, loomed up before us.

We certainly got some welcome in New York harbor. That was before they silenced the sirens and boat whistles when troopships were sighted coming up the bay.

I was taken in a Red Cross ambulance to De-barkation Hospital, No. 5, in New York City, where, after a little more treatment, I was transferred to Camp Merrit and thence to Camp Upton, from which I received my discharge papers, acclaiming me a civilian once more.

Home again! Here is the little fellow who was only five days old when I kissed him good-bye, not knowing whether I would ever see him again. He is now thirteen months old and the center of a happy household, with everyone contented, and the author of this simply told tale of his war experiences back on the job.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

The motor soars rather hoarsely. It quivers with a strange note in the avalanche of white, icy cold crystals and fatal "butterflies" that have their birth in the ice zone above the clouds. You stretch your hand out over the edge of the machine and instantly it is white; the white "butterflies" cling to it. The observer is still worse off. The gusts of wind swirl round him more violently. Swarms of white "butterflies" settle on his helmet, filling up the eyeholes.

A whole carpet of them lie on the floor of the plane between the observer's back and the oil and benzine reservoirs.

And now the whirling "butterflies" grow fewer. It

is becoming brighter. The Liberty motor roars louder, as if rejoicing in its victory over the elements. The airplane moves more evenly. A few minutes more and the clouds of the early November snowstorm are below us. We are above the clouds in the cherishing sunlight and the limitless blue sky. Aviators who traverse the kingdom of beauty above the clouds with their silver linings feel only a single wish—a dash toward the sun—to let go the handles of the rudder and give oneself up wholly to the observations of ethereal splendors.

All about us in tints of blue or rose, the silent vaporous hills, the deep precipices, spread out their gamut of soft or menacing, gentle or repellant tones. There are dark blue, black, green patches of secular forests; a setting, as it were, to bring out these effects of beauty. The plane goes still higher, still wider prospects open out around it, bathed in sunlight and everything below, about, above us seems to be molded of crystal and mother of pearl. You have to struggle to tear yourself away from this scene of transcendent beauty and fix your thoughts on “business” and war—a descent from heaven to hell.

* * * * *

My platoon was under a withering fire, before which we crumpled and melted away. We left the trench pressing forward. All hell seemed to rise suddenly from the bowels of the earth and pour over us flame and molten lead. The ground seethed from the exploding shells. My Sergeant shouted, “Into their trench!” I leaped in. Four Huns were trying to escape on the further side. I did not fire, intending to make them prisoners. But the only thing I took was a blow on the side of the head and away went my prospective prisoners. I crawled up the trench a few feet, and came upon two men trying to strangle each other. I thought then of motion pictures I had watched back home. But here was a more intense and terrible drama than ever the movie camera showed.



Chas. J. Galloway

Marine Galloway's Story

Fought at Belleau Wood and Chateau-Thierry. Shot in left leg, requiring amputation above the knee. Member of 5th Regiment, 66th Company, U. S. Marines. High School student, 18 years old, at time of enlistment. Said to be the youngest soldier of the American Expeditionary Force. Born in San Antonio, Texas, February 1, 1900. Home, San Antonio, Texas.

By PVT. CHARLES J. GALLOWAY, U. S. MARINE

WAS attending the High School in San Antonio, Texas, when I enlisted June 5, 1917.

Naturally, my father and mother and four brothers and four sisters all strenuously objected to me going off to war. However, I didn't run away exactly.

I told the Navy officials that I was nineteen years old, instead of eighteen, and that I had my parents' consent.

Including myself, there were ten boys between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five, who enlisted in the Marines at San Antonio. We were shipped to Paris Island, S. C., arriving there on June 10th, after a two-days' journey by rail.

At Paris Island we were drilled about six hours

a day from June to January. Our exercises consisted of infantry drill, bayonet practice and regular military training. We had plenty of well-cooked food and were comfortably quartered in barracks that were heated in cold weather.

On January 1st, we entrained at Paris Island for Norfolk, Va., and sailed for Europe five days later on the S. S. *DeKalb*, a captured German raider.

We landed in Brest, France, on January 11th, after an uneventful trip and were assigned to the so-called Canadian Barracks, which were located on the hill overlooking the harbor of Brest. There we remained for two months, being engaged most of the time in bayonet practice, which served me in good stead at a critical moment in my life, as my story will show.

We hiked part of the way from Brest to Nancy, finishing the trip in cattle cars, the allotment being forty men or eight horses to the car.

On the way from Brest, as we journeyed over the road, our hearts were often gladdened by the reception we received from the French people along the way. They were mostly aged men and women and young people, with here and there wounded soldiers, many of them lacking limbs. We were the recipients of gifts from the populace, including flowers, apples and other eatables.

From Nancy we took our departure for the now famous Belleau Wood, where the U. S. Marines distinguished themselves and lived up to traditions by stopping the German drive on Paris, in recognition of which service the French Gov-

ernment changed the name from Belleau Wood to Bois de la Brigade de Marine.

But I am getting ahead of my story. In hiking from Nancy we travelled in daytime for three days, camping at night by the roadside and sleeping in open fields. The earth was cold and damp, the frost being still on the ground.

We began to hear the rumble of war fifteen miles away from the firing lines. It sounded like thunder, growing more distinct as we wended our way toward the front.

The road wound through wooded sections and presently our attention was attracted to the "war birds," or airplanes, that were darting hither and thither in the sky. In all there must have been about two hundred of them hovering in the vicinity of Belleau Wood. It was our first glimpse of aerial warfare.

In the meantime, the roar of the artillery duel was increasing at every step. The majority of the boys maintained their nerve, but a few of them became restive and actually went crazy out of fear. I confess I was a little afraid myself at the thought of going up against Hun veterans.

However, I was not so much afraid of the Hun himself as I feared the insidious German gas. I felt strong and confident of my ability to hold my own with "Fritz" in a fair contest and the other boys felt likewise.

We were quartered in rest billets about five miles from the line of resistance. Some of the shells came over to our vicinity and burst right near us. A sergeant named Casey, from Arizona,

was killed about a quarter of a mile away, being struck on the arm and heart by shrapnel.

We went into action on June 5th, after hiking ten miles to the position assigned to us in the trenches. On the morning of the 7th we went "over the top" about 8:30 o'clock, following a barrage which lasted for five or six hours.

The Marines swept over No Man's Land, giving the Marine yell, and made a dash for the German trenches. We met with a temporary obstruction in the network of wire entanglements, but soon overcame all obstacles and plunged into the enemy's first-line trenches.

The Huns were waiting for us, but they were not waiting idly. Instead, they were pumping machine-gun bullets at us.

I quickly picked out a German captain as my man. He had his revolver drawn, but either his aim was bad or he was not as quick on his trigger as I was with my bayonet. I made a lunge for him and got him right. As he fell I noticed he had a pair of officer's shoes strapped over his shoulder, and, thinking they would come in handy, I grabbed them, just as we were ordered back to our own trenches.

We got back safely without much loss of life, bringing with us two hundred German prisoners, who were sent to the rear of our lines. I figured out that the German officer, whose shoes I still have among my war souvenirs, stood with revolver drawn to prevent his own men from running away.

I remained in the trenches until June 11th and

was then sent back to rest billets, preparatory to beginning the second drive on June 23rd.

I went "over the top" for the second time on the morning of June 27th, about eleven o'clock.

I got about half way across No Man's Land when shrapnel hit me on the left knee cap, knocking me unconscious.

I came to at five o'clock that evening in the dressing station behind the lines. I stayed there two days and they put me in a Ford ambulance and took me to Base Hospital No. 5, about five miles out of Nancy. The roads were in a terrible condition as the result of shell holes and I suffered great pain all the way.

The surgeon examined my wound and found that my knee cap was torn out completely. They kept me under treatment and observation until August 10th, on which date they operated upon me, amputating my left leg just above the knee.

I remained at the base hospital until the 3rd of October, when my leg was pronounced healed.

I was taken in a hospital train to Brest, the journey covering four days. Landing at Brest, we hiked up to the Canadian Barracks, which were already very familiar to me and I remained there until December 12th. These barracks were now occupied entirely by American wounded soldiers. Some of them, like myself, having left there four months previous, on the last lap of the Great Adventure.

While the Pontanezen Barracks, as they are known in France, are mighty interesting places for tourists or historians, they are about the last

place on earth an injured American soldier would select in which to convalesce.

The exterior of this historic prison is encircled by a brick wall some fifteen feet high, spiked at the top to prevent the escape of prisoners, who were incarcerated there in former wars.

In the centre is a large campus, surrounded by many low buildings, some of which were utilized by our government as supply depots, which in olden times were used as cells, dungeons and chambers of torture.

I have examined the wall known as the "Death Slab," where enemy spies were stood up and shot. The marks of numerous bullets still remain from the guns of firing squads.

But now, after being through all these different adventures, I will say that I am a happy boy to know that America was the cause of bringing the great European conflict to an end.

I sailed for America on the transport *La France* on December 12th, landing in Newport News on Christmas Eve. We went from there to the Marine barracks at Quantico, Va., just outside of Washington, D. C., from which I was discharged on March 13, 1919.

My only regret is that I am now totally disabled to answer any call should my own United States need me again.



David D. F. Crowley.

Sergeant Crowley's Story

Fought at Chateau-Thierry, Argonne Forest, Verdun. Wounded severely twice. Veteran of Spanish-American War, Philippine Insurrection and Chinese uprising. Wounded four times in all. Cited several times by both American and French governments. Home, Little Rock Drive, Oklahoma City, Okla.

By SERGT. DAVID E. F. CROWLEY

I SERVED nineteen months in the World War, being included among the first ten thousand American troops sent overseas in the American Expeditionary Force.

Previous to that I had performed military service under the Stars and Stripes in the Chinese uprising, the Spanish-American War, at Crickadore, Philippine Islands and McKinley Barracks.

I was wounded once in the Spanish-American War, once in China, and twice in the European War, namely, at Chateau-Thierry and Verdun.

I left the United States with the regular army in April, 1917, on the transport *Mount Vernon*, landing at St. Nazaire, France, on May 5th. From there we were sent across the English Channel to

Liverpool, thence to London, where we participated in a parade. From the English metropolis we journeyed back to France, arriving at Le Havre.

I was placed in charge of General Headquarters there and shortly after we were transferred to Paris, where we remained doing guard duty until July.

As soon as the Marines landed, the Second Division was organized and taken to Chateau-Thierry. I was in the first line trenches when the fighting started on July 17th. I was wounded there and received a decoration.

The deep Marne salient had been established by the great force of the German offensive at Chateau-Thierry. It was the opinion of our able commander, General Pershing, that the foe was particularly vulnerable at this point because of having placed itself in a pocket.

Without any warning the Germans woke up to a big surprise at dawn on that eventful day. The massed American and French artillery laid down a rolling barrage while the infantry began its charge.

Our boys of the First and Second Divisions were in perfect fighting condition when the battle began. They welcomed the announcement that they were to go "over the top." Intense excitement prevailed. The crucial hour had come. The faces of the soldiers were a study. They indicated that each man knew that there was bloody work ahead.

The enemy had begun to make a stubborn

defense with artillery and machine-guns and the airplane observers reported that large numbers of reserves were being brought up.

The fighting continued for five days. In that time the boys of the First Division, fighting in characteristic American spirit, had met the Huns and conquered them at every point. Large numbers of prisoners were taken and the cry of "Kamerad!" was being frequently heard from individuals and groups of the picked troops of the German divisions.

The advance of the First Division continued day after day until it had reached its objective, the heights above Soissons, and captured the village of Berzy-le-Sec. The Second Division was also sweeping onward in one advance after another. The Huns, who had up to this time been acting on the offensive, now began to realize that they were on the defensive and their morale began to weaken. No less than 7,000 prisoners were taken by the First and Second Divisions in this drive.

It was just about dusk in the thick of the battle that I was wounded at Chateau-Thierry, while on detachment service. I was engaged in taking orders from General Headquarters, Twenty-eighth Infantry, to Battery B, 67, C. A. C. The shell fire was heavy, as is stated in the citation awarding me the Croix de Guerre, which contains the following statement: "On his way he located Lieutenant Knott out in 'No Man's Land' in the hands of the Germans. After killing the two Germans, recovered Lieutenant Bruce T. Knott, delivered

his orders, returned to his duty as Master Gunner."

I was also wounded at Verdun, September 23, 1918, by German shrapnel. I was brought back to the dressing station and from there forwarded to the field hospital at Souilly. From there I was transferred to a Paris hospital for convalescents and thence to Limoges.

I fought in the battle at Argonne Forest. The barrage went up at midnight and lasted until seven in the morning, when the American infantry went over. The infantry advanced so fast that the artillery couldn't keep up with them.

In the attack we penetrated the barbed wire entanglements and advanced over the shell craters across No Man's Land, capturing all the first line defences. In spite of machine-guns and artillery and an increasing number of enemy reserve divisions, the American forces penetrated to their objectives.

It was the hardest kind of fighting I had ever witnessed. Thousands of American soldiers will never forget the Argonne Forest, which, with its hills and ravines and dense thickets, served as shelter for the enemy. The Argonne Forest was generally regarded by British and French troops as impregnable.

However, we forced our way through, taking more than ten thousand prisoners. Much praise is due to our American engineers for the assistance they rendered the troops. In the darkness of night they built new roads over the shell-torn craters, repaired broken roads and built bridges.

The Huns counter-attacked, supported by heavy artillery, fire and gas. Their snipers, concealed in trees together with continuous lines of machine-guns hidden in the thickets, did deadly work. But in spite of all obstacles and dangers the American troops continued on the aggressive and wore down the enemy until victory was achieved.

How did I come to be awarded the American Distinguished Service Cross? That was in connection with finding Lieutenant Baker in the field, with one leg off. I brought him back under heavy fire to the dressing station.

My service in the World's War covered a period of two years and two months. Besides the Croix de Guerre and the Distinguished Service Cross, I carry three American citations and regimental soldier cord.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

For four years the French and Germans had been at each other's throats fighting for Verdun and had used a vast amount of artillery in the attempts of each to dislodge the other from his positions. As fast as trenches were demolished they were rebuilt deeper than before. Some of them were made of concrete. Engineer parties were continuously putting up new barbed wire to replace that which had been levelled. All through the sector the heavy forest that had formerly been there had been blasted out of existence and the underlying earth had been torn up again and again. Great adjoining craters, twisted iron and steel and all kinds of military equipment were scattered all over the place.

Rats? What did you ever read of the rats in the trenches? Next to gas, they still slide on their fat bellies through my dreams. Poe could have got new inspiration from their dirty hordes. Rats, rats, rats, tens of thousands of rats—I see them still, slinking from new meals on corpses, crunching between battle lines, their hellish feasts. Full fed, slipping and sliding down into the wet trenches they swarm at night—and more than one poor wretch has been attacked and his face partly eaten off by them while he slept.

* * * * * * *

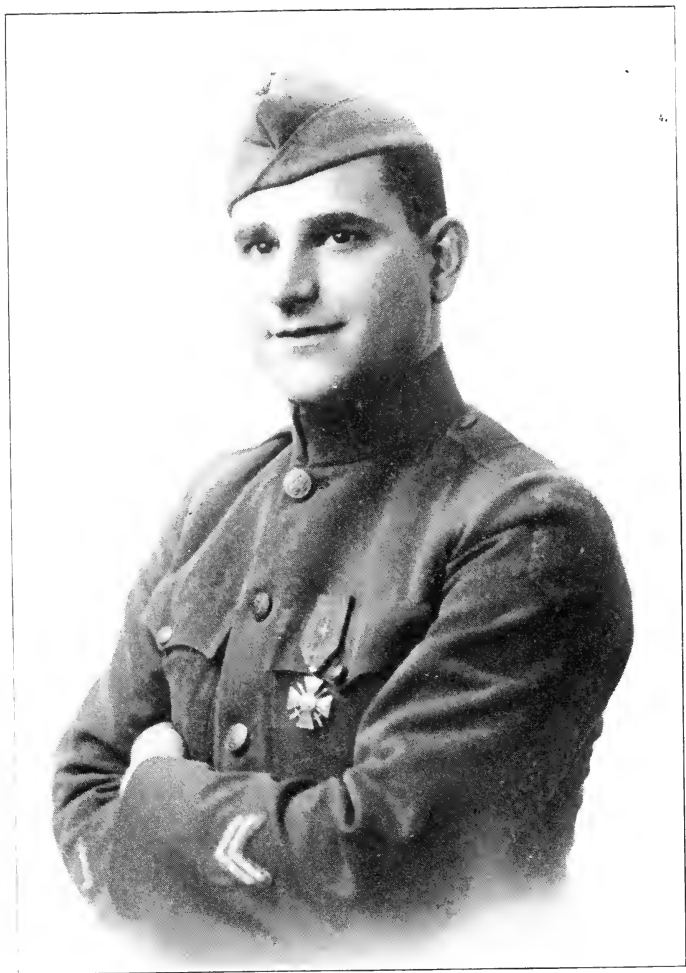
Stench? Did you ever breathe air foul with the gasses arising from a thousand rotting corpses? Dirt? Have you ever fought half madly through days and nights and weeks unwashed, with feverish rests between long hours of agony, while the guns boom their awful symphony of death, and the bullets zip-zip-zip ceaselessly along the trench edge—that's your skyline—and your deathline, too, if you stretch and stand upright?

* * * * * * *

I was on detail for three weeks, during which time we were subject to air raids from Bosche planes every night. One morning in particular, about 2 o'clock, eight German planes came over and nearly blew the town to pieces. After a steady bombardment of an hour and a half, the French moved their anti-aircraft guns around the city on trucks and succeeded in bringing down each and every one of the eight planes. It was a splendid sight to see the sky all aflame with the burning machines. The most amusing part of this air raid was to observe the French soldiers fleeing into dugouts with their supper of war bread and cheese, and also their canteen of vin rouge, prepared to stay there all night, while all the Americans were outside enjoying the excitement.

* * * * * * *

It was such a horrible grind that one of the boys in the company, who had been studying to be a minister before he left home, learned to swear worse than any man in the whole outfit.



Sgt Howard Cooper

Sergeant Cooper's Story

Fought at Cantigny, Picardy Front, Montdidier Salient. Severely wounded all over the body by mustard gas. Member Headquarters Company, 18th Infantry, First Division. Born in New York City, January 14, 1895. Occupation, salesman.. Home, Bronx Borough, New York City.

By SERGT. COOPER

ON the 13th day of November, 1917, thirteen members representing Local Board No. 4, of the Bronx, left for Camp Upton and arrived there on the thirteenth hour of that day. Of this detachment I was the thirteenth name on the list.

We were marched to a receiving barracks where we were shown to our bunks and had our first army feed out of our new and shining mess kits. After spending a few days there, I was sent to a depot brigade, where I was given my first outfit in clothing and full field equipment. I was then transferred to the First Provisional Recruit Battalion, where I spent a few weeks preparing for overseas, to do duty with the First Division.

On the 15th day of January, 1918, we were given orders to have our packs made up and be prepared

to leave the next morning. On January 16th, we took our first step towards "over there." We left camp at 3:00 A.M., and boarded trains for Jamaica, L. I., thence on a ferry boat to the White Star Line pier in the North River, where we embarked on the steamship *Celtic*, which was bound for Liverpool.

January 17th, we left New York and on the 20th, reached Halifax, where we saw the ruins of the terrific explosion, which had occurred there a few weeks before. On the 21st, we sailed for Liverpool in a dense fog, when five hours out, we hit the steamer *Montreal*, headed for Canada, and sunk her. We stood by and saved her crew.

We landed in Liverpool on January 29th, boarded a train and went to Winchester to a rest camp. We were there about three days and then left for Southampton, where we embarked and crossed the English Channel for France, landing on February 2nd at Le Havre.

We were taken to a rest camp, a distance of about five miles, and rested over night. The following day we boarded trains and rode for three days and two nights to St. Aignon. We were among the first American troops to land at this town and were given a hearty reception by the French people.

After a quarantine of ten days we hiked from St. Aignon to Pont le Voy, a distance of twenty-six kilometers. It was at this place the First Provisional Recruit Battalion disbanded and we filled in the company of the 26th Infantry Training Battalion for service at the front.

After a few days of hard training, a detachment of the outfit which I was among was sent to fill the places of the men that were killed and wounded while at the Toul Sector, which we were proud and glad to do. It was M Company of the 18th Infantry that I was placed in and certainly was given a welcome hand by the boys who fought so well at the Lorraine and Toul fronts. This outfit was part of the First Division and the first men to reach France. I was glad to get with them and promised the boys I would avenge the death of the comrade whose place I filled.

A few days later there came a call for men who had some knowledge of telephone and telegraph work to fill the signal section of the Headquarters Company, as we were going to a front where these men were needed greatly. Having some knowledge of this work, I volunteered for same and was transferred to that section.

From March 21st to 25th the Germans were making a great drive toward Amiens and Montdidier, along the Somme, on the Picardy front. All eyes were turned on this sector, including ours, as Amiens is a great railroad junction and had many supplies there.

It was on April 5th that the call came for us to be ready to move forward to the front, so we left Travera that night. We boarded trains and rode all night and day to the Isle of Adam, a few kilometers from Paris, towards our long hike to the Somme. We hiked day after day and night after night. Along the road we were kissed and hugged by refugees who were fleeing from their

homes and pleaded with us to save their houses, as the Germans were bombarding and destroying everything they owned. It was a pitiful sight and it put more fight into us. As we were getting closer and closer to the front, we could see the town just torn apart and all the buildings demolished.

We finally hit a little town called Collumel, just behind the lines, where we were given billets to rest in. At night we could hardly sleep, as the town was being bombed and you could hear the roar of the big guns.

On the evening of April 24th, at 7 P.M., the signal section of the 18th Infantry was the first to leave for the front. We put on our packs, cleaned our rifles and started for our hike toward the big show. At 9 o'clock we landed at the artillery emplacements to take our last turn to the lines. It was not yet dark at that hour so our officer in command did not attempt to march us in until it got darker.

While we were resting alongside the hill, I saw the first shell that the Germans fired, which struck a little house where a couple of Frenchmen were resting after hard work in the lines. One of them was killed and the other wounded in his left leg. Our medical men went to their aid. At 10 o'clock we took the turn and went to our dugout at Villers Tunnel, a little town in front of Cantigny. That night we went for our supplies of wire and telephones, to start putting up and repairing the lines that were torn apart by German shells. I was placed at Regimental Headquarters and re-

paired the lines that were broken between there and the front lines.

We went to the post assigned us and relieved the Algerians, who were spent from three weeks of hard fighting. They had done good work, as they stopped the Germans after they made the British retreat for a great distance. They were glad, indeed, to see us, as this was the second time they were relieved by the Americans. Corporal Loughlin and myself worked as partners, as it takes two men to replace one line, each man getting an end.

Our first call was line No. 11, and Loughlin and myself went out together. As we were crawling along to fix the line, we heard moaning of some man that was wounded, who proved to be a French soldier. After repairing our line, we carried him in and to the French Regimental Hospital. We had no more than got him in when we went to the aid of one of our own men, by the name of Private Maxfield, who was hit in the right shoulder and hand. He was the first one wounded at this front from our company.

The next night the Second Battalion entered and took possession of the front lines. Night after night the fighting was fierce and we were ordered to stand to, as the Germans were coming over, but they never came.

On April 28th, our Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, which was a big blow to us. He was in command of the Third Battalion and a man who had seen service with the Canadians before the United States entered the war. That same night

our patrols brought in a machine-gun and four Germans. After the examination of these Germans, we found that the 99th German Regiment and the Prussian Guards were our opponents.

About midnight one night, while repairing a line running from Regimental Headquarters to the front lines, I heard the moaning of one of our men who seemed to be wounded and calling for help. I crawled on my hands and knees to where the man lay in No Man's Land. I found him to be a Captain of a Company of our second battalions. He was wounded in his right arm, just below the shoulder, by shrapnel. His arm was hanging limp and he was bleeding profusely. I pulled my first-aid kit from my belt and bandaged his wound. I then tore off one of my leggings and tied his arm to his body, and then carried him half a kilometer to the regimental infirmary, in the midst of heavy shell fire. The Captain was unconscious nearly all the way and consequently a dead weight. I was covered with blood and thoroughly exhausted when I reached the infirmary.

Our night patrols were successful every night and we boys stuck to our jobs of repairing the lines and keeping up excellent communications between all points of the front. On May 1st, about 3 P.M., a shell hit the top of our wireless dugout, which was about 50 yards from my hole in the ground, and caved it in. There were seven of our boys in that dugout. Sergeant Bush, who was in charge, came to our dugout to notify us that

the boys were all smothered to death and asked for our help.

I was shaving at the time and had the lather still on my face. I threw my razor from my hand and ran to the assistance of my comrades. I could see the head of Private George Lightfuss just sticking up and in an unconscious condition. I lost no time in digging away with a little pick-axe that I had and got him out. I carried him down to the regimental infirmary and when he came to he went out of his mind. I was recommended highly by the Major of the infirmary for carrying a wounded man in in broad daylight.

At this front the Germans had Hill 100 and could see every move we made. All day and night we dug for the rest of the boys, but when we got them out they were all dead. They were Privates Johnson, Brown, Dalton, Hackett and Corporal Kirby.

On May 3rd, at 8 P.M., the Germans started to pepper us with mustard gas. Thousands and thousands of shells were fired on us and the gas attack lasted until noon the next day. For sixteen hours I worked with my mask on, never removing it from my face. I kept on repairing line after line, and man after man kept falling to the ground. We had an awful lot of casualties on the occasion of this attack, but we stuck. There were only twenty-one of us out of one hundred and twenty-five men left to repair lines from Regimental Headquarters and Corporal Boldt was in charge of the bunch.

The corporal announced that five men were

needed to repair the lines leading to the French, who were on our left. The lines were in bad shape. Privates Chase, Magee, Robertson, Corporal Boldt and myself volunteered to do the work. We were all tired out and it was getting near daybreak. We crawled our way through the fields down to the French lines. We passed many men lying dead on the field of battle. Hungry, worn and tired, we stuck to our jobs. At 12 o'clock off went our masks. We could still smell the gas, but it was very weak. I shared my last drop of water with my comrades. Our bodies were burnt by the gas, but we were only a handful of men left and we had to stick it out until we could get relief.

We were cited here for our heroic work and ordered to leave for the hospital, which we refused to do. For eleven days we stuck to the job, every day getting weaker and weaker. On the 14th day of May, I collapsed and was taken to the hospital. On the following day our outfit was relieved, but only for a short time. A period of five days was devoted to practice for the great advance for the capture of Cantigny, which was later called "The Great American Test," as this was the first successful battle of the American troops.

On the 24th of May, after being released from the hospital, I rejoined my outfit and went to the support of the 28th Infantry, who relieved us at Villers Tunnel.

Villers Tunnel was all torn by shell fire. There was a chateau there which Private Josephberg, Corporal Loughlin and myself entered, and it was

the prettiest place you ever saw. I went into one room where there was a piano and played "The Star Spangled Banner." No sooner had I finished than shells came flying through the building. Evidently "Fritz" had recognized the American national anthem and did not like it.

In some houses you could see the tables with foodstuffs on them. It seemed as if the people were having their meals at the time the first German shells hit the place, and they had to run right out of their homes.

On May 28th, at 2 A.M., the orders were given to move forward. French and British tanks led the way and everything kept moving. The battle was on. Cantigny was ours in thirty-five minutes. Hill 100 was in our possession, the Boches were driven back and 1,000 prisoners taken. They were indeed surprised to see us Americans and could never believe that we were so strong as to beat them back so fast.

After the advance and capture of Cantigny you could see out in No Man's Land, bodies of British, Algerians, Germans and Americans piled high.

After capturing Cantigny, the Germans tried nine counter-attacks on us, but as little as was left of us, they could not move us back one inch. We have taught the Germans what the name "American" means and, believe me, they know it now.

My gas wounds, not being healed up, caused odors around my body and again I was sent to the hospital. I was rushed to Field Hospital, No. 13, then to No. 12, and thence to a French Hospital where I received oil treatments. My body

was soaked with oil all the time. I was burned black. My speech was gone and I could talk only in whispers. After spending fifteen days in the French Hospital, I was sent to American Base, No. 1, in Paris, then to Contrexiville.

It was here that I received my citation and Croix de Guerre "for keeping up communications during a severe gas attack that lasted sixteen hours and, after being burned by the gas, refused to be evacuated, and for rescuing a captain of my regiment after he was severely wounded."

I was then sent to a convalescent hospital at Nantes. After spending eleven weeks at this hospital, I was discharged and sent back to St. Aignon, only to find the place changed. A large classification camp was built there, where all men are sent to from the hospitals to be classified, and if their wounds are healed and they are in good shape, they are sent back to their outfits and into action once more. I went before the board and was classified C,—unfit for the trenches,—as my wounds were not all healed up. I could not walk much or carry any equipment.

I was next sent to Prisoner of War Escort Company, No. 4, to do guard duty. On September 10th, I received a promotion to Corporal and on October 9th was given another promotion to Sergeant. I was at the camp until January 1st and was then transferred to the 164th Infantry to leave for the States.

After getting ourselves into shape for our return toward "Home, Sweet Home," we left St. Aignon for Brest on January 27th. We left Brest

on February 8th on the U. S. S. *President Grant* and landed at Hoboken, February 26, 1919. On March 8th I was honorably discharged from Camp Dix.

The following cable dispatch appeared in many American newspapers, while the World's War was at its height:

(International News Service)

“With the American Army in France, May 22, 1918.—Five youngsters attached to the signal unit of an American Infantry Regiment on the Picardy front refused to go to the hospital for gas treatment, and worked for eleven days keeping up telephone communication. They are known as ‘The Gritty Five.’ Whether they do or not get decorations, they won the admiration of all their comrades.

“Sergeant Howard Cooper, a New York Boy, when asked for particulars, told the following story:

“I used to work in the International News Service, New York Office. I know all the gang. The fellows with me were Privates Charles E. Chase, Arthur McGee, both of Seattle, and Robertson, and Corporal Boldt. The Germans were peppering us with mustard gas. They had broken up our lines and we were repairing them. We worked for hours and the masks got uncomfortable. After a while Chase and McGee swapped masks. One of the masks got lost in the excitement.

“Corporal Boldt said somebody had to do the

work and asked if we would stick. Every fellow in the gang said he'd stick till hell froze over. Well, we stuck, that's all.

"Before our outfit went into the front line we were billeted in a house that had a piano. I used to play, Private Joseph Berg, of Brooklyn, sang, and Corporal Loughlin, of New York, danced buck and wing. There was no roof on the house, but we kept the rain away with the piano canvas. One day a shell came and a fragment snapped two of the piano wires, but it didn't hurt the keyboard tone much. Later a shell smashed the whole thing.

"When the family went away during the German drive, they left the cow behind. Our captain put a mule's gas mask on the cow every time there was a gas attack. We milked her every day until a shell tore a hole in her side—that was the end of the milk trust. We had to execute "Bossey."

"In our dugout we had a rat that stole about a third of our rations. One day one of the fellows popped it with his automatic. You can tell the folks we are getting great treatment at the hospitals."



Jack Barthgate

Corporal Bathgate's Story

Fought at Chemin de Dames, Mont Sec, Seicheprey, Toul Front. Wounded by shrapnel in left leg and right knee. Taken prisoner by a Bavarian Regiment and confined for months in German prison camps. Member of Company C, 102nd Infantry, 26th Division. Born Liverpool, England, June 24, 1898. Occupation, toolmaker. Home, New Haven, Conn.

By CORP. JACK BATHGATE

ON June 22nd, 1916, when President Wilson called for volunteers to go to the Mexican Border, I enlisted in Company C, of the 2nd Regiment, Connecticut National Guard, known then as the Sarsfields Guards, of New Haven, Conn.

We left New Haven, June 24th, and went to a mobilization camp at Niantic, Conn., where both the First and Second Regiments were mobilizing to entrain for the Border.

I, being one of the new recruits, thought at first that I would have to wait for the second batch to go, as only the older men were going down first. However, there were seven men discharged for physical disabilities, and I was one

of the lucky ones to be picked as a replacement.

On the night of June 27th, we entrained and July 3rd, arrived at Nogales, Ariz., where we got our first taste of the alkali dust of the deserts. The altitude of Nogales is 2,700 feet above the sea level, and it took some little time for the boys to become acclimated; several of them, in the meantime, suffered from hemorrhages and other illnesses caused by change of climate.

We remained at the Border for six months, policing the line and engaging in manœuvres with the First Regiment of Connecticut and also a California regiment. At six o'clock one morning, we received orders to break camp and entrain for home. Two weeks after our arrival in our home State, we were mustered out of the service.

On March 28th, 1917, we were again called out. We remained in our armory in New Haven for three days and were then assigned to guard the La Point Broaching Machine Company, where Companies A and B of our regiment were also stationed.

April 6th, 1917, the day war was declared by the United States against Germany, a detail from our company was assigned to go down with the customs officers and seize the German Steamship *Willahead Bremen*, which was in port.

On July 5th, we were sent to camp just outside of the Yale Bowl to train for overseas duty. On September 18th, after two and one-half months of intensive training, we marched to the Winchester Yards and got aboard the train. We travelled North to Montreal, Canada, getting our last

glimpse of the U. S. A. for some time to come, at Newport, Vt.

At Montreal we embarked on the R. S. S. *Messanabie*, and steamed down the St. Lawrence River to Halifax, where we stayed one week, during which time we hiked for two hours through the town.

We then pulled anchor and started on our journey across the Atlantic for Somewhere in Europe. We arrived at Liverpool, England, where we got aboard a train and travelled to Southampton. We detrained and marched to our camp at Bitterton Commons, where we were first introduced to "Mr. and Mrs. Cootie."

After seven days we went back to Southampton, boarded the Steamship *Archangel* and journeyed across the Channel to La Havre, France. We hiked from La Havre over some good-sized hills to Rest Camp, No. 1. Thinking that we were going to remain here for some time, we started to make ourselves at home as best we could, but in a few hours, were ordered to fall in to march down to the train, to be taken to our training grounds.

We were under the impression that we were going to be near Paris, but the farther we travelled, the farther away Paris seemed. Finally we arrived at Chatenois in the Vosges region, only to find that someone had blundered and we had travelled twenty-seven kilometers past our destination, and had to hike back to the town of Landeville.

We were put into barracks that let in both the

sunshine and rain. The mud was two inches thick upon the floors upon which we slept for one week until bunks had been built for us. Not being in charge of a squad at the time, I had to go chasing around to find a squad with one man shy so that I could have a bunk. I finally found one with my old pal, Ira Watson, who was the heavyweight champion of our Company; only eighteen years old and weighing over two hundred pounds.

We had our first real meal here on Christmas Day, which consisted of turkey, sweet potatoes and a whole pie each. The cooks had to work so hard to get the meal ready, we had only one meal that day.

We left Landeville February 5th, not at all sorry, after four months' intensive training in mud and water and all kinds of weather. We hiked back to Chatenois and went aboard box cars again and travelled two days and two nights to Blaisne. We hiked from there, twenty-five kilometers, to a woods on the Chemin de Dames front where we stayed for one day and resumed our hike, arriving at Celles where we were in the support of the 101st Infantry of our Division. We stayed here two weeks when we received the order that we were to take the second line.

We left that night at five o'clock, and arrived at Fort Malamazone at midnight. We went right into the lines, relieving Company K of the Third Battalion of our Regiment.

We were here for seven days working night and day, when we were ordered to move further up the valley and take a stronghold. We relieved

Company A of their position at ten o'clock at night.

After being there seven days with very little food, we were finally relieved by a French regiment and went back to the village of Jouy where we thought we would at least have some rest nights. Three days later we had orders to string barbed wire along the top of the ridge. We started in at two o'clock in the morning and stopped at eight, when it became too light.

All was very quiet for the first two days, but on the third day we stayed up there a little too long. The Germans saw us from their observation planes, and started the artillery firing shells over at us, which forced us to give up our task for that day. The next night when we went back to resume our work, "Jerry" sent over a heavy gas barrage. He kept shelling the ridge heavily every night which made it difficult for us to work.

About March 20th we were ordered to pack our kits and get ready to move. We started out next day and hiked to Chesne, where we stayed in a chalk quarry over night. The following morning we resumed our hike to Braisne.

We went aboard box cars which had been previously occupied by horses and had not been cleaned. We started on our trip at five o'clock in the evening and arrived at Pre la Chateau early the following morning.

We then started on another hike of 170 kilometers to our rest camp at Alainville, where we expected to stay at least one month, and found out two days later that we were to take up an-

other sector. The morning of the third day we were piled into French auto trucks and taken up through Toul, where we got out of the trucks and hiked to the town of Mandres, which was under constant heavy shell fire.

The following day, which was Easter Sunday, we hiked to the front line in the Mont Sec sector and relieved one of the companies of the 28th Infantry.

Nothing of importance occurred until April 5th, when Private Lane, D. S. C., was bringing rations down to my outpost, he being in charge of the detail, as his corporal was sick. He had left me and was walking down the trench to feed another outpost when he was halted by someone speaking French, who turned out to be a leader of a German raiding party that had sneaked through our outpost.

Knowing the danger to the men on the outpost, Lane's first thought was to give warning, so he attacked the party, shooting the leader between the eyes and causing the rest of them to scatter in all directions.

I heard the shots and the explosion of a grenade, and told my men, who were at their automatic rifles, to open fire in the direction of the noise. I heard at least two of the fleeing Boches call to us not to fire as they were friends. Not liking the kind of friends that came over to us at night with hand grenades and other deadly weapons, we kept on firing until we thought it safe to stop. Some of the party who had been stationed in No Man's Land returned fire on us

either with a machine-gun or a rapid-fire rifle of some description, but caused no casualties on our side.

Two days later Company A was scheduled to relieve us, and we were all packed up ready to move when we received notice that an attack by German shock troops was expected that night, and we were to hold our positions another night.

I was ordered by my Lieutenant to watch out for two white star rockets which would be sent up by a patrol near the German barbed wire entanglements as they would be the order for the outposts to return to the line of resistance. Nothing occurred this night, and we were relieved the following night at twelve o'clock.

We went back to Rambeaucourt where we stayed in support for six days. We then went back to the town of Mandres, staying there about four days, and on April 19th went into the trenches in the Seicheprey sector. My platoon took up a stronghold in the Remier Woods.

When we left the town of Mandres we went along the famous road to Metz for about a quarter of a mile. Then, to save losing many men by going to Beumont and around Dead Man's Curve, where the Germans knew just the minute an ambulance, or in fact when any of our men, guns or supplies went by, they would send what seemed to us like everything that was manufactured by Krupps, over at us.

These are some of the names the boys christened them: First comes the "whizz-bangs," which are fired in rapid succession and burst as

soon as they hit, not like others that bury themselves before exploding. Then comes the "h. e." (high explosives). Next the "Minnewerfer," that grunts on the way over and are mostly fired from the front line. Then the "flying pigs," as large as a good-sized ash barrel that seem to say as they are flying through the air, "Give me room, give me room"; and you can wager when we heard them, we gave them all the room they wanted, because when they landed, they lifted something. We didn't go over there to die for our country unless absolutely necessary, but to make some Hun die for his, and to the best of my knowledge most of us did or tried pretty hard to accomplish our purpose.

However, we didn't go on that road at Dead Man's Curve, but cut through a shell-torn field, tripping over barbed wire and falling into shell holes, and finally hitting the road again. We marched on until we reached the town of Seicheprey, which I thought looked more like a pile of debris. The only thing left standing that I could see at night, was the church steeple.

Leaving the town, our platoon—or what was left of it after they had taken some of our men to fill up the others—was left with about twenty or thirty men to hold the Remier Woods which was a stronghold.

As we went into the woods, the last words of our Captain were: "Hold out against the Huns under any conditions." We next met our guide, who took us to our Acting Sergeant, who told me to pick out a good bomb thrower, and I picked

Ezra Woods of New Milford, Conn., and took along my gunner and first and second feeder. He told me I was to have an outpost not more than fifty yards from the German trenches, and asked for ammunition and clips for my automatic rifle (Chauchat), which before starting for this sector I was told we would get from the ammunition in the second line. I had asked for over two weeks for them while in support, but had failed to get them.

As luck would have it, we got eight and a good supply of ammunition, but only two hand grenades for each of us. I was told I would get a couple of boxes of grenades as soon as the runner could get to the dump and get them.

The corporal of Company K, whom we were relieving, told me that the Huns came over on raiding parties every night, through these woods, but as the orders were to withdraw all troops to the line of resistance before eleven o'clock, we were safe. However, having my orders from my Captain, we stayed and so did the rest of the company.

All went well until 11.30 o'clock, when someone tried to get through our wire. We immediately opened fire, having been shown just how far over to the right, that being marked by a half-shattered tree, and over to the left by a much larger tree. The noise was between the two, and thinking that the Huns were at our wire, as I said, we fired.

About one o'clock Lieut. Koenig came up to me and asked me if I ordered the men to fire.

When I told him that I did, he asked me how far I was told my point of fire extended over to the right.

After I had told him, he looked at his compass and told me that I had been given the wrong points, but said I had a good gunner, as the bullets that were fired made one of our listening posts keep down in a shell hole, thus causing no damage.

April 20th at three o'clock in the morning, the Hun artillery started to throw over a barrage, and having orders to fall back to my day position as soon as a barrage started, we fell back to an old trench that the company in ahead of us had just started to repair, just in time, for the shells were falling fast. The fire started to creep up to the trench we were in.

It hit our trench and before I knew it, something hit me in my right knee, then through the calf of my left leg. Thinking they were just scratches, I didn't bother about them, but lay on the firing step until the barrage lifted. If anything was hell, that was! Shells hitting and exploding all around us. Then, all of a sudden it lifted, and up we jumped.

At first we couldn't see any Huns. Then three came in sight, and as soon as they saw us they threw up their hands. Knowing their tricks, we were ready for them when they started to shoot from behind trees, and we dropped them.

Next, some with Red Crosses on their arms, came out. At first we did not fire, but told them to get back, and all their answer was to heave

some grenades at us, but doing no damage. We then opened fire on them.

It finally got too hot for us, but we had orders to stick. The Sergeant was just on the left of me, and I had made up my mind that I would stay as long as my men and ammunition lasted.

The Sergeant came down the trench with his men and told me we were surrounded and the best thing to do was to fight our way back while we had a little ammunition left. Jumping out of the trench, we started back, meeting a bunch of Huns. One had a liquid fire tank on his back and I fired at him, as I didn't like that stuff, and thought it better out of the way. Whether I hit him or not, I don't know, as I wasn't the only one firing. However, he went down on his knees, holding his stomach, and I fired again. This time he fell into a shell hole.

We started off in another direction, running up against about two or three hundred Huns. We had only eleven men in the beginning and then only ten, as my bomber, Ezra Woods, had dropped into a trench after being hit by a Hun bullet; but he had fired at the same time dropping one of the Huns. He was certainly game.

As the Huns were pushing us pretty hard, we had to leave him, without knowing the true status of his injuries. A little farther on, we met a batch of fifty or more Germans with an American officer, whom they had captured. At first we didn't recognize the officer, but upon looking for a second time, Corporal Barry recognized him as the commander of our platoon, Lieutenant Koenig.

Dropping into shell holes, we waited until the party was almost on top of us, then opened fire, killing and wounding quite a number of them. We rescued our Lieutenant and made another attempt to get back to our line of resistance.

Private Umber of Middletown, Conn., was leading the way. We had gone but a short distance when he sighted some "Jerries" in front of us, and as he turned around to inform us of the danger, one of the approaching Huns fired at him, hitting him through the stomach. We all dropped into shell holes, and kept up our fire until our ammunition was all used up. I received two schrapnel wounds, one through the calf of my leg and the other in the right knee, which were causing me very much pain.

Finally, the Lieutenant told us we had better surrender. The Heinies came up to us, and their leader, seeing that we were unarmed, ordered us to put up our hands which we would not do.

The German officer asked us where the rest of our company was, and when he learned that there were only ten of us, expressed surprise that a handful of Americans could fight so well. He told us that we fought as though we were hunting wild animals, and one of our men told him that we were.

They took nearly all our shoes from us and made us hike back fifteen kilometers behind their lines without letting us rest, and as we were all wounded, were in pretty bad condition when we finally arrived at the village where we got our first taste of German hospitals.

My wounds were bound up and I was put into an ambulance and taken to a clearing station alongside a railroad station, where I remained over night. The following morning we were put aboard a hospital train and taken to a hospital in Labrey, in Lorraine, which was an old French barracks belong to the Seventh Chasseurs.

I stayed there for three months. My wounds were bandaged with paper, and received only one treatment a week.

On the night of June 14th I left the hospital and was sent to Saubruge, which is on the border between Lorraine and Germany. With us was Captain Hall, of the U. S. Flying Corps, who told us that this city was the most bombed city on the German side. We had not been there more than two days when we got a taste of a good air raid; and every day for ten days our planes came over two or three times a day.

We were on the top floor of the hospital, and there being no Red Cross on the roof to signify that it was a hospital, our planes dropped bombs all around us. This was the old barracks of the Seventh Westphalian Dragoon Regiment. They still maintained the drill grounds, right outside the hospital, and our aviators could see them drilling quite plainly. This is the first place we were permitted to write from, and were told that we could write one post card a week and two letters a month.

Up to this time we had heard nothing about the Red Cross relief work for prisoners of war, so we informed the Red Cross in Paris and about

a month later received word that packages were being forwarded to us.

We left Saubruge for Camp Limburg, Germany, which was full of filth, mud and disease. I contracted Spanish fever and was sick for a while. Knowing that there were packages at the Post for us, we asked why we did not receive them. The officers in charge gave us no satisfactory answer, but two weeks later let us have one package each, which we were overjoyed to receive, as we had had no real food since we hit Germany.

We soon ran short of food and then the French, who were in charge of the committee, gave us some of their emergency packages which kept us going until we received one of our own, which was two weeks later. One day, while we had no food of our own, we went down to get some of the soup from the German kitchen, which was camouflaged water. While walking back to the barracks with the soup, a Russian prisoner that was walking ahead of us called us over to him. We went over and he lifted something out of his soup, which, to our disgust, was a human finger. I threw my soup away and went back to the barracks, not caring to drink any of it after that.

A few days later we were told that we would go to Camp Münster, where, we were told, all non-commissioned officers and men who were unable to work were sent. After we got aboard the train, the guards told us that we were not going to Münster, but would not tell us our real destination. We finally arrived at Cologne, where we took another

train, and crossed the Rhine to the small town of Opladen. We were marched to a railroad shop and from there were taken to barracks at the other side of the town.

We arrived at an old factory that was surrounded with barbed wire entanglements, about sixteen feet high. There was an exercise yard about one hundred feet square. The building was a two-story structure 100 x 30 feet, each floor accomodating two hundred and fifty prisoners. We were packed like sardines. The entire building was filthy and overrun with vermin, especially fleas. We had to almost anchor our clothes down when we took them off at night. We were each given one blanket which was made of paper. The bunks were three tiers high, and the fellow on top was the best off, as the fleas dropped down onto the lower bunks.

We arrived there on Saturday and would not volunteer to work, which made the lieutenant in charge sore on us. On Monday morning he lined us up and forced us to go to work. We were marched to the railroad factory where we learned that we were to work beside some German convalescent soldiers on what they called zügg-machinen, meaning tractors which were used for hauling guns. We were expected to load the repaired tractors on the freight cars and unload the tractors which came from the front for repairs.

The Sergeant who first had charge of us was a Frenchman and would not let non-commissioned officers work, and all went well until the second

month when he was relieved and another Sergeant took his place who was a German. He was always walking around calling our men "swine-hund" and swearing at us in German.

When he saw that the four non-commissioned officers would not work, he complained to the officer who came down, and at the point of his sword and the assistance of the other guards that were there, made us lift a coil of wire onto one of the freight cars. The Sergeant stood laughing at us because we were working, but as soon as the officer was gone, we refused to work again. He finally started to punish us by making us stand at attention for seven hours a day. We stood at attention smiling at him all the time, which made him so furious that his own men started to turn against him. After a month, he was transferred and the French Sergeant who was in charge of us first came back.

There were eight of us Americans together, most all from the 26th Division. They were: Corporal Barry of Company C, 102nd Infantry; Corporal Congleton of Company D, 102nd Infantry; Corporal Whitehead of the 38th Machine-gun Company; Corporal Lilley of the 104th Ambulance Corps; Private Peter Chile of the 103rd Field Artillery; Private Butler of Company D, 102nd Infantry, and myself, of Company C 102nd Infantry. Also Private O'Sullivan of Company D, 102nd Infantry.

About a month before the armistice was signed, Corporal Whitehead came up to me and told me that he was going to try to make his escape, which

we had been figuring upon doing, if we could secure civilian clothes. He was going to try to make his escape in his prisoner of war uniform. The following night he told me to watch out for the guards while he climbed over the fence. That was the last I saw of him until after the armistice was signed.

The next morning when the guard counted us up, he did not miss Whitehead, and we did not tell him anything about his escape. He had been gone three days when the clerk stopped us and asked us if we knew who had gotten away. At first we made believe we did not understand him; then he got a Canadian who could speak English to ask us. He asked us where Whitehead had gone, and we told him that he was a very quiet fellow and talked to us but very little. We heard five days later that he had been recaptured and sent back to Fredericksville.

One day, about two weeks later, we were marching to the barracks for our lunch, and there was a lot of commotion in the street. At one-thirty, when we were supposed to go back to work one of our guards came running in the yard yelling, "The Marines come! the Marines come!" We did not know what he meant at first. The Sergeant went into the office and 'phoned to the shop and came back and told us that we would not work that afternoon.

We could get no information from any of the guards, but that night when the rest of the prisoners came in they told us that the Marines had hoisted a red flag and had come into the town.

They had been through every town along the line and overthrown the imperial ruler of each town. The Marines went up to every officer they met and stripped them of all their decorations and told them to get home. Some of them who refused and tried to resist the U. S. Marines were instantly killed.

The next day a Socialist leader came up to our barracks and with the aid of interpreters informed us that we were not prisoners any more, but "Kamerads," and asked us to shake hands with all the Germans we met before we left Germany. There was some chance of us doing this after the way they had treated us. Just before we left, the Socialistic leader wanted us to give three cheers for the International Socialistic Union of the World. There were about four hundred and thirty prisoners there and when the time came to cheer, one or two men cheered, but they were soon smothered.

We were told to remain in the barracks until trains could be gotten to take us back through Holland, out of Germany.

November 14th we were sent to the main camp and from there to Fredericksville where we were put into barracks. At first the Germans tried to put guards over us, but we would not allow that. After four days, a British Major and Lieutenant came to take charge of us. This was the first time in seven months that I had had a pair of leather shoes to wear. The ones the Germans gave us were wooden. We also received clothing from the British Red Cross and food. The clothes

I had when the armistice was signed were made completely of paper. In fact, all the civilians of Germany were wearing paper clothes. Cloth was so expensive that the richest people of Germany were the only ones who could afford it.

I had been offered nine hundred marks for my army issue overcoat, which I was lucky enough to be able to hang on to.

As we were the only eight Americans at Frederickville, we were supposed to go to some other camp where there were more Americans but we were getting out of Germany while the getting was good. As we all had British prisoner-of-war clothing on, we slipped in among some Canadians and Australians who helped us through to Holland.

We reached the town of Zeinba where we were hospitably received by the Hollanders. The children were given eight days' vacation from school so as to entertain the prisoners-of-war that were coming out of Germany. We were billeted in a school house on the outskirts of the town where we remained until the following morning when we went aboard trains and travelled to Rotterdam.

We marched through the main part of the town and the people threw cigarettes and tobacco to us from the curb. Arriving at the docks, we were put into what had been used as a hospital for returned prisoners of war.

We stayed there over night and the following morning received British uniforms, as there were no American officers or anyone to represent

Americans in Rotterdam, and travelled under the supervision of British officers. After having a good bath we got aboard the Channel Steamer *Abreath*, sister ship to the Archangel, upon which I crossed the Channel to France.

Three days later we arrived at Hull, England. We were met by a British General who read the King's message to the British soldiers. We expected to see someone representing the Americans, but there was no one. However, the British Red Cross treated us as well as they did their own men.

We were taken to Ripon in Yorkshire, England, and were met at the train by the motor transport section of the British army, and also private cars owned by the residents of Ripon, and taken to Camp No. 1. The next day we were sorted out with the different branches of the British army, putting the Canadians in one group, the Australians in another and so on.

After varied experiences in England, we eventually found ourselves aboard the S. S. *Louisville*, and after nine days arrived at Pier 62, New York, and were sent to Camp Mills.

One week after our arrival we were transferred to Camp Upton, where we remained another week, and on January 18th, 1919, I received my honorable discharge and went home. When I reached my home town of New Haven, Conn., I received a hearty welcome which compensated in some measure for the awful trials, tribulations and humiliations I suffered as a prisoner-of-war in Germany. And thus ended seventeen months of the

most eventful period of my life, crowded full with memories that will remain with me as long as I live and perhaps journey with me into eternity, who knows?

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Some of the most deadly contests of the war have been held in the forests of France. If you should ask me what feature of warfare was harder and fiercer than "going over the top" in the lot of an infantryman, there would be no hesitation in my reply—forest fighting. The Kaiser and his military advisers had put their infantry through the most thorough training in this secret and concealed method of fighting, its peculiar perils and its constant call on the wit and cunning of the individual fighters.

* * * * *

Bullets flayed the soil in straight streaks, breaking the stiffened limbs of corpses, perforating and ripping the bodies, plunging into the vacant faces, bespattering the dried out eyes. We feel the heavens bursting over our heads and the earth opening under our feet. Everything is swept away by the blasts of a tornado of projectiles.

* * * * *

My swim was cut short. "Jerry" sent over a shell which struck near the canal and whirled a shower of sand into the water. Two more shells followed and it seemed as if the Bosche artillery had got our range, as one of them struck the water a little distance below. Nearly a hundred soldiers left the water and grabbing their clothes ran Adam-like through throngs of women rushing out to take in their washing.

* * * * *

Men were dying from the gas, their eyes popping, their faces green, and crying: "Water! Water! I'm choking! Air! Air! Air!" It is a frightful thing

to hear one of your friends crying like that. I saw one die right before my eyes, rolling upon the ground as if mad, tearing at his chest. His fingers were crooked after his death, his body full of blue spots and his mouth white. Another poor wretch fell two or three feet from me, dying from the gas. He was sucking water from a dirty handkerchief.

* * * * * * *

Listen! Suppose you were fighting in a trench. The wind comes toward you foul with odors from nameless, twisted, torn bodies unburied between you and the Bosches. Near you are your brave comrades. Some lie wounded and dying in agony on the trench bottom. The bullets zing-zing eternally over your head. There is a mighty swelling from an organ more sonorous than ever human organist played. The rockets are bursting; the flares shedding white glares over the torn ground.

Then, rising from somewhere nearby, comes the gas, yellow or green. Presently, a sudden stinging in your nose. Your eyes water and run. You breathe fire, you suffocate. You burn alive. There are razors and needles in your throat. Your lungs flame. You want to scratch and tear your body. You become half-blind, half-wild. Your head aches beyond description, you vomit, you drop exhausted, you die quickly. Every other man seemed to fall. As I fought I marvelled that I was spared. And again came to me the belief that my life was charmed; that the bullet had not been melted, the shrapnel had not been loaded, the gas not mixed which would cause my death. An ecstatic confidence buoyed me up. I was brave because I was so sure of life, while all my comrades seemed groveling in death.



1st Lt. Philip Busoff

Lieutenant Ensoff's Story

Fought at Belleau Wood, Meuse Sector, Argonne and Verdun. Wounded by mustard gas. Born in Russia, October 16, 1894. Came to the U. S. A. in 1914. Occupation, drug clerk. Home, Baltimore, Md.

By LIEUT. PHILIP ENSOFF

BEING a Russian subject by birth and having left Russia when the war was about to break out, I naturally took the side of the Allies, as it seemed to me that they would fight for liberty and the destruction of the "military machine of the Fatherland."

I came to this country August 4, 1915, on the steamship *Arabic*, which was sunk on her return trip to Liverpool.

Speaking English was easy for me, owing to the fact that I spoke four foreign languages. From 1915 I had felt that the European struggle would finally drag the United States into the war, and I wondered why this country was not in it before April 6, 1917.

The situation in Russia when I left was critical, as troops were mobilizing around frontiers

near Germany and Austria. The population wondered why, but the iron hand of Russia's might silenced all those questions and the mobilization went on.

I was in Krakow (Poland) on July 23, 1915, when the unrest of the military authorities were clear. Every passenger leaving Russia for England (via Austria or Germany) was searched and arrested, if the railroad police felt like doing so.

The Austrian Crown Prince was assassinated on July 29, 1914, and then the real trouble began. Hundreds of passenger-emigrants were arrested for no reason at all.

At that time I thought that my presence in Krakow would be suspicious, so I left for Liverpool the same day, and boarded the *Arabic*. While at sea (Boston bound), two days before reaching the United States, we received news that war was on between the Allies and the Central Powers. We went without lights until reaching Boston.

I began to forget all about the war in the few months that passed, but in 1916 the Mexican trouble started and I enlisted in the United States Army. Was sent to the border, and after that was over I came back to the States and was discharged March 12, 1917.

Finally, when Germany began her dirty work, sinking ships, etc., my blood began to boil, and I only hoped that my newly adopted country would get into it. April 6th was one of the happiest days of my life. Liquidating my business as soon as possible, I enlisted in the army and was sent to Camp Meade, Md., for training.

Being experienced in the infantry, I soon became a drill sergeant of the 67th Infantry, stationed in Meade at that time. I was not satisfied with my job as drill instructor there, so was transferred to Camp Holabird, Md., and from there was recommended to Central Officers' Training School, Camp Gordon, Ga., in October, 1917.

Training camp life was a rare and worthy experience to me, and finally, when I graduated on January 15, 1918, I received my commission as Second Lieutenant of the infantry, unassigned; and on January 22nd was assigned to the Third Development Battalion.

We received our orders to proceed to Camp Mills, N. Y., on February 4, 1918, and from there to Hoboken, N. J. We sailed on February 12th, on the S. S. *Mauretania*. Nearing Gibraltar on February 21st, we were chased by a submarine which we eluded, and took refuge in Gibraltar. We continued our voyage next day accompanied by two British destroyers. Our trip from there on was uneventful and we were more than glad when we finally docked at Bordeaux.

My heart was again set afire when I saw the welcome we received by the population of Bordeaux, who seemed to be mad with joy. Here and there you could see aged men and women, accompanied by their children, loudly shouting "Hurrah!" to the newcoming fighters. We left the boat that evening and were quartered in the vicinity of Bordeaux for training.

It was here that we were taught the actual war game, real trench digging, gas mask apparatus

explained, and all the details of modern warfare.

On March 20th we received orders to proceed to the front. The boys of the 67th were overjoyed, as it offered them an opportunity to show what they were made of. We packed up that night and the next morning were brought in army trucks to the second line trenches, which were then occupied by the 12th U. S. Infantry.

The life in these trenches was unbearable, owing to the fact that shells were bursting all day long, and then for a change that terrible gas, which usually remained for hours. Now and then a few bombs were visiting us, but we seemed to be used to it in a couple of days, and were toughened enough.

We received our orders to go into the first line on April 14th. This was the only time that I realized what war really was. Glancing over the top of the trench, I could see a vast field which was overloaded with black clouds, sometimes white clouds (from acetine), shells bursting in the vicinity of our trench, and the never-ceasing noise of machine-gun fire.

April 16th, at 6 P. M., we received orders to go "over the top." This must be accomplished by a loud noise, a yelling. Everyone is ready to kill, stab, and the one desire is to get those infernal Huns. Our commanding officer told us, "Boys, get them before they get you!" Three platoons went over and after much bayonet fighting, we occupied the enemy trench, taking twenty-eight prisoners and one machine-gun.

The surrender of the Hun's trench, which we

accomplished after three hours of fighting, was eventful. The Huns fought like tigers, using every means of destruction, and it seemed to us that we were fighting beasts. Their wild cry of "Tod!" (meaning death) which they used in almost every attack, was filling the air. I could not but notice, however, the valor of the Huns when they had to fight hand to hand.

The space in the trench is very small and narrow and the defenders have the advantage. The first two men of my platoon that rushed in the trench were stabbed with the Huns' flat bayonets, but seeing that we were still coming on with more determination, they gave us another dose of that white acetine gas. We barely had time to put on our masks, but we managed it somehow, and when eleven men of my platoon were inside of the trench, we observed the twenty-eight men armed with every imaginary means of defence, and trench warfare work, standing with their hands up, yelling "Kamerad!"

Thinking that our work was done, we began to look over our surroundings; and here is where the Huns showed themselves up once more. There were only eleven of my men inside the trench and twenty-eight Germans, and as soon as we turned our backs they immediately attacked us with their trench knives.

It was a hand-to-hand fight. Outnumbered two to one, we fought with all the fury of Yankee blood. Fearing the oncoming of their reserves, we made another and final onrush, and succeeded in overcoming them.

Counting the prisoners, we failed to account for one, and to our surprise we found him near their machine-gun, ready to fire. Not having any time to think, I pulled my Colt and fired at him. I aimed at the stomach, but my hand slipped and the lead of my shot penetrated that Hun's brains, and, falling down, he yelled, "Kamerad!"

Not trusting them any more, I ordered my men to fix bayonets and the Huns were led out of the trench. Three hours of fight in the trench was enough for us, and one of my sergeants suggested that we make the Huns pick up double time. At 8:45 P.M., twenty-seven men surrounded by the remainder of my platoon reported to Cantigny, our headquarters.

It was about midnight, and we were hungry as wolves, but all we had was hard tack to fill our empty stomachs with. We lost about sixty-three men in that charge. Everything seemed to quiet down, and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and dozed off.

We were relieved next morning and were sent to the Meuse sector where trench warfare had been going on for weeks. Here the 313th Infantry was stationed and had done wonderful fighting. We relieved them and occupied the trenches.

We were attacked by the enemy that night and in the thick of the fight I was gassed, and woke up at Base Hospital, No. 8, suffering from a severe attack of mustard gas. I was in the hospital for three weeks, and after recovering, was sent to the Argonne Forest and attached to the 313th Infantry.

The great Hindenburg drive, which began in August, with every effort of the enemy to break through our line, was on. The boys that fought at the never-to-be-forgotten Chateau-Thierry will always recollect the fury of that push, but our line stood fast. Finally, when the Allies began their counter-attack, the enemy, being worn out, yielded almost every position.

September 16th I began to feel that I was not cured from the gas attack and was sent back to the hospital, Base No. 7, where I remained for six weeks.

I was convalescing at Base Hospital, No. 14, when the armistice was signed, and, believe me, I was blue to find out that we did not lick them entirely. Yes, we have accomplished our mission. We showed the Huns that we meant "fight to a finish"; but I wish that we had given them a dose of the medicine they gave to Belgium. That was my only hope that did not come true.

I left the hospital on November 23rd and went back to my old 67th, which was doing police duty on the right bank of the Rhine. Companies B, K and M of the 67th Infantry boarded the steamer *Verdi* on February 24th at Brest, and we reached Newport News, Va., March 2, 1919.

I received my commission as First Lieutenant while in the hospital (Base No. 14) recovering from the gas attack.

Feeling my duty accomplished to my adopted country, I secured my discharge as early as I could and March 7th, was once more a citizen of the U. S. A., feeling better than I ever did before.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Our machine-guns had flanked the Germans. Like an invisible hand they swept over the men and hurled them to earth, mangling and tearing them to pieces. As an Autumn storm roars over the fields they swept in full flood over the ranks and snuffed out life. Like hail among the ears of grain, their missiles flew and rattled and broke down the enemy's will. Singly, in files, in rows and heaps, the Boches fell. Next to each other, behind each other, on top of each other. Hurled in heaps, in mounds and hillocks. Fresh masses charged and fell back, charged and stumbled, charged and fell. And there were always fresh forces. They seemed to spring from the very earth. We had losses, severe losses. Here a man suddenly put his hand to his forehead and swayed. There another sprang gurgling to one side and fell. Zing—it went above our heads. Shrapnel flew in both directions, hissing, cracking and in volleys.

* * * * * *

While we were in Alsace-Lorraine many spies were caught. Some were young chaps dressed up as women and it was not very easy to detect them. There was one with a particularly good figure, which naturally attracted the attention of the soldiers. I saw this interesting female when she was captured. The gunners had their suspicions aroused with the result that they began to knock the lady about uncereemoniously. Her wig fell off. Then her figure proved that things are not always what they seem. In fact, the upper front part of it was composed of two carrier-pigeons! I do not know what became of the pigeons, but I was informed that the spy had been turned over to the French and shot.



Walter A. Shanley

Marine Shanley's Story

Fought at Verdun, Toul, Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood. Wounded in lungs, eyes and body burns by mustard gas. Member of 6th Regiment, U. S. Marines, Second Division. Born in New York City, February 16, 1898. Occupation, salesman. Home, Bronx, New York City.

By PVT. WALTER N. SHANLEY, U. S. MARINE

WHEN Uncle Sam finally decided to get into the big noise "over there," I was a salesman in a lace house in New York City. I had a strong itching to get in the swim, but, due to various circumstances, I stayed on till July, 1917. In the middle of the month I landed in the recruiting office at Twenty-third Street and made what I considered the wisest move possible. I signed up with the "Soldiers of the Sea."

Along with about twenty other New Yorkers, I set out for that spot where all good Marines like to come from, Paris Island, and when the instructors finished with me, they had transferred an easy-going typical New Yorker into a fighting wild cat. By November they had knocked all the spots off me and I set out for Quantico, where I

was fortunate enough to join the Second Battalion, Sixth Regiment.

After a few months' training, in which I became very well acquainted with what was later to prove my undoing, namely mustard gas, I set out for Philadelphia, where I boarded the transport *Henderson*. The "sub" menace was on then and during the trip we expected a token from one of the Hun boats in the form of a torpedo, but they failed to furnish us with any excitement.

About two days out from St. Nazaire, news came that a coal collier had been sunk by a submarine and the boys expected to meet the same fate, but we pulled into St. Nazaire safe and sound February 2nd.

Then followed our introduction to the famous French box cars, about which most of you are well informed by now. For three days and four nights we rode, taking turns standing and sprawling, and after a back-breaking trip we arrived in the district of the Vosges Mountains. The boys who were well supplied with "Jack" shot it all for Vin Rouge and all in all the party was quite happy along the way.

Our stopping point was Damblain, where a cold wave greeted us, quite different from the warm, damp weather we struck at St. Nazaire. Shortly we set out for Robecourt, where we went through another course of sprints which were as "popular" as the long grinds at old Paris Island. The boys were "rearin'" to get into action and would have welcomed the front-line trenches; but they hiked us, and they drilled us, and the practice

trenches were a thousand times worse than the real ones we met later on.

Dear old St. Patrick's Day was a good omen, however, for it was then we boarded the box cars at Brevannes, after a ten kilometer hike for our journey to the trenches.

We had received our Red Cross bags and they sure were handy. It was the starting of a long list of favors from the Red Cross, and many of the boys today are thanking them for the greatest possession a fellow can have, his life.

The trip lasted about thirty-six hours and the boys, just paid, were celebrating St. Patrick's Day, en route, with Vin Rouge and Vin Blanch.

We disembarked fifteen kilos back of the lines, according to reports, but after hiking about twenty-five kilos we decided that the "lad" who said fifteen kilos was a suburban New York real estate agent, for thirty kilos was a conservative estimate of our hike. We lived in French barracks, while the Second Engineers, who stuck with us through thick and thin, erected quarters for us. We soon learned to call this place "Camp Never Rest," as our heels were sure run ragged there.

Ten days in the lines and ten days in reserve back at the barracks was the menu. The boys really thought "the lines" was the rest period. At the barracks we dug trenches for breakfast, dinner and supper, until every mother's son joined in the wail, "Give us open warfare!" They got open warfare a little later and they got it heavily. But at this stage of the game the boys

didn't know what they were really courting. Death's a sweet name for it.

It was a crime for a fellow to have a rusty rifle back home, but, brother, the new implement of warfare we were using never got rusty. I refer to the "Italian Fountain-Pen," which was the fancy title we affixed to the shovel. But, like all unpleasant things, they have their advantages and later on we were mighty happy that we were qualified diggers.

The fighting at Verdun didn't please the fellows nohow. The French were accustomed to carrying on the war by means of raiding parties, occasional rallies and an encounter here and there. Perhaps three long years of bloody warfare had curbed their desire for action, blood and hand-to-hand engagements, but we youngsters, with real American spirit, wanted to get into open combat.

We were yearning for action, and here it was over a year since Uncle Sam decided to lend a hand in checking "Heinie" and all we seemed to be doing was holding the lines. We wanted action, that's why we enlisted, and action we were determined to get. The boys of the Second Division will bear me out when I say we got lots of it. We didn't realize the havoc ahead.

So the weary days rolled on at Verdun until the rumor started that we were going to be relieved and start training for open warfare. A sorry bunch of "Frogs" relieved us on May 8th, and little heed did we pay to their wild tales of the slaughter that the French and British were receiving up at the Somme.

We headed for Bar-le-Duc and our box cars grazed Paris on the trip. The Eiffel Tower loomed up to view and high were our hopes of seeing "gay Paree."

At Chanzy we trained a week and then shoved off for Serans, a la box car, but it seemed that we hiked half of the way in order to reach the infernal boxes. The New York *Herald* reached us with tales of the First Division and their fighting around Montdidier and the boys squirmed for a chance to get a crack at the Boche.

On Decoration Day we got orders to pack and stand by, and all day and night we waited, sleeping on the bare ground in front of stacked rifles and heavy packs. Next day French lorries, driven by aged Frenchmen and tired Chinks, came for us and we started for we knew not where. It was an emergency call and the boys did not know where they were going, but knew it was to a hot sector and they were tickled.

That famous journey of thirty-six hours where the "Leather-necks" relieved the weary drivers has been well handled by Colonel Catlin in his famous book, "With the Help of God and a Few Marines."

Refugees and the war-weary French passed us on the roads, but we were full of confidence.

The lorries stopped at a little town at six in the evening and the boys helped themselves to the food in the deserted houses; but to the lasting credit of the A. E. F.—only the food.

A weary lot of lads flopped down for some

needed sleep only to be rushed up to the lines by truck.

Then followed that famous page in American annals, the engagement of Belleau Wood. Far be it for me to try to explain that action. Floyd Gibbons, of the *Chicago Tribune*, has set it down on paper, as has George Pattullo, of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Two weeks of hell ensued and I stuck it out till June 14th. Then came my little dose of gas. On that date the 96th Company and the 78th of the Sixth Marines, going to the relief of some of their buddies of the Fifth, were caught in a barrage.

We were being cut down like wheat and the sacrifice was enormous. Our Captain called for volunteer stretcher bearers to carry back the wounded. It was while doing this with a buddy of mine that we ran into trees, due to our clouded gas masks, so we did what everybody there did, threw away our gas masks and carried them back until we fell and were in turn carried off the field.

The great lesson from the war that I retain is the sacrifices the boys made. In many cases certain death awaited an act, but a fellow performed that act for his buddy. Personal safety was forgotten. A helping hand was the general thing.

Followed a long siege from June 14th, where I lingered between life and death. Three weeks of total darkness was my sad plight, and I'll confess that it worried me and slightly turned my hair. A wonderful experience was mine, however, for

while I lay on my death bed my brother, First Class Sergeant Eugene Shanley of the 646th Aero Squadron, came to see me.

It was a comforting feeling to have my own brother at my bedside; not saying that the treatment was not all that could be expected, for Base Hospital No. 27, at Angers, where I lay, is surely remembered in my prayers; but with my brother coming down to see me occasionally I picked up all right, and though I lingered with little improvement for months, I finally got on the road to recovery.

Often I yearned to get back with my pals, but my days of active service were over, and when the world went wild November 11th I was still in the hospital.

Finally, through pure luck, I made a detail for home and when the transport steamed up the harbor of New York and Miss Liberty beamed down upon us, I'll tell the world, brother, it was a grand and glorious feeling.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

A French surgeon told me in fairly good English that many of the French soldiers he had treated at Verdun in the early stages of the war seemed utterly insane. They kept shouting war cries and their eyes blazed, and, strongest of all, they appeared indifferent to pain. At one time anæsthetics ran out owing to the impossibility of bringing forward fresh supplies through the bombardment. Arms, even legs, were amputated without a groan, and even afterward the men seemed not to have felt the shock. They asked for a cigarette or inquired how the battle was going.

Now for flight. I have had extensive experience in flying over the European battle front. I have had to be constantly on the alert for upsets and descents into forests and marshes. I am well acquainted with shrapnel fire. More than once I have looked down upon the picture of massed movements, of separate actions, of big battles. I have viewed a terrific barrage from above in perfect safety. The scene is often one of fascinating beauty. Various things have been predicted as the result of the invention of the airplane. I am convinced that aviation will open new chapters in the art of painting.

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Le Havre, formerly called Havre-de-Grace, is a handsome town with broad streets and avenues. It is situated at the mouth of the Seine River. Next to Marseilles, it is the most important seaport in France. There are several shipbuilding yards here and sugar refineries. The old town has a remarkable history which dates from the reign of Francis I, who fortified it in 1516 and endeavored to make it a harbor of the first rank, thence to carry out his naval schemes against England. One of the architectural features of the town is the Church of Notre Dame, built in the sixteenth century.

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Nancy was formerly the capitol of Lorraine and was one of the first places in which the Revolutionary spirit was shown by the troops in 1790. In the Franco-Prussian War, the town was occupied by the Germans without resistance.

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Calais is a town of 70,000—fortress first class—derives its importance from its harbor and traffic with England, to which it is the nearest port on the French Coast. The Chalk cliffs and Castle of Dover, twenty-one miles distant across the English Channel, are visible in clear weather.



Pst. Henry Weir

Private Weiss's Story

Fought at Verdun, Chateau-Thierry, Champagne and Soissons. Severely wounded; shot in right leg, left hip, both arms and elsewhere. Member 23d Infantry, Company H. Born in Denver, Colorado, December 22, 1898. Occupation, cow puncher. Home, Denver, Col.

By PVT. HENRY WEISS

I JOINED the Army at Fort Slocum, N. Y., August 5, 1917, and was sent to Syracuse to H. Company, 23rd Infantry. I remained there three weeks, and then was sent to Hoboken, September 6th, and sailed for France two days later.

The transport which I was on was an interned German ship and formerly bore the name of *Frederick der Grosse*, which was changed to the *Agamemnon*. It took us fourteen days, sailing in a zig-zag course to evade the submarines. We spied the periscope of a submarine on September 10th, about three days out, and orders were given to stand by with rifles and life belts. Through the marksmanship of our gunners we succeeded in driving the Hun pirates away. The remainder of the voyage was uneventful.

When we arrived at St. Nazaire, we received a great reception from the women and children of that port. They threw flowers, apples, candy and cigarettes on board the vessel.

We were given orders to disembark in full equipment the following day, and were lined up in column squads. At the hour of four, the call of assembly was blown and we hiked through the town, a distance of five kilometers, until we came to the French barracks, and were shown to our quarters and told to rest till further orders.

On September 24th we were marched to the railroad station and entrained in box cars, each of which held forty men.

We rode in the cars for two days and two nights and disembarked at the town of Bourmont, where we were drilled day after day for two months.

We practiced trench digging and wire entanglement construction and cutting, under the supervision of "French Blue Devils." We were called out one day to make a practice march for the Colonel, in which we hiked twenty-five kilometers in all. After the hike the regiment was qualified as ready for the trenches at a moment's notice.

After hiking about considerably here and there we found ourselves on the Champagne front. Our platoon was camped alongside the main road, and, not being under cover, could be plainly seen from observation balloons and airplanes. As a result of this, Company G was badly shot up.

We were taken from that front one night and hiked to Chateau-Thierry. We were kept in the

woods for a few days in reserve and then our regiment took its position in the front line. Things were rather quiet the first few days. There were no trenches when we got there, so we dug ourselves into holes and established an outpost one hundred yards from our front line.

While disembarking from a train at Souilly, Private Souville of our company called our attention to white puffs of smoke in the sky, which Lieutenant Venney claimed were German aerial observers taking the range of our train.

Our battalion had no sooner gotten into the town when a shell fell between our first and second platoons and wounded one of our soldiers and two Frenchmen. As it was our first trip under shell fire, the boys were excited.

Our Captain changed our course of direction and marched us into an open field to get away from their range. We were taken to a town which was under German artillery fire at all times and told to keep inside our billets so that enemy airplanes could not see us. We remained there for two weeks, drilling, and became accustomed to the noise, and were then taken through the woods and sneaked into a communicating trench to our sector.

We were the first American troops on the Verdun front. Things were quiet for two days and the boys began to be restless and started to shoot their Springfields. We did not know who were in the enemy trenches. The enemy were anxious to also know who were in our trenches and one night they opened a box barrage on us and a raid-

ing party of Turks jumped into our trenches and captured Captain Lea of our company.

Private Pelke, of Ohio, being at the listening post the time the raid was taking place, heard of this excitement and took his automatic and started to follow after them. He jumped into the trenches and the Turks, hidden behind the parapet, stabbed him in the back, dragged him from the trench to the wire entanglements, carved a cross upon his breast and crucified him. Two days later a patrol was sent out and discovered the body of Pelke.

Our commander reported this affair to our colonel, Colonel Malone, who was a true American. He wrote a letter to our platoon telling of the sacrifice of Pelke and the hatred of the Turks toward Americans, stating that it must be avenged. Sergeant Vineck, our platoon leader, after seeing Pelke, swore than when he captured a German, before killing him, he would torture him to death.

The enemy daily sent over a barrage and then began to play music as if to ridicule the American fighters. We had been quite inactive in this sector and had not made an attack, as the French claimed it was a quiet sector and there would be no trouble.

Before leaving this sector our Colonel ordered a regimental raid consisting of 168 men and called for volunteers. We went over in our shirt sleeves, and wore a white band on our left arms, so as to recognize each other. We carried a pistol and an English trench knife. Some men were equipped with hand grenades and bridge ladders,

as we were of the opinion that some of the trenches were too wide to jump across.

A barrage was thrown at 4:00 A.M., the first American million dollar barrage in that sector, consisting of artillery, machine gun fire, etc. We were in raid formation. A star shell was shot through the sky, which was the signal for us to advance. We advanced in squad column, each man going for his objective.

We reached the German position and found, to our great surprise, that they had evacuated their first line trenches. We then advanced to the second line, in which we captured a German machine-gun nest, which was all we could find. We then waited for a green flare, a signal to retreat, which we obeyed.

A week later we were relieved by the 125th French Infantry. We were assembled five miles behind the front lines and marched to a town called Runt. Runt, true to its name, was a small town not far from the firing line. Here we rested, had our equipment washed ready for inspection, and were inspected by Secretary of War Baker, who was in France on a tour of inspection.

Secretary Baker evinced considerable interest in the boys, asking them solicitously if they received enough food. Although the boys were practically starving at the time, through lack of rations, they cheerfully replied that they were getting all they wanted and more.

After two weeks' rest we got into automobiles and started on our journey. We passed through Bar-le-Duc, which was at one time headquarters

of President Poincare and General Pershing. We stopped at L'Isle Riganet, and everyone was under the impression that we were on our way to a rest camp. We were taken through open fields, being a safe distance from the front, and did not have to be afraid of the enemy spying on us from observation balloons or airplanes.

Right near our drill grounds there was a party of ninety German prisoners who were building artillery emplacements, and when we fell out after drill, we used to go down the road and watch these prisoners work. A German lieutenant, who could speak very good English, was used as a foreman over the men. We engaged in conversation with him one day and told him America was over there to finish it. He replied that we would never do it and asked us if we hadn't come over on a pleasure trip.

Some of the boys were hot-headed Americans and drew their bayonets and pounced upon him, when the French guard interfered.

There were rumors at that time that we were to go to the Somme front with the British as their losses were very heavy. We were rather green troops to go into a drive of that kind, but were told that we would have to take a chance, which, however, we were not called upon to do.

The Marines were on the left of us and the 9th Infantry on the right. As soon as the darkness fell, it seemed that the Germans would open up a volley of fire on the Marines in Belleau Wood.

Our casualties were great.

This was about June 5th. At this time I was made a runner and used to take dispatches to company headquarters.

On July 1st we were given orders to make a counter-attack on the city of Meaux. At 6 P.M. we went "over the top" and succeeded in capturing the city, which is situated near Loucy.

We held the lines until July 12th, when we were relieved by the 26th Division, known as the Yankee Division, and were taken to the town of St. Aldine and held there in reserve, as they expected the enemy to make a drive, due to the fact that the Huns had been shelling the town for eight days.

I received my wounds at Soissons on July 18th. We were told that our battalion would be the first to go "over the top," and we were to be behind the tanks.

Just at daybreak the captain blew his whistle, and over we went. No sooner had we gotten into No Man's Land than we saw enemy airplanes above us shooting star shells to their artillery.

We came to a ravine where the enemy trenches were and every one was excited and ready to kill. We were ordered to fall, but the boys were too excited to heed and kept going until we reached the Hun trenches, surprising them. We drove them out of their first and second lines.

I was shot in the left arm and my pistol knocked from my hand. Our troops kept advancing, but were not allowed to stop to help their wounded comrades until they had taken their objective. I noticed one lad pass me and look at

me as if he would like to help me, but I told him to "go to it" and gave him my gun, as he had none. I lay there waiting any minute to have my head blown off, as the shells were falling all around me from the enemy artillery.

Our boys kept going ahead and were becoming invisible to me. As I lay on the field, an American scout, used in such battles to see that no one is lying down on the job or retreating, came up to me and asked me if I thought I could make it back with him to the first aid. As he leaned over me, talking, four German prisoners passed us. He stopped them and made them get a stretcher, upon which they put me and carried me. As they bore me back, a chill came over me and I lost consciousness. I woke up in the French first aid.

They tied a tourniquet around my leg to stop the flow of blood. There were several German prisoners there awaiting attention.

I looked at my leg and saw that there was a bone sticking out of it, and the French doctor sawed it off and handed it to me.

After all this confusion I noticed a hole in my sleeve. I pushed it back and saw a gaping wound right through the arm. I showed it to the French doctor and he dressed it and I was carried to an American first aid and put into an ambulance. There were fifteen ahead of me, but as I was the most seriously wounded, the Major ordered me put in the car first.

I was taken to Field Hospital No. 13, in Corpy. We were the first American boys to reach there. There were only French surgeons. They feared

my leg was infected with gangrene. The first operation on my leg was performed here and they took a piece of steel out of my arm.

I was transferred to Red Cross Hospital, No. 5, in Paris, where I was assigned to the gas ward.

One day, shortly after my arrival in Paris, we received a visit of inspection from General Pershing and staff. The General came over to my cot and asked me how I was feeling. "Fine, General, thank you," I replied, and mustered up nerve enough to say, "How are the boys at the front making out?" "They're doing fine," he answered.

From the Paris hospital I was sent to Vichy, which was in charge of a unit from Bellevue Hospital, New York City. I remained there about six weeks, and was again transferred, this time to a hospital in Savernay for a month, after which I was placed aboard a train bound for Brest.

On November 2nd I was put on board the S. S. *DeKalb*, bound for New York, arriving at Ellis Island twelve days later. After spending a week in the Debarkation Hospital, I was sent to General Hospital No. 3, located at Colonial, N. J., where as this is being written in March, 1919, I am waiting to have two pieces of steel removed from my leg and one each from my eye and arm. Am also awaiting developments in connection with a bone graft, which seems to be proving very successful. In closing, I would like to pay a tribute to Major Albee, who as a chief surgeon has done great work in this line of surgery, having put many a wounded man back on his feet.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

The soldier in the front line trenches does not hear the enemy's artillery which is firing at him, or if he does hear it it is only as a confused, distant roar or rumble. The American artillery is some miles behind him. All he hears of his own guns is a moderate boom and roar. There is a sound of the clear whistle over his head as the shells pass on their way to "Fritz," which gives him a feeling of assurance that he is being well supported and protected. So many of the German shells pass over his head or fall short, or land some distance up or down the line from him, that the constancy of their arrival in close or dangerous proximity is not nearly so great as might be supposed from the enormous number incessantly hurled in his direction.

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In places the two lines were not one hundred yards apart, and no movement was possible during daylight. In some of the trenches which were under enfilade fire, our men had to sit all day long under the traverses, as are called those mounds of earth which stretch like partitions at intervals across a trench so as to give protection from lateral fire. Even when there was cover, such as that afforded by depressions or sunken roads, on the hillside below and behind our firing line, any attempt to cross the intervening space was met by fierce bursts of machine-gun and shell fire. The men in the firing line were on duty for twenty-four hours at a time, and brought rations and water with them when they came on duty, for none could be sent up to them during ing the day. Even the wounded could not be moved until dark.



Harry J. Barnett.

Private Barnett's Story

Fought at Chateau-Thierry, Soissons and Argonne Front. Wounded by machine-gun bullet in ankle, also shrapnel wound in the back. Member of 23d Infantry. Born in New York City, November 23, 1894. Occupation, bank clerk. Home, Bronx, New York City.

By PVT. BARNETT

AT the outbreak of this war, I thought it my duty to enter the services of the United States Army, and enlisted April 11, 1917, in the New York National Guard. After my enlistment, I was detailed to do recruiting duty at Grand Central Palace for two months, to secure as many recruits as I possibly could for Uncle Sam.

On July 7th, President Wilson called my regiment for active service, and we were sent to Madison Barracks, Sackett Harbor, N. Y., to train at an Officers' Training School. We remained there for five weeks and were then sent back to New York to participate in our farewell parade in September, 1917, following which we were sent to Spartanburg, S. C.

We arrived in Spartanburg the latter part of

September and went immediately to an artillery range to train for modern warfare, until we were efficient for overseas duty. After being at Spartanburg for nine months, I received a furlough and went home for a visit of five days. During that time my regiment sailed for France. I sailed immediately after them as a casual. When I landed at Bordeaux, instead of being sent to my own regiment, I was put with the "Galloping Dough-Boys," in other words, "Uncle Sam's Dangerous Infantry."

I was at a training camp in the town of St. Agnont, France, for three weeks when the infantry was being hit pretty hard by the German artillery. Pershing called for more volunteers to go up to the front and I happened to be one of them. I did not know with what regiment I was going, or where I was going. After being three days in reserve behind the lines, I was put in the 23rd Infantry, Second Division, a Marine detachment.

On the 14th day of July, 1918, I had my first experience of trench life, when the Germans opened up an artillery barrage which made my hair stand at attention. We, classed as the best division in France, checked their artillery barrage and gained ground. On the 17th day of July, at 4:30 o'clock in the morning, we opened up our greatest artillery, machine-gun, aviation, and infantry attack.

At dawn, we went over the top. Chateau-Thierry was in sight, the town was ablaze; bullets were coming from all directions; there was no

shelter but dugouts and shell holes. At the moment, we did not know whether we would live another hour. Fortunately, I passed through the battle of Chateau-Thierry without a scratch.

On July 20th, after capturing Chateau-Thierry and taking over 80,000 prisoners, we entered Soissons where we made another big drive. The last day of our stay at Soissons, I was detailed to go on guard. About 3 A. M., the Corporal of the Guard awoke me and told me that it was time for me to be on my post. I arose and went out on my post and was only there one half hour when the Germans opened a machine gun barrage on us.

Twenty yards to the left of me was a Marine on guard, sitting on a corned beef box. The box was camouflaged with brush and trees so that it could not be seen. The night before, however, it was discovered by the Germans that a Marine sat on guard at that post. During the absence of the Marine they wired the box and when he returned bombed it. I heard the explosion. The Marine was blown to pieces. All that could be found of him was a piece of khaki cloth.

At that instant I fell upon my stomach with my rifle under me. The Germans shot up flares which lighted up the whole sky and they let their machine gun barrage go on me. I could hear the bullets fall on all sides of me, which kept me in great fear as to when I would be hit. After things had quieted down somewhat, I got up on my feet, picked up my rifle, when a German observer evi-

dently saw the flash of my bayonet, got the range and opened up on me again.

A bullet hit me right below the ankle and came out of my heel, penetrating the foot without breaking a bone. I did not realize I was wounded in the foot. All I said was, "Gee whiz, I'm shot."

As I fell, I cut my hand. I crept back to a dugout where the Sergeant of our scouting party was. "Are you wounded?" he inquired. I did not know what to say. He grabbed me by the hand and said, "You only have a scratch, stand upon your feet!" I replied, "I cannot." He took off my shoe, saw the blood pouring from my ankle and tied my foot up with a piece of his khaki shirt.

I lay in that dugout twenty hours before the first aid ambulance picked me up and rushed me to the hospital, twenty miles to the rear. The doctor wanted to amputate my foot. Upon second thought, he took an X-Ray of it and then decided that an amputation would be unnecessary and I would be all right in a short time.

From this evacuation hospital I was sent to Base Hospital, No. 6, at Bordeaux, where I was treated very well. I received the best of food, plenty of good smokes, shows and amusements, from the American Red Cross. After two and a half months in this hospital I was sent to an infantry replacement regiment and from there to my own company on the battle front in that dangerous woods, the Argonne Forest.

I arrived at the Argonne October 7th. The place smelled badly from dead. The French, in 1917,

it was reported, lost one million men in the Argonne.

It was on the 17th day of October that I was hit by a high explosive across the back, which put me out of the game and kept me out of the war permanently. I was happy to be hit again, because life in the trenches, plugging through the mud and water up to the waist, sleeping in wet, damp dugouts is unspeakable. When you have to live on a cracker and a glass of water for two and three days that is what is called real hardship.

I was then sent to an evacuation hospital at Paris; my first visit to "Gay Paree," which I thought a very beautiful city, and where I had many pleasant times. I got all the enjoyment I could from well-to-do French people, and stayed there until I was fairly well.

When the armistice was signed, the people in Paris went wild. French girls ran through the streets kissing American soldiers. Mothers and fathers were bending down on their knees, kissing the hands of the American soldiers for what they had done in this great war, and for keeping the Germans from taking their homes, their food and their money. They could not give money to show their gratitude, as they had none to spare, but they did everything possible to show their appreciation.

On the 17th day of November, the doctor told me that I had done my bit and he would send me home. I left Brest, France, on the 23rd day of November, my birthday, for the good old U. S. A.,

after fighting for Liberty and Democracy, which our boys won for the world.

I landed at Hoboken, N. J., Pier 1, on the good ship *Northern Pacific*. I made the trip before that vessel was stranded on Fire Island. Was then sent to be examined at Ellis Island, where I remained ten days.

From Ellis Island I was sent to the U. S. General Hospital, No. 1, New York City, where I remained three days and was sent to Camp Upton for discharge. After being at Camp Upton for thirty days, I was honorably discharged from the services of the United States Army on January 25, 1919.

How did I win my Croix de Guerre? On the 10th day of October, after being on the front for the second time, the officer asked for forty-eight volunteers for a raiding party. He could not pick forty-eight men, as it is against Army regulations to ask any man to go out at dawn to invade a German trench. He already had thirty-five volunteers and I made the thirty-sixth. Within the next five minutes the remaining twelve men had volunteered, forty privates, two officers and six non-commissioned officers.

We left about 4:30 a. m. and went over into the German trench, letting a rifle barrage go at them. There were 125 Germans in the trench, they threw up their hands and hollered, "Kamerad." Our Lieutenant, a very fine man, Lieutenant Smith, said, "'Kamerad' Hell! Kill them all; no 'Kamerad' business here. If you do not kill them, they will kill you."

We took fifty-seven prisoners and killed the rest, and captured forty-one machine-guns and ammunition. Out of our forty-eight there were thirty-one boys left, who were all decorated with the Croix de Guerre with the Palm for an extra citation, the highest citation awarded by the French Government. We were decorated and kissed by one-armed General Gourad. I would not part with my medal for any amount of money.

My regiment was also cited seven times by the French Government, which entitles us to wear the red cord on our shoulders, but there having been a general order issued by General Pershing that they could not be worn, as they would cause jealousy, the French did not issue them to us. We, however, have written orders for the same.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

The Argonne Forest was a miniature Adirondack Mountains forest. It was about ten or twelve miles wide and about twenty-five miles deep. The Boches had held this ground for four years. They knew every foot of it and had every modern means of defense installed. At one point we encountered nine main line trenches, and one hundred or more minor systems.

They had machine-guns set up in stages,—the leg height, the waist height and shoulder height. That any troops could penetrate this forest of death was a marvel. More than 40,000 French troops were lost there, and Foch declared the position to be impregnable. We went through in jig time.

The German system of trenches and dugouts was so close-knit that the French called it the "Abrie de Crochet," which adequately described it. Some of the trenches were elaborate. There were double-deckers,

with the officers' dugouts on top and the men's quarters underneath. They were just as safe in those burrows, they thought, as if they were in the Kaiser's own castle in Berlin, far from the Yanks and Allies.

As a rule, the roofs of these dugouts were five feet thick, made of reinforced concrete, and protecting the wire-glass windows, which would resist rifle fire themselves, were plates of finest steel, five-eighths of an inch thick. Then there were air raid burrows, some of them forty feet underground.

The finest cabinet work I saw in Europe was in these trenches. The Argonne Forest furnished wood, which the Huns used with lavish hand. Framed pictures adorned the walls and everything conceivable in the way of comfort was provided. Instead of war being hell, as Sherman said, it was paradise for these occupants. The officers truly hated to give up their quarters. They had lager beer and wine and even mineral waters from Germany. We found many empty bottles.

During the last phase of our advance in the Argonne, we went fifty kilos in nine days. We outran artillery and rations, but we captured a German provision station, and for three days lived on good German grub. It was unfortunate that the Lost Battalion didn't have it. It was in this advance that the American boys showed the stuff of which they were made. They endured everything handed to them by the Hun with a smile and returned for more.

I've seen chaps fall asleep on their feet during a halt in a march, but rouse up and rush on when ordered to proceed. The dirt and other conditions were unbearable and I've seen boys discard their underwear to rid themselves of pests. In November, ice was forming on the ponds and you can imagine what they suffered and endured. But through it all you had only to say, "Let's go," and the boys were off again.



Einer T. Larsen

Private Larsen's Story

Fought at St. Mihiel and Argonne Forest. Wounded by shrapnel in right leg, shattering the bone. Member of 311th Regiment, 78th Division, nicknamed the "Lightning Division." Born in Denmark, November 19, 1894. Occupation, plumber. Home, Clear Lake, Iowa.

By PVT. EINER J. LARSEN

I ENLISTED at Perth Amboy, N. J., on February 26th, 1918, and trained at Camp Dix for three months.

We sailed for Europe on the steamer *Vestress* on May 18th, arriving at Southampton, England, thirteen days later. We sighted three submarines on the way across in French waters. The British torpedo boat destroyers got after the sea pirates and succeeded, they believed, in sinking two of the trio.

We crossed the English Channel and arrived at Calais a week after we had reached Europe, where we remained for one day, getting rid of our barracks bags and all superfluous junk, so that all we had left was fighting equipment.

We entrained in the French freight cars and

travelled at a slow rate of speed, taking us three days and nights to reach our destination, two hundred and fifty miles away. An American express passenger train could cover the distance in about seven hours.

We started training in the vicinity of Bologne during the months of June and July. Then we were sent up to the Arras front where the Huns were making it hot for the British. We stayed there a couple of weeks in the reserve lines. In the meantime, General Pershing was getting ready for the St. Mihiel drive, and we were transferred to that Sector, riding in trains for three nights.

This movement consisted of the entire 78th Division. After we disembarked from the trains, we began a hike to the front. As we were close to the firing line, we hiked at night to avoid observation by the German airplanes and slept in woods in the day time. Sometimes it was so muddy and dark that we were in danger of getting lost or stuck in the knee-deep mud. We formed a chain of our rifles and in that way each man followed his leader.

We arrived at our destination at St. Mihiel and after camping in the woods for several days were ordered up in support. We backed up a bunch of Marines.

After the attack began on September 12th, we followed up the Marines, who were driving the Germans towards Metz, where the 'Americans, assisted by the French Artillery, nearly surrounded the German forces.

We intrenched in the rear of the Marines and

held the lines there until the next drive started, September 26th. We were in a very dangerous position, the Germans throwing shells into our midst every day, so that we couldn't go for our chow.

We were ordered to the front line trenches on the evening of September 26th, about 7 o'clock. About 11 o'clock that night, we went "over the top." We got the Huns on the run, and were driving them to the Argonne Forest, where they expected to find safe shelter because of the heavy artillery and thousands of machine guns which they had concealed there.

The German artillery back of their lines kept up a barrage to protect themselves as well as to stop us from advancing. I was on the run, dropping now and then on the ground and shooting my Chauchot automatic rifle, which lets the bullets fly at the rate of between 500 and 600 shots a minute. Two of my comrades had been hit by shrapnel, and the first thing I knew I was hit in the right leg above the knee and knocked down.

I crawled into a shell hole for protection and was picked up shortly after by the stretcher bearers and conveyed to the first aid station, where my wound was dressed. I was then placed in an ambulance and taken to a mobile hospital, where a piece of shrapnel was removed together with loose fragments of bone. They found that my injury consisted of a fractured femur and the surgeons believed it would be necessary to amputate my leg four inches above the knee. They figured that I was too weak from loss of blood to stand an

operation just then, so they sent me to Evacuation Hospital, No. 1, where I remained on the flat of my back for four months.

Major Dorns, a former professor in Pennsylvania University, took a personal interest in my case. He examined my wound very carefully and decided that he could save my leg, in opposition to the other surgeons' wishes to cut it off, without giving the matter any particular thought or consideration. I owe a great debt of gratitude to Major Dorns, which I can never repay, and I am not the only soldier whose life and limbs he has helped to save by his mastery of medical surgery.

My leg had been suspended for five weeks in what resembled a pair of calipers or "ice tongs," which kept a steady pull on the injured bones, thus keeping my leg from getting short.

As soon as I got up on crutches, I was sent to Base Hospital, No. 45, where I remained only three days. From there I was sent to Base Hospital, No. 88, located at Savernay; remained there for two weeks. I was then fitted out with clothes and sent to St. Nazaire where we took the steamer *Manchuria* for home, arriving in Hoboken, N. J., on Washington's Birthday, 1919, making the trip in about ten days.

Am at present located in the hospital at Grand Central Palace, New York City, and am seeing the Metropolis on crutches.



Carl C. Namberg

Private Romberg's Story

Fought at Belleau Wood. Wounded by machine-gun bullet in left hip. Member 23d Infantry, Second Division. Saw service in Regular Army on Mexican border. Born in Chicago, Ill., July 23, 1898. Occupation, assembler for Oliver Typewriter Company. Home, Chicago, Ill.

By PVT. CARL E. ROMBERG

I ENLISTED in the regular army, at Chicago, on November 16, 1916, and was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Jefferson, Mo., November 17th, where I remained for two months. Was then sent to Camp Cotton, El Paso, Texas, for six months.

I was on guard one night at El Paso, with two other soldiers. We were patrolling up and down the border, on the watch for Mexicans smuggling whiskey and opium. The night was dark and we had to be on the alert.

Towards midnight we captured four Mexicans trying to smuggle opium and wine into Mexico. They had it loaded on a wagon drawn by a team of horses. The opium was valued at \$10,000. After capturing them, they gave us considerable

trouble. One of the Mexicans tried to pull a stiletto on my partner and he in turn pulled his revolver and shot him, killing him instantly.

From the Mexican Border we were ordered north to Syracuse, N. Y., remaining in camp there only a few days, when we were transferred to Camp Merritt, N. J., preparatory to our trip overseas.

May 17, 1918, we steamed for France and arrived at Brest June 2nd. We went to the camp on the hill where we stayed for three or four days, and were then put aboard cattle cars and taken to the American Sector in Belleau Wood.

When we reached there the battle had been going on for a couple of days. We were called into action the night of our arrival, without any sleep or rest whatever, and put right into the front line. Some of the boys had no training, save for two or three weeks, and were not hardened. I was in pretty good condition from my military work on the Border.

We started an attack on the enemy. Our artillery laid down a barrage on the Germans, beginning at midnight. We went "over the top" and through barbed wire entanglements, which had been previously cut by scouts, and started across No Man's Land on double time, carrying our rifles with fixed bayonets.

The Boche trenches were about one hundred yards from ours. When we reached them we found that the enemy had evacuated. We left the front line in charge of the Marines that were with us and went on to the second line, where we

found only a few wounded soldiers, whom we captured.

We stayed where we were and camped. The trenches were not very clean, and were piled high with dead bodies of Germans who had been killed five or six hours before, as a result of the American barrage.

We got the Germans out of the trenches. The fighting was mostly in the woods. As the enemy retreated they kept throwing shrapnel and gas shells, making it necessary to keep our gas masks on. We were ordered to make a dash for them.

The last thing I remember is that I was running as fast as I could when I was hit. I had been fighting twenty-two hours and had had nothing to eat. The water we had in our canteens was twenty-six hours old before we went into the trenches, it being some that we got on the train.

A machine-gun bullet hit me in the left hip and I lay unconscious for about twenty hours before I was picked up. I did not know at first where I had been hit. Finally, the first aid came and picked me up, and when I came to, found myself in the field hospital.

Was then taken to a hospital in Bordeaux, where I remained for awhile. An American doctor performed an operation on me and removed the bullet, which was lodged right in my hip.

I remained in Bordeaux for two or three months and was taken to St. Aignon, where I remained for a short time and was then placed aboard the U. S. S. *Leviathan* and started back to the States.

I arrived at Hoboken, N. J., March 1st, and was sent to St. Mary's Hospital.

The doctors at St. Mary's Hospital tell me that I will be crippled for the remainder of my life. The best thing that could have been done in my case was to have amputated the leg, as it is practically lifeless and will not be of any use to me. A French doctor suggested amputation, but the American doctor tried to save my leg.

Upon my arrival at St. Mary's Hospital, they gave me electric massages, but, as they didn't benefit me, they went back to the ordinary hand massage.

I do not know when I will be discharged from the hospital. The doctors told me that just as soon as I am a little stronger, they will let me out. I intend going back to Chicago where my grandmother is waiting for me.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

The smaller bombs and grenades thrown by hand, although local in action, are very unpleasant, particularly when they explode in the inclosed space of a trench. These grenades are frequently thrown by both sides, and every trench assault is first preceded and then accompanied by showers of these murderous missiles. This kind of fighting is very deadly, and owing to the difficulty of observation it is at times somewhat blind. This difficulty has in a measure been decreased by the use of the hyperscope, an instrument which works much like the periscope on a submarine. It permits an observer to look out over the top of a parapet without raising his head above the protection of the trench.



Edward J. McDonald

Lieutenant McDonald's Story

Fought at Chateau-Thierry. Member of 54th Regiment, First Army. Served with 112th French Division. Attended officers' training camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., also regular Coast Artillery training at Fortress Monroe, Va., completed scientific training at Haussimont, France. Born in New York City, May 17, 1895. Occupation, engineer. Home, New York City.

By LIEUT. EDWIN J. McDONALD

A MAN has many pleasing moments in his life and one of them in mine occurred when I marched up the gangplank after my battery on H. M. S. *Euripides*, near the Hamilton Street Ferry, in Brooklyn. Not many minutes passed before we were on our way and soon land was to be seen no more.

To me, one who had never lost sight of land before, and with the constant expectation of combat any minute, all the monotony of an ocean trip was lost. The guns were always manned and the lookouts continually on the alert. Their vigil was rewarded on the eleventh day out, when a "sub" was sighted attempting to attack one of the ships in our convoy. It was indeed disastrous

for the U-boat, as the captain of our ship entered in his log book, "A 'sub' sunk."

It was quite distant from our ship and we supported his entry by our sighting oil floating on the surface of the water in the vicinity of the attack. Many rough days were encountered on the water, and when we "pulled in" to the harbor of Brest, land was indeed a welcome sight.

We stayed in Brest four days and then moved to Angers. From there we went to Haussimont, which is the artillery centre for combat troops. At Haussimont we were continually bothered by the Boche airmen, and well do I remember one evening when four of them came over intent on doing deadly work, and they did, but not to us.

A German prison camp was located outside of Haussimont, near Miey, and when on this particular evening with several tons of bombs the Boche intended to use on us, they miscalculated a trifle and for once "*Gott mit uns*" was not with them, for they dropped them on their own men who were prisoners of war and killed ninety-two. Several attempts were made to "get" the regiment I was with and would have been successful on another occasion had the pilot not lost his orientation and let down a torrent fifty metres from us.

Through Haussimont almost all the artillery moved and the evening of the 26th of August, 1918, is one that will never be forgotten. The roar and pounding continually of the heavies all that night with a let-up next day, and to be continued next evening and for three consecutive

days and nights following, surely must have put many a Boche to sleep.

I was assigned to a French battery of 155 mm. G. P. F., which corresponds to our six-inch gun, and which the French claim as one of their main reliables.

Another event I shall not forget was on a balmy summer's day in August. While strolling about, I walked aimlessly, having nothing in particular to do at the time, right into territory the Germans were occupying in "No Man's Land," and was only aware of where I was by the presence of a Frenchman, all excited and breathlessly running towards me and shaking his arms frantically. I concluded later that this was undoubtedly one of the "quiet" sectors.

When the signing of the armistice was announced every one, without exception, was happy and glad. Of course it might be superfluous to mention it, but some seem to think now that we should have gone right on and into Berlin, but no expressions of that nature were audible from any one, and when we look back at the whole affair, no one can properly reckon or compensate the boys who did their bit and made their sacrifice against a big and powerful foe. In the words of an eminent philosopher with which we all agree, "The harder the conquest, the more glorious the triumph; what we attain too easily we esteem too lightly; and high heaven above only knows the 'proper price' to place upon our goods."

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

A bayonet charge is a street fight magnified and made ten thousand times more fierce. It becomes on close range almost impossible to use your bayonets. So we fought with fists and feet, and used our guns, when possible, as clubs. We lay in our captured trench for about four hours. The boys, excited, because they still lived, sang and jested and told of queer experiences and narrow escapes they had had.

We were soon in the wood, where it was so dark that we could hardly distinguish friend from foe. I ran in and out among the trees and asked everyone I met who he was. I came upon one big fellow. My mouth opened to ask him who he was, when his fist shot out and took me between the eyes. I went down for the count, but I knew now who he was—he was a German. I got up as quickly as I could, you may be sure, and swung my rifle to hit him in the head, but the stock struck a tree and splintered. I thought I had broken all my fingers.

* * * * * * *

Gas? What do you know of it, you people who never heard earth and heaven rock with the frantic turmoil of the ceaseless bombardment? A crawling yellow cloud that pours in upon you, that gets you by the throat and shakes you as a huge mastiff might shake a kitten, and leaves you burning in every nerve and vein of your body with pain unthinkable; your eyes starting from their sockets; your face turned yellow green.

* * * * * * *

Death is everywhere, but we do not believe in it any more. And when on certain mornings, to the sound of cannon that mix their rumblings with mystic voices of bells, in the devastated church which cries to the heavens through every breach opened in its walls, the chaplain blesses the regiment that he will presently accompany to the firing line.



Richard Messier,

Private Messier's Story

Fought at Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Wood, Verdun, St. Mihiel, Argonne Forest, Meuse, Alsace. Wounded in leg from collision of motor cycles. Born in Deadwood, South Dakota, December 19, 1894. Occupation, cowboy. Home, Lewistown, Montana.

By PVT. RICHARD MESSIER

I WENT from New York to Halifax, and landed there around the time of the explosion. We stayed there for four days and picked up the wounded and carried them to hospitals, and did whatever we could to aid the terror-stricken people.

We then set sail for "over there" and enjoyed a pleasant, uneventful trip until we neared the English coast, where we encountered two submarines. Our convoy fired upon them and they disappeared.

We landed at Liverpool, England, and were sent to Southampton. The weather was damp and chilly and we all caught colds. Eighteen were obliged to sleep in each tent, which were only large enough to accommodate five.

We remained in Southampton for a week and

then started for France, landing at Le Havre. From Le Havre we went to the town of Neufchâteau. After three days we moved again to Chimbadl, France, about eighteen miles from the front.

Three days after our arrival a Boche plane flew over our heads, dropping bombs. One bomb landed on a café, where some of our men were killed.

A week later five Boche planes came over and started the same performance. Five of our planes went up after them and we enjoyed a view of the battle from the railroad station. Our men did not succeed in downing any of the enemy planes, but they chased them away and prevented them from doing any damage.

We were then detailed to gather planes. My first trip was to go to Pt. Mousson to get a plane which had fallen in a barbed-wire entanglement fifty yards from the German lines. There were four other fellows with me. We had to wade through mud to get to it. We succeeded in cutting the wings off and carrying it back. "Fritz" observed us and tore loose with a barrage. However, we escaped with the plane, unhurt.

I was then detailed to do dispatch riding. I carried despatches mostly at night. We were not allowed to have lights of any kind on our motorcycles, for fear of being seen by the enemy. It was very difficult, riding along the roads at night, to see the shell holes, and very often, while riding along peacefully, my cycle would dive into one of these holes and send me flying several feet

away. Luckily, I was never injured as a result of any of these mishaps.

One night, while on the Chateau-Thierry front, I was detailed to carry a message back to the artillery, which was located at La Ferte, five miles away. The message was from the infantry headquarters, advising the artillery that the zero hour was at six o'clock, and they were to open a barrage at fifteen minutes before six. I was given the message at twenty minutes after five and told to deliver it.

I had not gone very far on my mission when I fell into a shell hole, and punctured one of my tires. I picked myself up and resumed my journey. After I had gone about half way, my cycle dove into another hole, puncturing the other tire. This made it exceedingly difficult for me to make very good progress. I rode for all I was worth, and delivered my message just in time for the artillery to open their barrage.

I also carried messages on the Alsace, Verdun, St. Mihiel, and Argonne Forest fronts.

On the night of December 26th, while delivering a message, another dispatch rider ran into me, breaking my left leg. He escaped uninjured, and rode back for an ambulance. I was removed to Base Hospital, No. 42, at Neufchateau, where I remained for three weeks. Was then transferred to Base Hospital, No. 88, at Savenay, where I remained until February 14th, when I set sail for the States, and arrived at Hoboken, N. J., February 22, 1919.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

The Fourth of July was enthusiastically celebrated throughout France. In Paris the chief feature of interest was the presence of a battalion which was about to leave for training behind the battle front. Everywhere the Stars and Stripes were flying from public buildings, hotels, and residences, and from automobiles, cabs and carts; horses' bridles and the lapels of pedestrians carried them. The crowds began to gather early at vantage points. The Rue de Varenne was choked long before 8 o'clock in the morning, when the Republican Guard Band executed a field reveille under General Pershing's windows, and all routes toward the Invalides were thronged even before Pershing's men turned out. In the chapel before the Tomb of Napoleon, General Pershing received American flags and banners from the hands of President Poincaré. The enthusiasm of the vast crowd reached its highest pitch when General Pershing, escorted by President Poincaré, Marshal Joffre, and other high French dignitaries, passed along reviewing the lines of the Americans drawn up in square formations. Cheering broke out anew when the American band struck up the "Marseillaise," and again when the French band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and Pershing received the flags from the President. "Vivent les Etats Unis!" "Vive Pershing!" "Vivent les Americans!" shouted over and over by the crowd. More people were massed in the Tuileries Gardens than on the Esplanade des Invalides. Few of them could get a glimpse of the parade, but all joined in a thunderous outburst of cheering when music from the Republican Guard Band announced the approach of the troops, and the cheering did not diminish in volume until the last man in the line had disappeared from view of the gardens down the Rue de Rivoli.



Fred H Meyer

Sergeant Meyer's Story

Fought at St. Mihiel, Warville, Vesle and Champagne. Wounded by shrapnel in leg and gassed with phosgene and chlorine. Member of 105th Field Artillery. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 11, 1898. Occupation, bank clerk. Home, Woodhaven, L. I.

By SERGT. FRED H. MEYER

MANY stories such as mine are being told to families and relatives by returning sons, but few of these war tales are generally known.

In order that the American people may form some conception of the tribulations arising from such a gigantic struggle, the like of which was never conceived by any human being, I shall endeavor to pen an account of my personal experiences and trust to interest the reader.

Previous to the United States entering the war, I was in the great throng of New York's clerical workers. Aside from reading the cable dispatches in the papers, I was uninterested in the fight.

However, after our country could bear the abuse no longer and Congress declared war on Germany, my heart leaped and my blood grew hot, and when I saw boatload after boatload of

"Fighting America" leave to suppress the Hun, I enlisted in the 27th Division, and after three months' training in the South, sailed for "over there."

Our trip was uneventful, though the Army's guardian, our dependable Navy, probably saved our lives by the quick action of a destroyer which, after the warning shriek from one of the transports, raced to the rear of the convoy and apparently sank one of Germany's U-Boats with the accurate laying of a depth bomb.

We landed at Brest after a fortnight of steaming and got our first initiation of war, inasmuch as we put up our "dog-tents" after a six-mile hike through mud and rain.

After spending the day there, we marched that night to the trains which were five miles distant. We entrained on those never-to-be-forgotten "French Pullmans." I got into a compartment large enough to hold a sugar barrel, accompanied by seven comrades and we all had our full packs—and two days' food rations.

At the end of fifty-two hours of riding, during which we could occasionally move an arm or leg, and after dining sumptuously on cold canned tomatoes and canned beef with water to wash it down, we reached our training camp, some fifteen kilometers from Bordeaux.

We were given intensive training there and soon were in fit condition to meet the Huns. Another three-day sojourn on box cars, which moved us up behind the lines. Then came long night hikes through ankle-deep mud. After several

nights of this we heard the firing of the big guns distinctly.

We were billeted in a deserted village, from which point we moved our pieces in position on the line.

We were there several days when I was transferred to the 306th Infantry, with the French, who were holding the Toul Sector, and then I began to see war as it really was.

We lived in mud-laden trenches, swarming with rats. There was a constant roar of cannon. We were sleepless for fear of the night air raiders of the enemy, and the torture of several hours at a time wearing gas masks.

After several days we were relieved and went back to "rest." While "resting" we were attacked several times by German aviators who killed a bunch of soldiers with their bombs. Against this form of attack we were helpless and had to depend on our anti-aircraft boys, whom I saw send a plane crashing down to the earth in flames.

We rested for two days and then we crowded on to army trucks and travelled all night. We hid during the day and trusted to our camouflage. We were lucky this time and the next night moved into our position on a hill just north of ruined Rheims.

Here the fighting was furious. The Germans must have known of the arrival of fresh troops. They greeted us with a steady, murderous bombardment which cost us many lives.

I was fully broken in to modern warfare by

this time and we prepared for the most hazardous undertaking of the present-day soldier, going "over the top."

On the morning of September 20th, after a lengthy barrage by the French Artillery, who laid a wonderful protective fire, we gained our objective, but were beaten back by the terrible firing of enemy light artillery and one pounders, while the steady patter of machine guns went on unceasingly.

Our losses were not as heavy as they might have been. The Germans evidently had knowledge of our plans.

We laid quiet the next morning and waited for them to come over. They raided a considerable portion of our line, but it cost them dearly.

The sun came out later on heaps of the dead raiders' bodies, which were strewn all over the parapets of our trenches. The stench was stifling.

Some of our men were picked off by snipers. We retaliated by going over and bringing back more than their number in Hun prisoners.

Finally, on the night of September 27th, we were ordered to prepare to "go over," just before dawn. An unsuspecting barrage was thrown over, which died down to ordinary firing three times. This was to catch the Hun unawares.

It was my sixth trip to the German barbed wire. Some of us left the trenches and crawled out in No Man's Land and laid in shell holes.

When the vital moment came, I ran with wild-eyed pals all around me. We didn't get far when firing came our direction. Here and there a sigh

and groan would be heard as a piece of German steel found its mark. Gas shells were breaking all around us. I adjusted my gas mask as I ran. The boy on my right yelled and I knelt beside him the next instant, to discover a machine-gun wound in his shoulder. He urged me to "go and get them!"

I left him and got about ten yards away when something crushed the front of my helmet. A second later I got hit in the leg by a fragment of bursting shell.

I eased down to the ground and, overcome with exhaustion from eighteen days' of fighting, with little food and little sleep, I put my head on my arm and must have fainted. I felt somebody lift me and I dimly made out Germans carrying me.

A doughboy of ours rushed up and said, "It's all right, 'Sarge,' they're taking you to our hospital; they are prisoners." I fainted again after reaching the field hospital behind our line. I came to in an ambulance, crowded with wounded men, who groaned, and I guess I did, too, for I could not get any air. Something seemed to be burning my throat and pressing my lungs together, while a dull feeling was in my leg.

I was dazed when carried into a litter hospital and put on a cot. I knew then I was groaning. Two surgeons carried me out, gave me an anaesthetic and soon I was in "No Man's Land," only there was no firing there. I came to and was on a clean cot with plenty of blankets, yet I was ice-cold and still had that pain in my chest. I must have been shrieking with agony, for a French

nurse came over and put me to sleep with the well known "shot in the arm."

I guess I was there for two days when I was ambulanced over to an American hospital, just outside of Paris. It was No. 5, of the American Red Cross. Here I laid for three weeks, during which I suffered from the effects of the Boche's gas.

After that I recovered sufficiently to walk about, and kind-hearted visitors, Americans who were staying in Paris, took me about the city.

Then I was examined by several doctors and they classified me as unfit for action. So I was railroaded on a well-equipped hospital train to Bordeaux. Here we were put in a large base hospital and I slowly continued to recover, but my heart was seriously affected so I was classified again on November 25th and told I was to be sent home.

Nothing was ever told me before that sounded so untrue, but when I got on the good ship *Sierra*, two days later, I believed it, and on the thirteenth day of the voyage I had good luck enough to gaze at our own Statue of Liberty, and her arms seemed extended to me. Then I soon saw another better sight, my mother and family, and I said to them, "It was worth while."



Louis Genimeraud

Private Zimmerman's Story

Fought at Alsace-Lorraine, Verdun and on the Argonne Front. Wounded by machine-gun bullet. Member of Company K, 13th Infantry, 29th Division. Born in Russia, November 28, 1896. Occupation, tailor. Home, New London, Conn.

By PVT. LOUIS ZIMMERMAN

I WAS drafted May 1, 1918, and sent to Fort Slocum. Three days later I was transferred to Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., where I remained until June 6, when we entrained for Newport News, Va. On June 14 we boarded the *Princess Matauka* and started for France.

On the way across we were fired upon by two submarines, but our gunners got both of them. We landed at Brest, France, June 27th, and were sent to Belfort, where we were trained for two weeks, and hiked to the lines at Alsace-Lorraine. We remained three days in reserve and fourteen days in the first line trenches.

There was very little activity here. We were merely holding the lines. Once in a while, however, the Germans would lay down a barrage on us, killing a few fellows at the observation posts.

We were taken out of the trenches for five days for a rest, and then sent back in again for seventeen days, at the end of which time we went on a hike. We hiked for two days and nights to the Argonne Forest.

We stayed in reserve over night and at seven o'clock in the morning went into the front line trenches. At eleven o'clock we went "over the top." We advanced a couple of miles until we reached the woods.

A machine-gun was operating not far from us and killing our men, but, due to clever camouflaging, could not be seen. Our captain called for volunteers to go out and locate the gun. Four other fellows and myself volunteered to locate and capture it.

We started out, and before we got very far my four comrades were killed. I climbed a tree and lay very quietly scanning the terrain, trying to locate the gun. Suddenly I saw something move in a tree, which was a distance of four trees from me. I knew that it was not the movement of wind in branches or leaves, and concluded that it must be the nest.

I hollered for help and the captain sent three more men. I shouted to them to jump from one tree to another and thus escape the gunner's observation. When they reached my tree we started out together, jumping from tree to tree, until we reached the tree where I thought the nest was.

We all jumped into the tree together and pounced upon the gunner, taking him unawares. The gun was strapped to him. The gun and gun-

ner were camouflaged in green and from a distance could not be detected from the foliage of the tree.

With this obstacle removed, we advanced another kilometer. About half a kilometer away was the enemy's line. We began to dig ourselves in when Boche machine-guns opened up on us from all sides and we had to retreat. We had gone back half a kilometer when I was wounded in the leg. I tried to keep up with the other fellows, but the pain was so severe I had to lie down and let them go on without me.

As I lay there I looked up and saw seven planes dropping bombs down upon our boys and killing them in great numbers. One fell near me, killing several. Pretty soon our boys had all passed me, and the enemy was coming right up behind them. As the Germans passed me, one of them saw me and came over to stick his bayonet in me, but I drew my .45 revolver on him and scared him away.

Another German stole my haversack, in which I had some souvenirs which I had taken from German prisoners, and also a picture of my sweetheart, on the back of which was her name and address, also a request that it be mailed to her in the event of my death. This particular Hun who robbed me was later taken prisoner by the 32nd Division, and a lieutenant mailed the picture to my sweetheart in New Haven, Conn., explaining to her that it had been taken from a prisoner, and that I was missing in action.

After our boys had retreated one kilometer, they reconnoitered, and started to drive the enemy

back again. They retook the kilometer which they had lost, and advanced still another kilometer.

As the American boys passed me they called to me not to worry that I would soon be picked up and carried back to the first aid. I had stopped the flow of blood by strapping my belt very tightly around my leg. I was wounded at four o'clock in the afternoon and lay until one o'clock the following morning before I was picked up.

In the meantime shells were falling all around me, and I crawled to a dugout for safety, and lay among three dead men. When I first entered the dugout, one of the men was still alive. His two legs had been shot off. I crawled to see if I could help him. He lifted his head and said, "If you see my mother, tell her I am dead." That was all he was able to say. He died before I could learn his name or his mother's name and address.

I was thirsty, and as there was no water in any of the boys' canteens, nor my own, I crawled out and into another dugout where there were four dead men, one of whose canteens contained some water.

As I lay there four stretcher bearers came and picked me up. They started back to the first aid with me, when a Boche machine-gun opened up on us and killed two of the stretcher bearers, just as they were crossing a car track. When they fell, I fell with them. I crawled off the tracks and hid down behind the road bed, out of range

of the machine-gun. As I lay there, I could hear the bullets hitting the tracks above my head.

When the firing ceased, four more stretcher bearers came and picked me up and carried me away. When they lifted me, I looked between the car tracks and they were covered with machine-gun bullets. I was taken to the first aid station, where my leg was bandaged and put into splints.

I lay six hours waiting for an ambulance to come and take me to the hospital. Finally an ambulance came and told us that the Huns were shelling the road and that a shell had landed near four ambulances and killed the drivers and the wounded soldiers in all of them.

On the way to the hospital we overtook an ambulance which was stuck in mud up over the hubs of the wheels. Our car tried to pull it out and in doing so overturned, throwing us into the road. I fell on another fellow. We finally reached the hospital, where they cleaned my wound and sent me to Base Hospital No. 50, located near Metz, where they performed two operations upon my leg, one on October 23rd and one November 15th. I remained there for about four months.

I was then sent to Base Hospital No. 92, at Brest, where I remained nine days, and on February 22nd was carried aboard the S. S. *Great Northern*, which carried 1200 wounded boys back to the United States. I landed in New York March 3rd, and was taken to Grand Central Palace Hospital, where I am at the present time.

The bones in my leg will have to be rebroken in order to straighten my leg. The doctor advises that I will have to remain in the hospital for six or seven months longer.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

When midnight and Christmas Day were announced simultaneously by a joyous jangle of bells, we were speculating as to what effect Christmas would have on the warfaring of the troops on the other side of No Man's Land.

It was a perfect night. The dull red cottage roofs of the adjacent village were lit by a soft silken moonlight. The trees and the road were whitened with frost. The moulds of gun wheels in the mud of the road had frozen firm.

It was an ideal Christmas night—a night to recall log fires and carol singers, and Christmas trees, and the hanging up of stockings, and all the merry Christmas cheer of one's past Christmases, right down to the earliest of them.

"They would never fight on such a Christmas Eve?" I was saying, as midnight showed on my wrist watch.

A distant bell chimed a Yuletide hymn.

A moment or two later came a dull, rumbling thud from the east. The guns again? Yes. Thud, boom, and boom again; we could feel the shock of them in our trenches, although the shells were falling in another direction.

Christmas Day was being ushered in by guns! It was a day of strife instead of "peace on earth, good will to men."

The Germans had reserved their fiercest onslaught of the week for Christmas Day.

Guns thumped, machine-guns tapped, rifles cracked. That was the music of Christmas.

It showed how far Christianity had progressed in two thousand years and I wondered what the next two thousand years would result in.



Corp. Frank Hogan

Corporal Hogan's Story

Fought at Toul, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Verdun. Wounded by machine-gun bullet in left leg. Machine gunner, 101st Infantry, 26th Division.

By CORP. FRANK HOGAN

I BELONGED to the National Guard and was called into the Federal service July 15, 1917, spending July and August in Camp McGuinness; sailed for France on the troopship *Tanadores* on September 7th, landing at St. Nazaire, France, September 21st. After a two days' rest we boarded the cars for Neufchateau on the Champagne Sector.

We remained in training at Neufchateau from October 1st to the beginning of February. On February 7, 1918, we entrained and went into the trenches with the French Eighth Army Corps. We remained there February and March and then went on to the Toul Sector.

I have a distinct remembrance of how we passed the 31st of March, which was Easter Sunday, having spent the entire day riding on the cars and arrived at the town of Boncouville, where we relieved the First Division. After being shipped

from place to place on the Toul front, we finally found ourselves in the trenches at Lespare, where the first American battle was fought.

The Germans attacked us and there was terrific fighting for a few hours. We chased the Huns back to their trenches after giving them a battle that the survivors will always remember. They put up a stiff fight, however, and many on both sides were killed and wounded in bloody bayonet encounters.

From Lespare we were transferred to Chateau-Thierry about the tenth of July, relieving the Second Division and going into the first line trenches. We held the trenches there for about a week, during which time we did not have much to do, except to keep a sharp watch on the enemy. Then came the word one night that we were to get ready to go "over the top" in a couple of hours.

We were stationed in a little patch of the Belleau Wood. The barrage began at midnight and "over the top" we went. We ploughed ahead and kept on advancing, flanking German machine-gunners and snipers, who were located in trees and other concealed places.

On the fourth day of the battle we struck the town of Epieds, where the enemy snipers were firing from church steeples and other buildings where they could not be seen. They got quite a few of our men before we finally captured the town. The fighting continued for two more days, when we were relieved by the Second Division and sent back behind the lines for a little rest,

On September 12th we started for Saint Mihiel and on that night our artillery opened up a six-hour barrage, beginning at one o'clock in the morning.

We captured many thousand prisoners, mostly Austrians, who were in a rather ragged condition. We put in two weeks in establishing new lines, when we were relieved by the Seventy-seventh Division.

Then began the hike to Verdun. It was hard travelling all the way, over shell holes and through towns where there was nothing but signs of destruction.

We were footsore and weary when we reached Verdun. We spent a few days in the lines and had a chance to rest up before going into action again.

Verdun is situated on the Meuse, which divides at this point into several branches. This was not the first time that the noise of German guns was heard at Verdun. The town was bombarded by the Prussians in 1792. It surrendered after a few hours and a party of young girls from among the inhabitants made an offering of bonbons for which Verdun is noted. The Revolutionists recovered the town and sent three of the maidens to the scaffold. Verdun was again bombarded by the Germans in 1870 and taken after a gallant resistance of three weeks.

On October 22nd we were ordered "over the top" about eight o'clock in the morning. We made good progress the first day, and kept the Huns on a run before us. On the second day,

however, we met very strong resistance and encountered some of the fiercest fighting in our experience. The battle raged with great intensity while we were going through a piece of woods.

It was here that I was wounded. A machine-gun bullet got me in the left leg. I fell down and with some difficulty made my way back to the first aid station, where my wound was dressed. From there I was taken to Field Hospital No. 4, at Souilly, and operated on.

There were so many wounded soldiers coming in that I was allowed to stay there only one night, being transferred to Base Hospital No. 115, at Vichy. After that my injured leg received good treatment and, under the supervision of the Red Cross, I was sent to Brest, and on June 28th sailed for home on the *Saxonia*. The trip across was fine in every respect and, needless to say, I was mighty glad to get back home.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Life underground is the order of things within the scope of the enemy's guns. By the light of candles and lamps, soldiers live down here and eat and sleep. And yet men laugh and joke over the most serious things. A new habit of mind seems to have been created to suit this new outlook, one in which exposure and danger and shell fire and the blood of comrades are usual factors, instead of the strange, shocking horrors they would be in normal life conditions.

Private Young's Story

Fought in Alsace-Lorraine, St. Mihiel, Argonne Forest. Wounded by machine-gun bullet in left thigh. Member of 328th Infantry. Born in New York City, October 18, 1892. Occupation, theatrical stage hand. Home, New York City.

BY PVT. ALBERT YOUNG

I RESPONDED to the draft at New York City on October 11, 1918, and was sent to Camp Gordon, Ga., where I remained for seven months' training. I came back to New York and sailed for France May 1st on the S. S. *Scandinavia*, and arrived in Liverpool May 16th. Two days later we were sent to Southampton for two days and then across the Channel and landed at Le Havre.

We boarded box cars and were taken to the Somme front with the British Army, arriving there May 18th. We remained there a month, when we were ordered to proceed to the American front, which we were all glad to do.

We went to the American front in the Toul Sector, arriving about June 20th. We entered the trenches about July 3rd, and stayed there for seven days.

I was picked out for patrol duty on three dif-

ferent nights. The first night the patrol went out we ran into a German patrol, and then trouble began. We started throwing hand grenades at one another.

One of our men had his arm blown off, while on the German side five men were killed. There were fifteen in our patrol and about twenty in the enemy patrol.

We met them in No Man's Land. We went out about 11:30 P.M. All was quiet. We cut our way through barbed wire entanglements. We were creeping and walking stealthily and had been gone for about an hour and a half. The enemy trenches were about five hundred yards away.

We had gotten about half way across No Man's Land when we heard peculiar noises and suspected an enemy patrol, and stretched out flat on the ground. One of our men lost his head and threw a hand grenade in the direction of the noise, before the order was given by the lieutenant.

The enemy immediately started throwing "German Potato Mashers" at us, which have a wooden handle with a grenade on the end of it, hitting one of our boys and blowing his arm off, also inflicting nineteen wounds in his leg. We opened fire and in about ten minutes the Boche retreated and we also returned to our lines, carrying our wounded comrade with us.

We sent him to the first aid station and from there he was taken to the hospital. His name was Private Cimmaco, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

We were occupying German trenches when the order came through about ten minutes to one on Sunday afternoon to go "over the top." We loaded our rifles and, when the order was given, went over with fixed bayonets.

The first man to get up over the parapet was hit with a bullet and killed instantly. While we were advancing, the enemy were sending over artillery and gas shells, but after losing several men, we finally succeeded in capturing the village of Norroy. We were relieved at 12 o'clock that night, and were glad of it. We hiked back that night fifteen miles to Pont a Mousson. We camped in the woods about twelve miles from Nancy.

After being there a few days, we were taken in French automobile trucks, driven by Chinese, up to the Verdun front. After camping in the woods for a few days, we were again ordered to move further up. On October 7th we went out on a hill and dug ourselves in; and about 3 o'clock in the morning were told to get ready to move up still closer, and on October 8th, about 5:30, we went "over the top." The enemy saw us coming and opened up a barrage on us. They were on the top of the hill, while we were going up the sides, and they consequently had the more advantageous position. As I neared the top of the hill, a machine-gun bullet struck me in the thigh and I dropped and lay for seven hours before a stretcher bearer came and picked me up.

As soon as I fell, I crawled out of the way of the advancing soldiers and let them pass by. I

was in great pain. It felt as though some one had stuck a knife in me. While I lay waiting for the stretcher bearers, I smoked about three packages of cigarettes, which I fortunately had, and which I believe kept me from losing my nerve. I could hear the roar and turmoil of the battle in the distance. Our boys kept advancing and the Huns kept running away from them.

When I was picked up and the bearers started to carry me back to the first aid station, the Boche observers could see us and immediately started to drop shells all around us. One shell followed another in pursuit of us, and the stretcher bearers started double time, as we call it in the army. When they reached the first aid station, both fell exhausted. Although they wore the Red Cross insignia and were carrying a wounded soldier, it made no difference to the enemy.

At the first aid station they dressed my wound and gave me an antitoxin inoculation. I was then put into a Ford ambulance and sent to the Field Hospital. There the Red Cross gave me some hot chocolate and put me into another ambulance and sent me to Evacuation Hospital No. 11, fifteen miles away.

They took an X-Ray of my thigh and performed an operation upon me that night. I woke up about two o'clock in the morning and found myself in bed, with white sheets and a nurse standing alongside the bed, and she looked like an angel to me.

The following morning I was taken in another ambulance to the United States Hospital Train,

in which I rode for two days to Base Hospital No. 15, at Chaumont, France, and was there about three months.

I was on sick leave and went to Paris, where I was allowed to stay twenty-four hours. I drank too much Vin Rouge and was arrested by the M. P.'s. The Provost Marshal took pity on me because I was wounded and told me to take the first train from Marseilles to Nice. I had the toughest time of my life getting a seat among those Frenchmen on the train. It appeared as though they carried their three meals with them and that and their luggage took up half a compartment which should accommodate eight passengers. Nobody wanted to let me sit down, although I was wounded. I went into a second class compartment and sat down. The seat I occupied had been reserved, but I tore up the ticket and made myself at home. The French conductor came along and told me that the seat was reserved and I would have to move, but I said to him in French, what, translated into English, means, "Beat it quick!" I raised my fist to him and he went away and did not bother me any more. I finally reached Nice and had a wonderful time before returning to the hospital.

December 27th I was sent to Bordeaux to Base Hospital No. 6, and was there about one week when they sent me home on the U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*.

I arrived in Hoboken, N. J., January 19th, thence to Debarkation Hospital No. 1, Hoboken, and was later transferred to General Hospital,

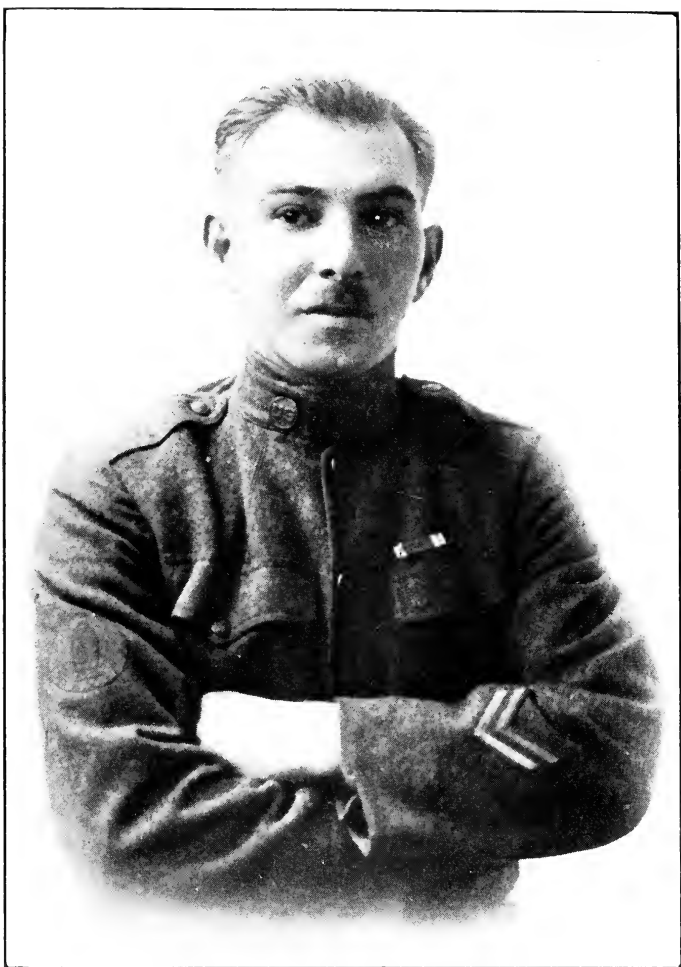
No. 1, Gun Hill Road, New York City. Was there about one week when they sent me to Camp Upton Base Hospital and discharged me January 18, 1919. My wound is all healed and I do not feel any bad effects at the present time.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

All we hear of here are the exploits of the daredevils of the air, the men who have brought down their nineteenth or twentieth Boche. We don't hear so much of the less spectacular but fully as valuable work of the men who fly in squadrons against squadrons of the enemy, who do reconnoissance work, or who act as the eyes of the big guns and hover over the section under bombardment, spotting the falls of shells and directing the gunners. And it is generally known that American flyers are ideal for such work, just as they are unsurpassed for the more thrilling task of single combat. The point is that the French are not so. There is in France a class of men who are pre-eminent as individual fliers, whose skill and daring may be matched but cannot be excelled, even by an American. But this class is limited in number and back of it the average Frenchman does not make an ideal aviator. It is the American who has shown himself especially adapted for this work.

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I got a bullet in the leg and my hand was torn with shrapnel, but that is only a small matter. The retreating Germans had flung out a rear guard in order to enable their main body to get away, and it was our duty to harry this rear guard as much as possible, and we did it, too. Then we were given the order to advance, and when we got to within about fifty feet of their lines we had to charge them with the bayonet. I got four Germans with cold steel before I stopped a bullet. I got one German stuck on my bayonet, and could not get him off. Then I was shot. This was on Monday night and I lay all that night in the wood before I was found.



Charles Altman.

Private Altman's Story

Fought at St. Mihiel, Argonne Forest, Verdun and Meuse. Gassed. Member 52nd Artillery. Born in New York City, April 23, 1895. Occupation, salesman. Home, New York City.

By PVT. CHARLES ALTMAN

HAVING nothing on my mind one nice March day, in 1917, I walked up to the recruiting officer of the 9th Coast Defense Command in New York City and enlisted in that once famous National Guard Regiment which has seen service in every war from 1812 to the recent great conflict for democracy.

I was assigned to the 13th Company. It was June 5, 1917, that we received our first thrill of the war, when we were mobilized to prepare for any trouble that should arise on draft registration day.

On July 15, we were ordered to report to our armory for mobilization into the Federal service. On August 6th we received our moving orders and a happier bunch could not be found. We boarded the steamer *Thomas Patten*, after leaving the armory, and sailed down the bay to Sandy

Hook. It was there we started into doing real soldiering. We were ordered to pitch tents that evening and the dusk found us weary and hungry.

We were given some hard tack and canned Willie for supper. We were happy in the thought that we would soon be given the opportunity of participating in the great European struggle.

Finally, after many disappointments, one day in June an order came in for 250 men to be used as replacement troops. My wish to be included was granted, and we were rushed to Camp Merritt, N. J. Three days later, at 3 o'clock A. M., we were told to proceed to the boat with heavy marching order packs, weighing 110 pounds each. We hiked through woods uphill to the boat landing so that no one should see us leaving. That hike was seven miles and it certainly did give us a taste of real soldiering.

We boarded an old cattle boat which was now being used as an army transport. The boat was manned by English sailors and it still had its cattle signs on the hatches. We left the lower harbor one bright Sunday afternoon and started on our first lap across the sea. After our first day out, all we saw was water and sky for twelve days. It was on a Friday, just at dawn, when I was standing on the deck that I noticed a line on the horizon and after a quick search for glasses I discovered that it was none other than the beautiful coast of Ireland.

Two days later found us anchored in the bay right off Brighton Tower, England. After a few

hours we were towed up to the dock and landed. We then started on our hike to a rest camp. All along the line of march the people gave us a wonderful reception. They lined the sidewalks four deep to greet us. Our hearts felt fine to see them waving "Old Glory."

We lounged around Liverpool two days and then proceeded to Winchester and thence to Southampton, where we boarded the steamer *Naragansett*, which was to take us across the English Channel. Excitement started when one of the destroyers in our convoy began to fire shots at a submarine lurking on the horizon. We landed safely at Le Havre, France. There the people turned out to greet us, but who could understand what they were saying? That's where a fellow needs a friend.

After unloading, we started on another big hike to a rest camp. Upon arriving at this camp we were given a bath, the first in twenty days. After spending three days at this camp, we hiked down to a railroad station and there boarded some trains, better known to us as "side door Pullmans."

After traveling three days and nights with very little to eat, we arrived at a place called Haussimont, the largest artillery camp in France. There we put up in wooden shacks and were instructed what to do in case of German air raids. I afterwards learned that this camp was the historic landmark where the great battle of the Marne was fought in 1914. After spending a few weeks at this camp, drilling ten hours every day, we were

ordered to join the 52nd Artillery Regiment at the front.

In command of a first lieutenant, 110 men started from this camp as replacements. After riding two days more in box cars, we arrived at a little town called Genecourt, near St. Mihiel. There we pitched dog tents, wore our gas masks at the alert position and were ordered to put our guns in positions, as a big ammunition dump was to be our target.

I now realized I was in the war zone. Things were very quiet the first night. The following day I began to hear shells bursting. On the morning of September 12th, at 10 o'clock, we were ordered to our guns. Five minutes later the first gun started what was perhaps the greatest barrage ever put up by the Americans. It lasted seventy-two hours.

About 5 o'clock A.M. on September 12th, the doughboys went "over the top" with heart and soul and their objective was easily gained.

Things continued quiet for the next few days. We did nothing but lay around our billets and await further orders, which finally came and were to the effect that we should proceed to the Verdun front and prepare for the offensive there.

Upon arriving in Nancy, Boche aviators were bombing the town. Our train stopped and we were ordered to seek shelter under the trains until it was over. For fully a half hour we laid under the cars waiting for the bombing to stop. When it did we again started for our destination. After traveling a day and a night, we arrived at

a place called Belrupt, on the right flank of Verdun. There we placed our guns on such targets as German barracks, ammunition dumps and a machine factory.

After pulling our guns into position on the morning of September 25th, the Germans started to shell us and continued until the evening of the twenty-sixth, but that evening still found us at our posts sending over two to every one that "Jerry" sent us. We only had two casualties owing to sheer luck. We then changed our targets and started to fire again. After firing a few hours every day, we would rest in the evening.

It was in October that we were ordered to the Argonne front. We then traveled to a place called Chatten Court and placed our guns in position. There I saw my first real air battle between a Boche plane and American plane, in which the American was the victor.

It was one bright night that our bugler sounded the alarm for an air raid and that meant we were to seek shelter at once, but as all American boys are inquisitive, I continued to look up in the air to see those Boche planes. Had the Hun aviator good marksmanship in dropping those bombs, I would not be telling you this story to-day, for some of them landed quite close to me.

It was a few days later when "Jerry" started to shell us. We had our hands full. Shells were bursting on all sides of us, but we dared not give ground. Our infantry, which we were supporting, kept gaining territory.

Day after day we kept up firing and in the

evening we would write letters to the folks at home. We later learned through a citation we received, that we had fought the Kaiser's strongest troops and that people back home were proud of our record.

It was on the morning of November 5th, six days before the final blow was struck, that through carelessness I was gassed. I had the habit of wearing my gas mask always, but that particular morning, as luck would have it, I laid my mask on the floor and when the gas alarm sounded, I could not find it, which resulted in my spending a few weeks at a hospital.

The signing of the Armistice found me at Base Hospital, No. 101, St. Nazaire. After spending a month there, I was allowed to take fresh air walks to the town. I was then transferred to my outfit at Camp No. 1. There we used to walk in mud knee deep. You hear people talk about "Sunny France," but to my sorrow, I do not recall ever having seen the sun while there. Possibly it was often concealed by smoke of battle.

Day after day we patiently awaited sailing orders so that we could once more get a glimpse of God's country. Finally, after a month or more of impatient waiting, our orders to sail home came and, after going through all army formalities, we marched down to the boat. We boarded the U. S. S. *Antigone*, which was formerly owned by the German Government and known as the *Neckar*.

The first day out in the Bay of Biscay found me very generous in contributing to Father Nep-

tune. After eating a number of lemons, I was myself again.

The days seemed like years to me, waiting to get a glimpse of "Miss Liberty," but to my great regret, the first piece of land we sighted was at Hampton Roads, Va. We landed at Newport News, and went to Camp Stuart, where we were put through the chemical disinfecting baths.

After getting new clothes, we were allowed the freedom of the town. A few days later we were sent to Camp Eustis, at Eustis, Va., where we received our final statements and discharges.

In conclusion to my story, I wish to say that it is through the people back home, who were behind us, that we owe part of the great victory for democracy.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

It was a group of American flyers, the Escadrille Lafayette, who saved Verdun. The attack on Verdun came so suddenly and so unexpectedly that for three or four days the French thought it a feint, designed to force the withdrawal of their men from about Ypres, so that the Germans might break through to Calais. When the French found that it was a genuine attack they faced, the Germans had already sent their airmen scud-
ding over Verdun and its environs. Petain sent an urgent call for aviators to drive off the German flyers and to confound their artillerymen by depriving them of their flying "spotters."

And they sent him the Escadrille Lafayette, the American flyers who had already made a name for themselves by their daring and hardihood. The Americans

went aloft over Verdun and gave battle to the Germans. They drove them back and kept them back so that no man might direct a gun against that road to Bucy—"La Voie Sacrée," or the Sacred Road, as the French now call it. And over that road rolled the trains of motors bringing the munitions and supplies that made Verdun a turning point in the war. So much the Escadrille Lafayette accomplished.

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I saw two women of the peasant class waiting outside the Prefect's office in Paris. The elder went in, returning presently with a set look on her worn face.

"Is it well with Jean? the younger woman asked eagerly.

"Yes, it is well."

"And with Henri and Paul?"

"Yes, all is well with them. . . . They are all with God."

. . . "I am glad to have been their mother."

* * * * * * *

General Petain, Commander-in-Chief of the French Armies operating on the French front, on July 3, 1918, issued the following general order: "To-morrow, the Independence Day celebration of the United States, the first American troops which have debarked in France will defile in Paris. Later they will join us on the front. Let us salute these new companions in arms who without thought of gain or of conquest, but with the simple desire of defending the cause of right and liberty, have come to take their places in the ranks beside us. Others are preparing to follow them. They will soon be on our soil. The United States means to put at our disposition, without reckoning, their soldiers, their factories, their vessels and their entire country. They want to pay a hundredfold the debt of gratitude they owe to Lafayette and his companions. From all the points of the front a single shout on this July 4th will be heard, 'Honor to the great sister. Long live the United States!'"

Private O'Connor's Story

Fought at Alsace-Lorraine, Champagne, Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel. Wounded in left thigh by shrapnel. Member of Com-G, 165th Regiment. Born in County Kerry, Ireland, September 20, 1895. Occupation, machinist. Home, New York City.

By PVT. MICHAEL O'CONNOR

I ENLISTED in the old 69th Regiment on June 3, 1917, and was sent to Camp Mills, N. Y., where I trained for five months. On October 28th, we set sail for Europe on the U. S. S. *Medica*. The trip was uneventful, and after twenty-one days we landed at Brest, France.

We went aboard box cars and after travelling three days and nights arrived at Savoy, France, where we remained for about one week. We then moved to Chaux, and remained there several months, training. We hiked from there to Alsace-Lorraine, covering the ground in three days.

Midnight of the 17th of February, 1918, we went into the front line trenches, and were busy all night throwing hand grenades across at the enemy.

We sent out a patrol of fifty-two men to capture a machine-gun nest which had been located by our

outpost. They started across No Man's Land when the gun opened up on them and killed two of our boys. The remaining fifty succeeded in capturing the gun and two men and brought them back to our lines.

On the 24th of February we went on a raiding party with the French. There were fifty French and fifty American soldiers. Six of the French were wounded, and one American Major, said to be the first to go on a raiding party, and two American soldiers. We went right over to the German lines, causing many casualties and captured a Boche with a wooden leg, who was sending up rockets as signals to the artillery. The French started back and would not stop to pick up their wounded, so we picked them up and carried them back to the first aid.

Another night the enemy raided us and killed six of our men. A hand-to-hand encounter ensued and we succeeded in capturing thirteen Boches.

One day, while on the front, thirty-two men of Company E, including the Captain, were sleeping in a dugout. A shell fell on the roof which caused the dugout to cave in, burying the men alive. Six of the men dug their way out with their helmets. We dug the others out, but too late to save their lives.

After ten days we were taken into the rear of the lines where we stayed in reserve until April 3rd. We then went into the front lines again.

The first day "Jerry" laid a barrage on us of heavy smoke. Father Duffy was in the dugout with us, serving Holy Communion to the boys and

giving them smokes. When the barrage lifted, the enemy stood over our heads. We opened up on them and just mowed them down and chased them back to their own lines.

We were relieved after a few days and sent to Baccarat where we stayed for about two months and then went to the Champagne front. We went into the front lines on the Fourth of July. The French expected the enemy to make a drive on the 9th, which they did not do, and again on the 11th. However, on the 15th, the Germans made their first big drive on the American troops.

The German Intelligence system had a way of finding out just who composed the division that was in front of them. Rumors reached us that they were taking very thorough measures to make this drive a success, as it was one of the main attacks mapped out by the German Government to try and break the fighting spirit of the American troops.

We, being in the front lines from the 4th to the 15th, also had mapped out the ground, and should an attack be made, we were also prepared to see that the enemy was not going to succeed.

Two platoons were in detail for the night, establishing listening, observation and machine-gun posts. The duty of the boys at these posts was, of course, to watch the different movements of the enemy and to prevent any surprise attack.

I was detailed on a working party with four other fellows to carry barbed wire from the rear of the lines up to our trenches to block the old communication trenches, which were once held

by the enemy, to prevent any of their night patrols sneaking up through these trenches either for information or perhaps to render casualties.

After carrying the first roll of wire, we decided that we were there to fight, not to labor, so we sat down on a log and discussed the different events of the day. Our Corporal, Jim Christie, of Brooklyn, was with us, so we had no fear of the boss coming up and catching us loafing on the job.

When we were at the height of our glory, "Jerry" interrupted our consultation by a terrible barrage, which meant the beginning of the big drive on the Champagne front.

The commissioned officer in charge, knowing it was useless for us to fight artillery which was raining all around us, ordered all his men to the dugouts, as they were shelling the trenches and one was no safer in one spot than another.

I went into an old dugout, one of the old German type, about forty feet under the ground, feeling as though there was not a shell made that could penetrate or harm any of us there.

At first we thought that it was perhaps a move of the Hun artillery who thought that they would like to enjoy the evening by firing upon us, but later on it proved to be one of the most terrific drives Germany had mapped out.

At that time, which was the early stages of America's entry into the war, there were no such contrivances as sirens, bells or other different methods of gas alarms, but hanging in each sector were pieces of old shells which were put there for

the purpose of the sentry on guard who discovered gas, to signal by striking it with a bayonet or any other article.

We were not in the dugout more than ten minutes when we heard the alarm notifying every man in the immediate vicinity that the Germans had started their treacherous method of warfare, "gas." We adjusted our masks as though nothing had happened, because we were thoroughly interested in a young chap who was peacefully rendering us beautiful ballads on a violin of his own construction from an old cigar box; and, believe me, it sounded good out there with nothing but death lurking around to hear a good old tune played by one of our own boys, regardless of all danger.

One of our boys went upstairs to the entrance of the dugout and looked out to see what damage the artillery was doing, and was confronted by a French soldier who was not wearing a gas mask, and when he saw our boy with his mask on said, "*a la Gasse*"? and our boy replied, "*Oui*". The Frenchman, realizing that the American boy knew what he was talking about, quickly adjusted his mask, thus saving his own life from the oncoming fumes.

This barrage continued for a period of six days. The enemy barrage did considerable damage to the surrounding country, as far back as twenty miles to the town of Chalons, where three American M. Ps. were killed. Do not forget, however, that as the enemy barrage opened up, our barrage opened up also, and for the same period rained

ten shells to their one, showing them that we were there for the purpose of defeating them and not to be defeated.

At six o'clock in the morning, a French lieutenant came to us and said, "The Boche are coming over." Every American went to his post, each one anxious to get a longed-for crack at the foe. They came over into our trenches, Prussian Guards and Turks, and acted as though they not only came over with the intention of killing us but to eat us up as well.

Then took place the first hand-to-hand fight in which the American troops ever participated. One of our platoons was almost completely wiped out. Out of thirty-two men, there were only four left. However, we succeeded in driving them out and back to where they belonged.

One night seventeen of us went out on a patrol through No Man's Land. "Jerry" opened up a machine-gun on us and we lay down on the ground. When the gun quieted, we all got up, with the exception of one fellow who did not see us moving away, and went back to our trenches, leaving him behind. When we got back and checked up, one was missing, and we thought probably he had been killed.

Three days later he came crawling across No Man's Land back into our lines, with a lot of information. He had camouflaged himself and lay in a shell hole. Germans walked all around him for three days and did not see him. He learned where an artillery gun was concealed and firing upon our men. An American plane went over

and got the range of the gun for our artillery, who wiped it out. The young man's name is John Ryan, and he was later wounded at Chateau-Thierry.

While "Jerry" was shelling us one morning about three o'clock, a shell hit our kitchen, blowing it to pieces, killing two of our cooks and wounding one by blowing his finger off. Instead of going to the first-aid station, the injured cook jumped up and ran to the front line and said he would stay there until he had killed five Germans for what they had done to him and his comrades.

A shell also hit a dugout in which our Captain and a Sergeant were. We dug as fast as we could to get them out before they smothered to death, but both were dead before we could reach them.

On the morning of July 22nd, we were relieved by the French. We rushed out of the trenches in column of squads, which was the only way we could go, due to the heavy fire of the enemy. As we hiked along the road from the lines to our rest camp, the Boche artillery observed us and opened fire, killing several of our boys. The road was strewn with French dead who had been coming up to our support, but were killed by the long-range guns of the enemy.

We hiked nine kilometers behind the lines to a town called Copley. We bathed, put on clean clothes and then we had our supper. In the evening our chaplain, Father Duffy, had the band play for us. In the midst of our merrymaking, a Boche plane flew over and dropped bombs upon

us, killing several of our boys. We slept in our pup tents, and in the morning packed up again and started on another hike. We moved very slowly along the main road, making a mile in two hours or more. A Boche plane was flying just ahead of us dropping bombs along the road. We hiked to the railroad station and got aboard trains, and rode sixty kilometers behind the lines.

On the 24th of July, two days later, we were ordered to pack and get ready to move. We thought we were going to another rest camp, but the captain told us not to lose heart as we were going back into another big battle. We got into French auto trucks and rode for eight hours. We got out and after our regiment was filled up with drafted men, we went into the lines at Chateau-Thierry and relieved the 26th Division (Yankee Division). We went into the front lines at 2:30 in the morning, and at six o'clock went "over the top" without the aid of artillery.

The enemy opened up on us with artillery, and their planes were over our heads dropping bombs. Our boys dropped on all sides but we didn't fall back. We dug ourselves in and held the lines.

Our objective was the town of Sergy, just across the Ourcq River, which had been in the hands of the enemy seven times. "Jerry" was throwing everything he had at us, and our boys kept falling dead or wounded. As fast as they fell, they were replaced by reserve men.

I was detailed to bring these men up into the lines. I had to go back two miles behind the lines, where they detrained, to get them and escort them

up to the front. I would start out with fifty men, but by the time I reached the lines, there would not be more than twenty-five or thirty left, as the enemy artillery was shelling the road and killing them as fast as I could bring them up.

We had almost nothing to eat during the battle. Plenty of food had been sent us, but it had been gassed on the way and was not fit to eat. In a small town just behind us, on the main road to our lines, gas shells were dropping continuously. It was coming through this town that our food was gassed.

It was almost impossible for the ambulances to get up to our first aid station to get the wounded and carry them back to the hospitals, as the enemy kept shelling the road, but they stuck to their posts and did not give up.

Through the thickest of the fire, General Leonard rode on his horse along No Man's Land, directly in front of our front line trench, comforting the boys and urging them on. He said: "Boys, you have them on the run, keep them going." This instilled new courage in us and made us more determined to keep them running all the way to Berlin.

The engineers laid fifteen pontoon bridges across the Ourcq, but enemy planes blew up ten of them before we could cross. We finally succeeded in crossing the river, and kept driving until we gained our objective, Sergy. We dug in, and made ourselves comfortable.

Father Duffy stayed with us all through the

battle, burying the dead and carrying the wounded back to the first aid station.

We were then relieved by the Fourth Division, and hiked back over the thirty-five kilometers we had gained to a rest camp. There weren't many of our old comrades left. When we reached the rest camp we were completely exhausted, after the long, hard struggle, and although we were almost starved to death, did not have enough energy to eat the food that was given to us. It rained all that night and we slept on the ground in dog tents.

The next morning our mail came up, but there were only a few boys left to receive the letters from home. Most of the letters were sent either to hospitals or back to the senders.

Our ranks were again filled up with new men, and we paraded through Chateau-Thierry, led by our band. We were then sent to the St. Mihiel front, reaching there September 12th. At twelve o'clock midnight, our big guns opened a barrage on the enemy. We were to go over the top at six o'clock. Our objective was a hill upon which, in 1915, thirty thousand French soldiers fell in twenty minutes.

General Foch told General Pershing that he could never take that hill, but Pershing said that we would take it in seventy-two hours. Foch replied, "I consider your men good men, but if they take that hill and hold it, you have the mightiest army in the world."

We started "over the top" in the second wave, through a barrage of liquid fire which "Fritz"

had opened up on us. We took the hill and also a small town which was on the other side. In the town were a great many German soldiers sleeping, whom we captured. We found plenty of whiskey and beer and had a jolly time.

The captain told us to dig in and prepare for a counter-attack, which we did, and by 11 A.M. of the 13th we resettled in our new trenches and were ready for "Jerry." However, he did not come after us, and at six o'clock the following morning, we went "over the top" again and fought like tigers, chasing the Hun as fast as his legs could carry him. It was a running fight all right.

The fourth day of the battle I was hit in the right thigh by shrapnel and knocked out of the game. I was taken back to the first aid station by stretcher bearers, where they gave me "a jab of the needle" to prevent blood poisoning and put me in an ambulance bound for the field hospital.

As we were going along the road to the hospital, our driver saw a supply truck coming toward us. When it got within five feet of us a bomb fell upon it, blowing it up, killing two boys and wounding four. The wounded were put in the ambulance with us and we continued on our journey until we reached the field hospital, where we were given chocolate and cigarettes by the Salvation Army.

I was transferred from the field hospital to a base hospital in Tours, France. Three days after my arrival, the shrapnel was removed from my thigh.

I was then put aboard a Red Cross train, and after twenty-four hours' travel reached Base Hospital No. 36, which resembled a butcher shop, there were so many operations being performed there.

They took an X-Ray of my thigh and found that an operation was necessary. Four days later I was sent to Base Hospital No. 13, where I remained until I was well.

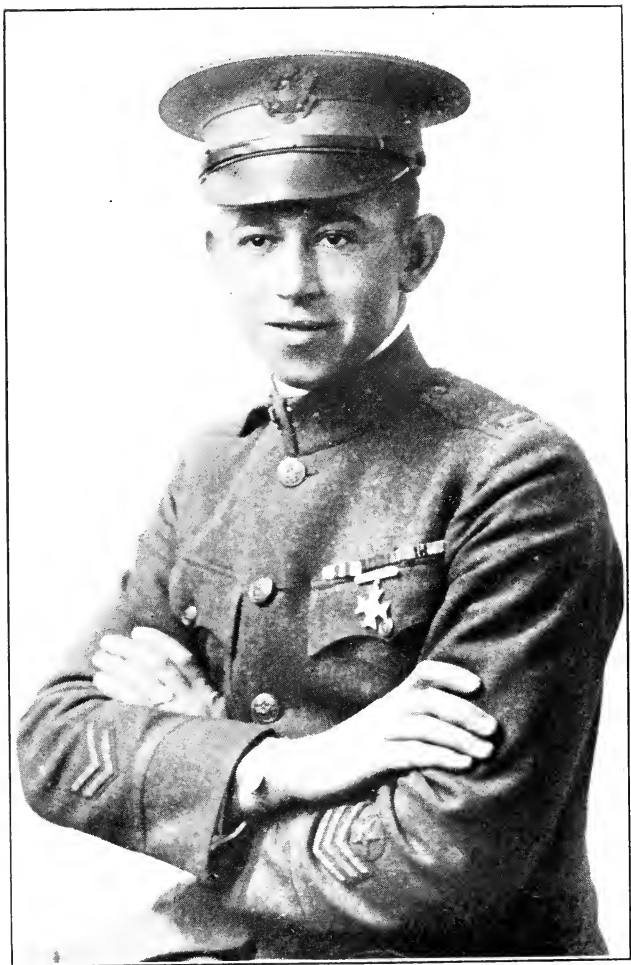
When I was able to get around and felt well, the doctors examined me and classified me as B-2, which meant I was to serve from thirty to ninety days behind the lines.

I was sent to the rear of the lines and detailed to guard prisoners for about one month. Was then told to pack up and get ready to go back home, which I gladly did.

I sailed from Bordeaux on the *General-Gautry* on January 7th, and landed at Hoboken, N. J., on January 24th. Was sent to Camp Merritt where I stayed for three weeks and was then transferred to Camp Upton and on February 22, 1919, received my honorable discharge.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Of all the actors in the great tragedy of the war none stand out more heroically than the chaplains, none fill a greater place in what has come to be called the theater of the war. No wonder so many of them have received decorations, and no wonder the men highly value the presence and encouragement of the minister of religion.



Philip Tarbell.

Lieutenant Tarbell's Story

Fought at Verdun, Toul, Soissons, Chateau-Thierry, Argonne Forest, Arras, Lorraine and Alsace. Wounded by shrapnel in right leg; gassed internally twice. Member of Company C, 102nd Infantry. Born in New Haven, Conn., August 26, 1896. Occupation, steamfitter. Home, New Haven, Conn.

BY LIEUT. PHILIP TARBELL

MY first thoughts of becoming a soldier came to me in 1914, when I went down to the armory of Company C, of the old Second Regiment, New Haven, Conn. Watching the boys drilling made me feel as though it would be of some benefit both physically and mentally to me to become a soldier in some branch of service, so that, in time to come, I might be able to benefit my country in some way.

After attending weekly drills for about two years, my dream of doing something for my country came true, with the outbreak of trouble between the United States and Mexico.

I, with the rest of the boys, answered the call to the colors Sunday, June 18th, 1916. It was not long before we found some unknown destination.

We knew, of course, that we were going down for the purpose of keeping the Mexican bandits

off our American soil, especially those who were pillaging and stealing from our good, American people, who had made their homes in what might be termed, "the plains of the United States."

After riding seven days in these coaches, we arrived at a place known as Nogales, Ariz., where we detrained to pitch tents midst fields of cactus, gillimonsters and centipedes, who were the only inhabitants of that part of the country.

You can imagine what it meant to us boys, who came from such a beautiful State as Connecticut, to be placed in—well, just a desert. I had often read stories of "the wild and woolly West," but what I had pictured in my mind differed a great deal from the real thing.

I now sympathize with the pony express boys of Buffalo Bill's time, who had to ride these areas on dark nights, with no place to stop for a handshake or a cup of coffee. Nothing but sky and plain with wild animals for company. I know now what a Westerner means when he says: "My horse is my only friend."

My stay on the Border benefitted me a great deal and prepared me for the great war that has just ended. Drilling eight hours a day in the hot sun, on sandy drill ground, gave me an idea of what war really is. Nothing does a man more good than "early to bed and early to rise," and, believe me, the army is the place where you live up to it.

After four months training on the Border, we received the glad news that we were to return to civilization. We entrained and arrived back

in New Haven about October 28th, none the worse for our experience.

After being mustered out in November, I returned to civilian life, never dreaming that in a very short time we would be called out again to suppress German Kultur. My heart leaped with joy when I knew I was physically fit; and my American blood boiled and surged through my veins to know that I was one of the Americans who would be permitted to cross the big pond to enter into this great European struggle for Democracy.

We were called out March 28th and detailed to guard bridges through our own State, as there were a lot of pro-Germans operating in the United States, and it was up to us boys to prevent any dynamiting or destruction of property belonging to either State or government.

After doing guard duty, we were relieved and sent to train at Camp Yale, New Haven. We received a training in warfare that could not be surpassed by any other nation in the world, and after three months went aboard the Royal Mail Steamer *Messanabie*, bound for the battle fields of France. We boarded the vessel at Montreal, having travelled to that point by rail from New Haven, and steamed down the St. Lawrence River. We passed under one of the greatest structural bridges in the world, the Quebec Bridge.

We arrived at Halifax, where we lay in the harbor for seven days awaiting convoy. When our convoy arrived, we started on our way across and

landed in Liverpool, October 9th. We proceeded across England to Southampton where we were put in camp at Bitteron Commons.

We remained there seven days and went aboard the S. S. *Archangel* and crossed the Channel to Le Havre, France. We reached Le Havre at midnight and stayed aboard until six the following morning. We then disembarked and marched to British Rest Camp, No. 1. We just got settled in our tents when we received orders to pack up and move again.

We boarded trains and proceeded across France to Landaville, arriving there October 18th. We received quite some training during our stay here, and on December 1st, I was sent to school. I arrived at the First Officers' Training School December 1st, and after three months of hard training, received my commission as Second Lieutenant.

After going through the Officers' Training School, we were sent to the machine-gun school. Before we started our course, we were ordered to the trenches at Toul for three weeks' observation with the French troops.

I reached the front lines March 12th, and being the first American to be put with the French in this sector, I was treated like a king. After dining with the French officers, I proceeded to the platoon commander's P. C., where I was asked if I would like to go up to the first line that night, or wait until the morning. I decided to go up that night.

I proceeded to the front line just about mid-

night. This was a quiet sector, and through the courtesy of the French officer, I was allowed to throw a few rifle grenades, flares, etc. I then returned to the P. C., where I went to bed and enjoyed a good night's rest.

After I had been there a week, I was allowed to go out on a patrol. This patrol was not a fighting patrol, and nothing of importance happened.

March 21st, the day the Germans started the big offensive, I thought they had extended it to our front, too. There was music and singing in the German lines, but we soon stopped it with grenades.

On March 22nd, we went out on another patrol, but this time we had some trouble. It was my second trip to No Man's Land, and, like most Americans, I could not keep my head down. We were out about an hour when we ran into a German patrol, and, of course, we had to fight.

I received my first wound in this engagement. I did not know at the time that I had been wounded, as it seemed that some one or something had hit me on the shin. I made for a shell hole, of which I found I was not the only occupant. I felt uneasy for a while, as I did not know whether it was a Frenchman or a German. I finally got up enough nerve to reach over and feel of his helmet, and was very pleased when I found that it was a Frenchman.

The poilu had also been wounded in the leg, but his wound was worse than mine. He was unable to walk, and after things quieted down, I managed to get him back to our lines.

I was sent to the hospital where I spent four weeks and then returned to school to finish my course in machine-gunnery. Completing the machine-gun course, I was sent to the 35th American Division, which at that time was in the British sector. I remained with the 35th a very short time, and on June 9th, reported to the 33rd Division, which also was in the British sector.

The 2nd of July we were in the lines with the Australians, just outside the town of Hammel. We celebrated July 4th by taking the town of Hammel. We had little or no trouble in gaining our objective. When the Hun realized that we were Americans and Australians, they fell back, and we had very little opposition, except for snipers, who caused many casualties on our side.

When we got into the town, we found very few of the houses standing. The Germans had made their headquarters in the cellars and what houses were left of this once peaceful little village.

Upon entering Hammel, our first job was to search every nook and corner to see if there had been any spies left behind to do any underhand work, which method Germany practiced against her enemies. We held the town, expecting a counter-attack at any time, but as "Jerry" seemed satisfied to let well enough alone and not attempt a counter-attack, we were relieved by a contingent of our own outfit and went back of the lines for a much needed rest.

My rest was very short, as I received orders almost immediately to report to the 29th Division, which at that time was in Alsace. After a few

days in Alsace, we were ordered to the Verdun front, where we went into the front lines on the morning of October 5th.

The first morning there our company's kitchen was hit wit ha large shell, and we were without food and had very little water during that entire attack.

On the morning of October 12th, I was carried back unconscious from exhaustion through lack of food and water, and slightly gassed.

After another four weeks in the hospital, I was sent to the Casual Officers' Depot where I was assigned to a casual company to return to the United States. We embarked at Brest December 31st, and land at New York, January 12th, where we proceeded to Camp Upton, from which place I received my honorable discharge.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

A French soldier who fought with us at Chateau-Thierry told me how his life had been saved by the regimental dog at the battle of the Marne. He was wounded by a piece of shell in the arm, by a bullet in the jaw, and a bayonet cut on the head, and lay on the battle field half covered by the bodies of his slain comrades. Suddenly he felt caresses on his face. It was the regimental dog, which had been trained to bring aid to the wounded. "Go and inform my mates," urged the soldier. The dog understood and trotted off briskly, bringing back two stretcher bearers who picked him up. The dog was described as an old hand at this rescue work. He goes regularly into the firing line and when the fire is intense buries himself in a shell hole.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Sporting men are numerous in the phalanx of "Aces." There are football players, baseball stars, automobile racers and others from turf and water. All the arms—infantry, cavalry and artillery—have representatives on our list of fliers, and men of the most diverse social classes fraternize here—professional army officers, civil engineers, mechanics. The standing of these laureates of the air is dazzling. They have heroism and glory by the armful.

* * * * * *

Away in the distance a little speck in the sky, and 'round it a score of white puffs. Suddenly a flash, and another white puff close to the speck this time. It is a retiring German airplane and our guns are firing on it. The method used is to fire in a circle around the mechanical bird rather than to aim directly at it. This one has escaped the shrapnel, and is back again in the safety zone. We heard later that she had dropped a star shell over the headquarters in a neighboring village, and within five minutes a German shell fell close to the building. And then came another. The third shell passes through the building, but by that time it was empty. Often we witness our airplanes making daring expeditions over the German lines and coming back through a storm of shrapnel. Like nerveless birds they glide through the air, landing gracefully, undamaged, a mile or so behind our billet.



Henry Grossman.

Red Cross Worker's Story

Performed Red Cross work in Flanders, Mont Kemmel, Alsace-Lorraine, Chateau-Thierry, Argonne Forest. Born in New York City, November 1, 1890. Occupation, vaudeville actor; theatrical name, Henry Brown. Home, New York City.

By PVT. HENRY GROSSMAN

I WAS filling a vaudeville engagement when I received notice from my local board to report ready for duty. I came to New York and on September 28, 1917, was sent to Camp Upton. Was assigned to the Medical Corps.

On April 6, 1918, we sailed for France on the Steamship *Justicia*. On the boat I arranged games and shows for the boys. We landed in Liverpool April 29th and were sent to Dover and then across the English Channel to Calais to a rest camp there. The night of our arrival, we were serenaded by "Fritz" from the air.

On May 10th we were sent to Camel Hills in the Arras section of the Flanders front and were attached to the English.

On July 4th we were sent to Alsace-Lorraine and ordered into the front lines. That night the

Germans raided us, and for the first time in four years used liquid fire, and the way they burned our boys was a shame. My partner was taken prisoner. We vowed that we would get even, and we did. We planned a daylight raid which took place the following Sunday afternoon. We went across No Man's Land, through barbed wire entanglements to the Boche trenches, taking them by surprise and doing considerable damage. One of our men was wounded and I succeeded in getting him back to the hospital.

We were then sent up to the Chateau-Thierry front. When we reached there, we were all in from the hike, but we did not care. I was in the battalion cave with Captain Harrigan, also an actor, of the vaudeville team of Harrigan & Hart. He was scheming how to make the Germans retreat from the big hill they were on. The following night he ordered a machine-gun barrage set about 6:30, and went "over the top" with his men and across No Man's Land to their objectives, which they captured, bringing back machine-guns and prisoners.

I had waited patiently at the cave entrance with my aid belt, ready to work at a moment's notice, but they did their job so cleverly that they gave me no work at all. They promised before they left that not a man would come home with a scratch. From that day on we kept driving, and the Germans kept retreating.

We were sent from Chateau-Thierry to the Argonne Forest, where we had one stiff fight, and it was a real hell. We made an attack and suc-

ceeded in capturing Grand Pre, which the French lost three times.

At this time we were ordered to go to the rescue of the 308th Infantry, the "Lost Battalion," and when we reached there it was an awful sight. We had a tough fight getting to the men. I was gassed.

On January 3 I was sent to St. Nazaire from the hospital in Vichy and on January 15th went aboard the Steamship *Matawaska* and landed January 26th, at Camp Hill, Va., and from there to Camp Dix, N. J., and thence to the Greenhut Hospital, New York City.

In closing I might say for the consolation of the surviving relatives and friends of the boys of the 307th Infantry that I had the honor of burying almost all of the dead boys of that regiment, and saw to it that they had a decent burial. If the boys were Gentiles, I placed a cross at the head of their graves, and if Hebrews, just a plain stick with their identification tags. I buried some of them in blankets and some in stretchers. The greater part of the time I was obliged to accomplish this under heavy shell fire and had to pray silently for my own safety.

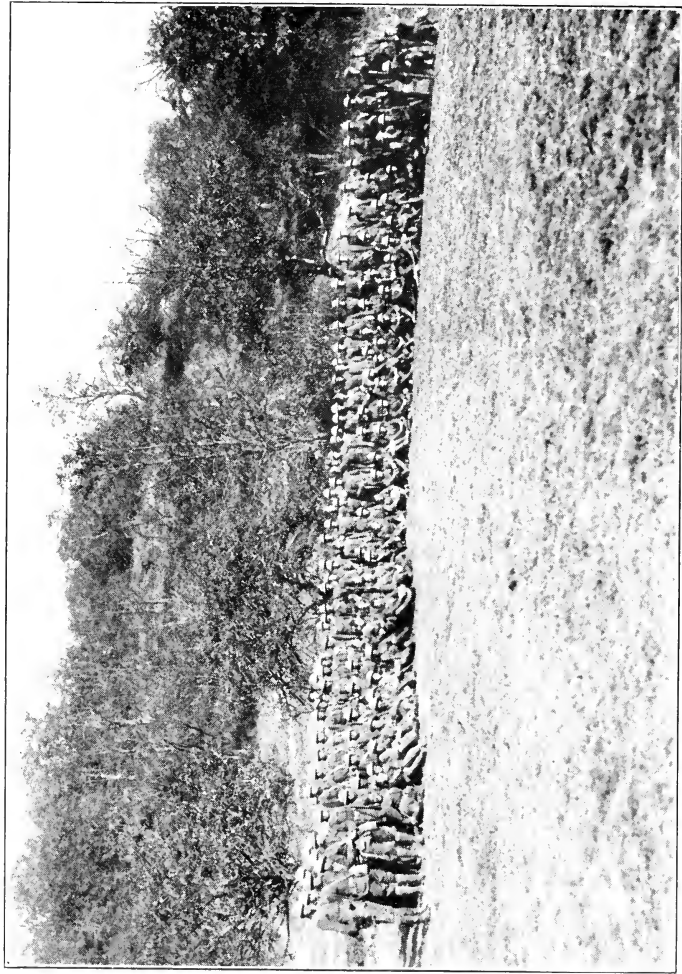
The Argonne Forest, that terrible tangle of underbrush, so dense that it was all one could do to cut one's way through, of ravines and hills, of the lurking machine-guns that a man could not see until he was ten feet from them, of Germans clad in body armor, hiding there with their helmets camouflaged with twigs and painted green, and brown.

NOTES FROM SOLDIERS' DIARIES

Swallows and martins are numerous in the war zone, in spite of four years of war. In most French villages the peasants are very superstitious about the swallows and house martins, and consider that ill luck will follow the destruction of a nest. At present these birds' nests are everywhere. Several occupied a shed in which the gunners were billeted during a "rest." The shed was 'strafed' and a shell broke a large hole in the roof, but failed to explode. The swallows had previously used the doorways as an entrance, but promptly saw the convenience of the shell hole in the roof and almost before the dust of the broken roof had subsided they were calmly flying in and out with food for their young ones. Possibly young swallows and martins require more food than other nestlings, for the parent birds were feeding them from the earliest dawn until it was almost too dark to see the birds. Yet the baby birds never ceased squealing for more. Shells might burst and shatter the adjoining sheds, even a "dud" pierce the roof that sheltered them, but still they cried insistently. Perhaps that explains why the visiting mothers of the battle fields take matters so placidly. They have no time to waste, but must feed their young in spite of war's wild alarms, and, after all, it is the quantity of food that matters and with the sod being constantly torn up by shells they appear to have food in plenty. At any rate, the swallows are entitled to be classed as brave birds.

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There are many funny incidents in war, and one I particularly remember was that there were three or four of us in a group when a piece of shell dropped almost in our midst. There was not any great force in it, because before falling it had struck a tree; but as it dropped we started turning up the collars of our coats and rolling ourselves into balls—just as if things like that would make any difference to a bursting shell. However, it is amusing to see how men act like children at such times.



U.S. Official Photo., taken by Signal Corps, near Appremont, Argonne Forest

Major Charles Whittlesey and his "Lost Battalion" of the 77th Division, composed of men from the Metropolitan portion of New York, trained at Camp Upton.

STORY OF THE "LOST BATTALION"

The story of the "Lost Battalion" is one of the most thrilling in all history. It is a tale of unexampled bravery and heroism.

Pershing was dealing deadly thrusts at the Hun, first in one salient, then in another. Orders came for the Americans to reach certain objectives.

The Germans sought to stop them with an intense, murderous fire.

But the "Lost Battalion" pushed on. They got the order to advance and started before fresh provisions, which were brought up, could be distributed.

Each man was bearing two hundred and twenty pounds of ammunition.

Rations gave out the second day. The men divided bread crusts, but before long not a morsel of food remained.

Then they began eating plug tobacco and leaves and grass.

They were cut off from their base of supplies by the enemy and by the third day they were completely surrounded.

A swamp in the vicinity furnished muddy water for the men to drink. Machine-gun bullets threw the water in their faces as they drank and many a fearless American, who took a chance for the sake of his comrades, fell while attempting to carry water back from the sluggish swamp.

Snipers pecked murderously at Whittlesey's men. German trench mortars sent their messages

of death. There was incessant machine-gun fire. The men crouched in underbrush and behind rocks and trees and returned the fire as best they could.

The Huns, howling like blood-thirsty demons, advanced to within ten yards of them and hurled hand grenades and poisonous gas at the khaki-clad heroes.

One hundred and seventy-seven of the battalion were killed and more than twice that number were wounded.

The wounded men refused to lay down their guns. They were Americans. They insisted on doing all that was in their power to hold off the Boches. They would not give up. Some of them toppled over unconscious from loss of blood. No first aid station was at hand.

It was impossible to bury the dead. The bodies were placed on a rocky hillside and interred later.

The German losses, of course, were great—the Americans were not idle.

The fire from the German trench mortars smashed nine of the eleven machine-guns—and there were but five boxes of machine-gun ammunition left.

And nothing to eat for four days. The men were so weak they were scarcely able to stand, but they would not give up.

On the fifth day, to the little ravine of red hell, with the Germans firing down at the Americans from the surrounding hills, came a German blind-folded and carrying a white flag. He brought a message which read substantially as follows:

"We have heard the cries of your wounded. It is impossible for you to escape. Why do you not surrender in the name of humanity? Send back your reply by messenger carrying white flag."

The Americans did not know that reinforcements were near at hand, and they were about to die of starvation, even if they escaped death by German fire. Then arose the strapping figure of a man, six feet three inches and built in proportion. It was Major Whittlesey, commander of the battalion, and he roared across at the Germans, "*Go to Hell!*"

There is an imposing array of martial heroes who will live forever in the hearts and minds of the American people—Washington, General Israel Putnam, Paul Revere, General Warren of Bunker Hill, Dashing Phil Sheridan, Admiral Farragut, Admiral Dewey, Lieut Hobson and many others—but when the history of this last and greatest of all wars is finally written, the name of "Go-to-hell" Whittlesey will take rank with these great names of history.

"Go to Hell!" is not a drawing-room phrase. It is not used much in polite society, perhaps—but said at the time it was, and in the way it was, and under the circumstances, that single phrase portrays the American spirit as no other answer could.

"Surrender?" "Go to Hell!"

In these few words is concentrated all the fighting spirit which has made America the great country it is to-day, and Major Whittlesey is the exponent of the highest type of virile American fighting manhood.

When the "Lost Battalion" was finally rescued by fellow Americans, no more than a third of the seven hundred men originally in the battalion were alive and unwounded, and even these few were so weak from living on leaves and chewing tobacco that many of them collapsed.

And how did the rescuers find Whittlesey? Where was he? What was he doing? An aide rushed recklessly across the trench which the "Lost Battalion" had occupied for five days, asking for Major Whittlesey. A tall figure said patiently, "Here he is." He was serving out to his men the rations which had just been brought up, and he had not yet tasted a morsel, although he himself was starving.

Whittlesey won his commission as Captain at the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., and went to Camp Upton. He went overseas about a year before. It was not long before he was advanced to the rank of major. Then came the thrilling experience in the Argonne Forest, and Major Whittlesey was again advanced, this time to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. But the chances are that he will not be known to fame by his official title, but rather as "Go-to-hell" Whittlesey, as he was nicknamed by American doughboys.

AWARDED CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL

Major Charles W. Whittlesey (now Lieutenant-Colonel), of the 308th Infantry, was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy northeast of Binarville, in the Forest d'Argonne, October 2-7, 1918. Although cut off for five days from the remainder of his division, Maj. Whittlesey maintained his position, which he had reached under orders received for an advance, and held his command, consisting originally of 463 officers and men of the 308th Infantry and of Company K, of the 307th Infantry, together in the face of superior numbers of the enemy, during the five days. Maj. Whittlesey and his command were thus cut off, and no rations or other supplies reached him, in spite of determined efforts which were made by his division. On the fourth day, Maj. Whittlesey received from the enemy a written proposition to surrender, which he treated with contempt, although he was at that time out of rations and had suffered a loss of about fifty per cent. in killed and wounded of his command and was surrounded by the enemy."

END OF VOLUME I

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